

APRIL,
1828.

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OF
PUBLICATION.

THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD, MONTHLY NUMBERS,

FORMING

THE FIRST QUARTERLY PART,

FOR 1828,

OF

WRIGHT'S

LITERARY MAGNET,

Which continues to be published Monthly, as heretofore, but is done up every Three Months into this Quarterly form, for exportation, and for those who prefer it in this shape.

THE ENGRAVINGS IN THIS PART ARE,

- I. A VIGNETTE TITLE to the Volume. Designed by Mr. CORBOULD, and Engraved by Mr. STEWART.
- II. A VIEW of SOUTHBEND and TERRACE. Engraved by Mr. WILLIAM TAYLOR.
- III. THE INFLUENTIAL STAR. Engraved by Mr. THOMPSON, from a Painting by C. F. TAYLOR, Esq.
[See Notices to Correspondents in explanation.]
- IV. A WOOD CUT of Mr. GURNEY'S STEAM COACH, WITH DESCRIPTION.
- V. ARCHITECTURAL VIEW of the ROYAL BRUNSWICK THEATRE.
- VI. A LITHOGRAPHIC VIEW of the RUINS. By Mr. B. DIXIE.
- VII. WOOD CUT of Mr. GLASS'S MACHINES FOR SWEEPING CHIMNIES.

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FIRST QUARTERLY PART OF
WRIGHT'S LITERARY MAGNET,
APRIL 1, 1828.

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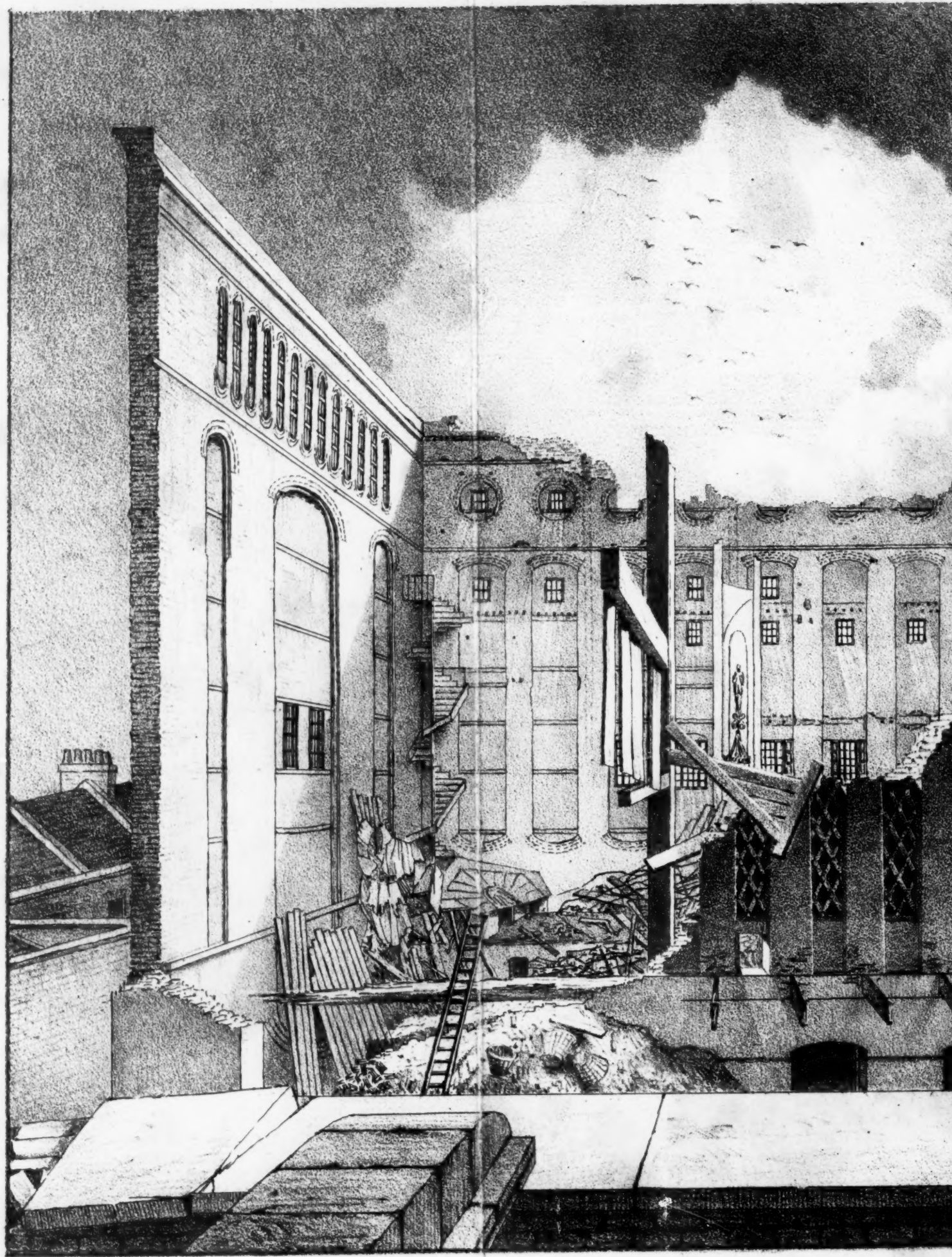
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-

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LITERARY MAGNET;

OR,

Monthly Journal

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THE LITERARY MAGNET.

MY FOUR FRIENDS.

THERE is a dreamy, melancholy mood of thought into which the mind sometimes steals without any perceptible reason for it; a sort of voluntary trance, in which the spirit resigns its activity, but retains its consciousness, and floats passively up and down the stream of time and humanity. There is a luxury in this state of mind, of which every one has tasted more or less. To the busy and active, it is the spirit's bed of down; to the lonely, deep-thinking, and imaginative man, it is the passage to scenes of inconceivable loveliness,—shadowy, and indistinct, and dim, but dropping with the rich dews of a most perfect harmony. But the awakening from this dream is painful in proportion to the intensity of its impressions. We feel the walls of mortality closing round us with a sensation of suffering; the realities and circumstances of life arrange themselves as barriers to our enchanted palace; the past, with its mellowed sacred beauty, is lost under the glare of day; and we hear a thousand voices telling us, that, while our hearts seemed to see their holiest remembrances become instinct with life and form, they were but in a vain and unprofitable dream.

The last night of the old year found me in the mood I have been describing, but there was pain and regret mixed up with the sensations it produced; visions floated around me that had but just escaped from my grasp, and the unreal had been too lately a part of the present and the palpable to let me enjoy it in reverie. We can look steadily and calmly back on the far off waves of life; but we shrink from watching them, when they are still bearing the wrecks of our lives and enjoyments. I felt that it would be wiser to escape from my lonely thoughts; and, seeing the clear bright moonlight glittering through my window, I buttoned myself up, and sallied out for a ramble. I had not, however, gone far, when a dense fog arose, my path became hardly discernible, and the thick heavy dew dripped off my hat as in a steady shower of rain. There was no alternative, but either to stay out and get unimaginably wet, or return back to my solitary study, to neither of which I could reconcile myself; the one threatening me, in plain
1828.

sober language, with a most unsophisticated cough all the winter, and the other with something worse. I remembered, however, that there was more than one fire-side at which I should be a welcome guest, and I accordingly determined on paying a short visit to some of my most domesticated acquaintances.

The house I first made for was that of an excellent man, who had formerly been in business; but, having had a property left him by a relative, had for some time been living in the enjoyment of independence. He had been twice married, and by his former wife had three daughters, who were grown up, and still living with him. His present wife, to whom he had been married little more than a twelvemonth, was only a year or two older than his eldest daughter, and had been introduced to the father as her particular friend. I soon found myself at the house of my old acquaintance, and in the warm, comfortable drawing-room, where I had often spent the winter evening before his present marriage. Since this event, I had seldom made so unceremonious a visit, and every little alteration, therefore, in the arrangements of the family party, became at once visible. When I formerly spent my evenings there, the place itself seemed fitted to fill every one who entered it with all comfortable feelings. There was that warmth and quietness which make an essential part in the idea of a happy home. There was no sound that could disturb the soft repose of the spirit as it retired into its sanctuary, and no object that could recal any thing but images of peace and contentment. My friend used to be seated in his arm-chair, undisturbedly reading the paper, or attending to one of his daughters, who would sometimes persuade him into hearing a novel read, while those who were unemployed thus would be busied in performing some little task which their filial affection had set them. There was now a considerable alteration in their fire-side arrangements. The two eldest daughters were seated at a work-table, drawn into one corner of the room, and, by their close and half-whispered conversation, showed there was some little division of family confidence. The younger sat reading to herself by the fire; and my friend, half bending out of his arm-chair, with his placid features considerably excited by anxiety, was watching the feeding of a baby, who shrieked, to the utmost capacity of its lungs, every time the nurse took the spoon from its mouth. Opposite to him sat his wife, lolling easily in her chair, and evincing infinitely less perturbation, but every now and then casting a look at her husband, which seemed to me to express anything rather than reverence for his fatherly looks. Truly did my words stick in my throat as I wished the party a happy new year; but, fortunately for me, my friend having entered into an edifying discussion with his wife on teething and sore mouths, ended by determining instantly to go out, and purchase the last new work on the diseases of children, and advice to new married people.

Out, accordingly, we went. We had before rambled together in the evening, and long and pleasantly amused ourselves with its mixture of merriment and repose, or ruminated, in the philanthropy of our hearts, on the misery behind its curtain; but, alas! my companion was no longer the same man. Instead of the firm and somewhat strutting

step with which he formerly walked, he hastened on with a quick, shuffling pace and stooping gait, that bespoke the confirmed old man. Heaven keep me, thought I, as I parted with him, from pouring the dregs of my wine-cup into another's full and sparkling bowl!

I next bethought me of an acquaintance whom I cordially esteemed, but whose habits of close retirement, and peculiar turn of mind, deprived him of those companionable qualities which I then felt most in need of. I was sure, however, of finding his fire-side the same as it was when I last visited it, and this was enough to determine my course. The house I was now approaching was a small, two-storied tenement, situated at the corner of an obscure street, and only different from the rest in the neighbourhood by having a rapper on the door, and an appearance of superior cleanliness. I found my friend at home, as I never remember not doing, and seated with his wife before a fire, which, though occupying scarcely half the depth of the stove, shone bright and cheerfully over the clean swept hearth. This solitary couple, though still in their youth, had been married some years, and had already enough of trial and affliction to separate them from the world, and drive them like frightened birds to the shelter of their nest. They had married from a romantic and almost self-abandoning attachment, for they neither of them possessed the means of increasing the pittance which my friend inherited from his father; but their love was all-sufficient for their happiness. It had defied the worldliness of every other passion; and in their quiet little home they had learnt a philosophy of the heart, which, after all, is stronger in its meek, yielding tenderness, than the purest stoicism that ever existed. I felt my spirits grow sober as I drew my chair nearer to the fire, and as I listened to their conversation, as cheerful as their solitude and subdued hopes could let it be.

The next friend I visited was one of long, long standing,—the friend of my boyish days, of the years whose history is written on the holiest page of memory; she was the dearest one I had, for she had been the companion of my far absent mother, the long constant companion of her whose name always brings back to my ear all the sweet music I have ever heard. She was a widow, and her fire-side had the deep quietness, the peaceful, but too solitary air of one that had lost its accustomed circle of happy faces. The old lady was closely engaged in reading; a large favourite cat sat at her feet; and the whole apartment was full of winter comfort. But she was alone, and she felt her loneliness; for, with the vain effort of a hurt mind to amuse itself with shadows, I saw she had placed the chair, in which her husband used to sit, with scrupulous exactness in its accustomed position; a handkerchief was thrown over one of the arms, and a favourite volume lay open on the cushion. We began to talk, and soon were we far back in the vale of years. Time had read a moral to us both, but she only had learnt it. I sighed as I wished her good night. There is a loneliness in the house of a widow, and a melancholy in her resignation, which I have never witnessed without a feeling too deep to mix well with the lighter fancies of my mind. I tried, but I could not say, "a happy new year."

It was now growing late: I had, however, but one more friend to visit, and his house was on my way home. I was soon there, and, as I entered, I was greeted with a dozen voices, all sweet and silver as the tones of a flute, and only breaking their bird-like harmony by the hearty, unrestrained laugh that burst from their free bosoms. It was a happy scene; the large, old-fashioned parlour, with a fire blazing away as if it knew it was a Christmas fire; the crowd of happy boys and girls making a festival by their very presence, and the delighted-looking parents, bearing in their countenances traces of care—anxious, heart-heaving care, which seemed only to have forgotten itself for a season; all these together made up a scene full of gladness, yet with a sufficient shade of melancholy to prepare my heart well for its return to solitude.

Sombre, though not painful, were the sensations that passed through my breast; but they were not peculiar to myself. They are common to our race, and are the ground-colouring, more or less deep, of every heart. Time, if he have an audible voice at no other season, is heard all over the world when he gathers another year into the mighty dormitory of eternity. No one heard the clock strike twelve last night without feeling as if he saw a phantom. The very means which the vulgar make use of at this period to dissipate thought, are those which people employ to amuse themselves in a haunted house; and you may be in the most boisterous party without seeing one who does not make an involuntary pause when the closing minute arrives. There is at that instant a hesitating, stifling feeling within us, as if Time laid his fingers upon our heart, and held it in their grasp, till he let it free again to burn and palpitate with the hopes and agonies of a recommenced existence.

FIRESIDE SKETCH.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Child of the sun, and of the tempest wild,
 Who died in bearing thee, and dying, smil'd
 To see so fair a produce of her womb,
 Come brightly forth to lead her to the tomb.
 Pillow'd on clouds, floated on vapours bright,
 Fed by thy sire with rays of solar light;
 With one foot resting on a mountain's side,
 The other bathed in Ocean's rolling tide:
 Which, lash'd to madness by thy mother's might,
 Is now subsiding 'neath thy quiet light.
 If men and children love thy form e'en now,
 How must the few have felt, who, on the brow
 Of Ararat, beheld thee, when thy form
 Was spread by hands divine to stay the storm;
 To presage safety, hope, new life, and peace:
 To close heaven's windows—bid its torrents cease,
 To snatch the 'chosen' from the deluge wave,
 While all else sunk to death in one wide watery grave!

THE AWKWARD MAN.

I AM, I confess with some shame, as ignorant of the world as the world is of me; and have only been used to look at men as children look at an eclipse—through glasses darkened and dulled with the smoke of my midnight lamp, which doth

————— “ Oft outwatch the bear
With thrice great Hermes, and unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what regions hold
The immortal mind.”

But a kind, yet mistaken friend of mine, who insisted that the “proper study of mankind is man,” after numberless invitations, polite pressures, and gentle tuggings, pulled me up by the roots from my studious bower, as a gardener plucks up a thriving weed, disentangling my very heart-strings and eye-strings from the richly cultured ground of the Muses’ garden, and dragged me from my learned lair, to accompany him on a visit to some moderately fashionable friends in town. It was not till after much hesitating, apologizing, and entreating him not to push me, so soon following my arrival in town, into that vortex which I dreaded—into gaieties so opposite to the seclusion in which I had passed my late pupilage in the West of England; till, after inquiring over and over again, whether they were very fashionable people? and being assured that it was a plain, worthy Scotch family, the widow and son and daughters of Colonel ———, who had but lately arrived in this country from the East Indies, where the gallant colonel had died, leaving them in very handsome circumstances,—that I submitted at last to go, with as good a grace as Barnardine did to be hanged; and it cost me as many efforts to step up to the door, as him to mount the steps of the scaffold. The knock was given—the door opened; and my friend, (must I call him so?) perceiving that I would fain have retreated, dragged me in, as the young oxen were dragged into the temples of the ancients, where they were meant to be sacrificed. We were in, however; and I passed very successfully along the line of cane and lap-dog carriers, and other gilt gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, without being openly quizzed; and I therefore began to augur favourably of my future success.

I made something like an oblique bow, which, for any thing I know to the contrary, was meant for the company present, but it might be mistaken to have been intended for the bust of Shakspeare on the side-board, as for the use I had put it to. This would have passed unnoticed, had I not, in the first place, in retreating my right foot from a bow in advance, come with my heel, which was new pumped, sharp against the shin of the footman who was politely waiting to see me to a chair;—had I not, in the second, in shaking hands with each one of the party on being introduced, nipped one of the young ladies’ fingers almost in the bud, and dropped the hand of a second without shaking it, that I might grasp that of a third, who was waiting to go through

the ordeal;—and had I not, in the third place, shook the hand of the friend who had introduced me so long and so cordially, that you would have supposed I had never seen the man before in my life, instead of having been brought there by him.

But the spirit of unaccustomed gallantry was still effervescing within, and I thought I might venture on being polite to the lady on my left. I watched her wants, therefore, with the eye of a lover, seeking occasion for saying some gallant thing, or for doing one. Her eyes, which were the prettiest pair of blue eyes I had ever seen out of poetry, settled upon a peach, like two sister butterflies of that azury hue which gives to the blue seraphs of the vales of Cashmere the sovereignty for beauty. I was all haste to serve her eyes, and so to win her heart; but darting my arm too hastily, I threw down a decanter of wine, whose issuing tide divided and subdivided itself into as many streams as you may sometimes see issuing from an allegorical urn in a country map. Great consternation ensued: the captain feared a stain on his military small-clothes, the clergyman on the sacerdotal cloth, and the ladies looked after the unsullied snow of their gowns with as much care as they would after their characters for spotless virtue. Many apologies were made by my blushing friend for my blushing self, which was very handsome in him, as I was too confused to apologize for myself, and was fully employed in damming up the main stream with my handkerchief, till the assisting hand of a footman at my elbow, who was as welcome to me as the sun to the rain-drenched meadows, had dried up the vinous inundation. My friend lied for me like truth. I was first of all very near-sighted, and could not see across a table, though he had very often envied me the length of my sight; and next, I was very nervous, though he had often declared me to be too strong in our gymnastic exercises. The accident was soon forgotten, the company was again calm, and Awkward 'was himself again.'

The servant had been despatched below for some purpose or other; and I, being immediately over against mine hostess, was very smilingly requested to succeed him in his very pleasant office of waiting on the ladies! What could have induced the good old lady to confer such a distinction on me, of all men else, seeing what she had seen, I know not; but it was my fate: it was perhaps meant in kindness to me, that I might, by a short course of honourable employment, qualify myself for future honours. Oh, cruel kindness—kind cruelty! I could not refuse (what 'man, of woman born,' could?) the honour of serving a bevy of the prettiest dames in Christendom; I accepted, therefore, with an outward smile of satisfaction, but an inward shrug of chagrin, an office which I could not relinquish, and knew I should disgrace. I left my seat with the fearful plate of toast in my trembling hand; and whether it was the fear of its slipping from my hold, which induced me to pinch it too tightly with my finger and thumb, or whether it was the brittleness of the china, I know not, but just as I had reached the first fair one of the circle, split went the plate, and splash went its well buttered contents into the muslin lap of the shrieking lady, leaving me convulsively nipping the fragment of the plate more tightly than ever, and blushing with shame and confusion as I vainly

stammered out an apology, interrupted by more *dashes* than you will find in ten chapters of Sterne. My young lady could not conceal her chagrin at being so much bedaubed: my friend refused to lie for me more—there could be no hereditary antipathy to a plate of toast and butter! But here my fair wit, who, I verily believed, “loved me for the dangers I had undergone,” as I love her “because she did pity them,” saved me from the frowns of the gentle partner in this last dire accident, by wittily remarking, that her fair cousin was never before *toasted* by any gallant.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.*

What turn would the course of events have taken, had the Emperor Charles V., in conformity with Alba's advice, re-established the imperial residence in Rome?

Might not the age of Charles IX. have been restored in France in the nineteenth century, had Napoleon turned Protestant, and converted his subjects, which it was in his power to do, and which he seemed for a moment to meditate?

Had Frederick II., of Prussia, accepted the crown of Corsica, which was offered to him, what changes would that event have produced on the history of France, and the commencement of the nineteenth century?

If, after the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal had marched to Rome, which lay open before him, and thereby rendered Carthage mistress of the world, what influence would that event have produced on the destinies of the world?

LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS MOORE, ON HIS VISITING IRELAND.

HAIL, bard of the heart, to the hills and the plains,
That proudly re-echo, in favour and fame,
The sounds of thy harp, as the fire of its strains
Has fann'd in our bosoms a freedom-lit flame.
Yes, warm and impassion'd, our welcome for thee,
As thine own island melody flows from the heart,
Inspir'd by thy presence, we think we are free,
For tyranny trembles wherever thou art.
Though round us the tide of adversity rolls,
Though, wooing sweet peace, we are follow'd by hate,
With the spirit of Freedom infused through our souls,
We frown at our rulers and “conquer our fate;”
For like a fair vision, in which we reveal
The raptures of youth as they bless'd us before,
Thy harp, with enchantment, has taught us to feel
What Erin had been in her glory of yore.
Though statesmen make pledges and monarchs give laws,
Yet if these but serve still to enshackle the mind,
We can scorn them as men, while we worship the cause
Of freedom, wherever it blesses mankind.
But while we are bending to promise and pow'r,
Reflecting on rights and submitting to wrongs,
Thy harp is our hope, through each wearisome hour,
And our charter of glory and greatness, thy songs.

* Articles on these questions will appear in our subsequent pages, for which, see the Index at the close of the Volume.

THE EPHEMERES.—AN ESSAY.

WE are told by Aristotle (*Cicero Tusculanes*) that “there are on the banks of the river Hypanis, a multitude of little animals, which live but for one day : one that dies at eight o’clock, dies in his youth ; another, that dies at six in the evening dies in his old age.” *

Let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanians be, according to the ideas of his nation, as ancient as Time itself, he will have commenced his existence at break of day, and, thanks to the extraordinary vigour of his constitution, he will have been able to sustain an active life during the infinite number of seconds of ten or twelve hours. During so long a series of instants, he must, considering his great experience, and profound reflections on all that he has seen, have acquired the most extensive knowledge ; he looks upon such of his fellow-creatures as have died towards noon, as happily delivered from the weight of misery to which old age is subject. He may have to relate to his great grand-children a variety of astonishing traditions, of facts anterior to all the memories in the nation. The young crowd, composed of beings who may, perhaps, already have existed for the space of an hour, respectfully approach the venerable insect, and listen with admiration to his instructive discourse. Every thing he tells them will seem a prodigy to this generation, whose existence is so short. The space of a day will appear to them the entire duration of time, and the morning twilight will be called, in their chronology, the grand era of their creation.

Now, let us picture to ourselves this venerable insect, this Nestor of Hypania, a short time previous to his dissolution, and towards sun-set, causing his descendants, his friends, and relatives to assemble round his death-bed, in order that they may profit by his last advice. They flock from every direction beneath the vast canopy of a mushroom, and the dying sage thus addresses them :

“ My friends and fellow-countrymen—I now feel that even the most protracted life must some time have an end. The term of my existence is arrived ; but I do not regret my death, seeing that my great age has become a heavy burthen, and since there can be for me nothing new under the sun. The revolutions, the calamities which have laid my country desolate,—the infinity of private accidents to which we are all subject,—the infirmities which afflict our race,—and the sorrows with which it has pleased heaven to visit my own family—all that I have experienced in the course of a long life, has but too well served to teach me this great truth, that happiness, placed in things which depend not on ourselves, can be neither certain nor durable. An entire generation has perished by a sharp wind : a multitude of our imprudent youth swept into the ocean by an unexpected breath of air. What terrific inundations have

* These lines are translated from Cicero, *Tusculanes*, from whence the subject of these reflexions, and of the discourse is taken.

we not suffered by a shower of rain! nay, even our most substantial dwellings are not sacred from a storm of hail. A dark cloud is capable of terrifying even the most courageous heart.

“ I have lived in the first ages of the world, and have conversed with insects of a more elevated stature, of a stronger constitution, and, I may also add, far superior in wisdom to any of the present generation. I conjure you to place reliance in my last words, when I assure you, that the sun, which now appears at the surface of the water, and at no great distance from the earth, I have seen, in former times, fixed in the centre of the sky, and darting his rays directly above our heads. The earth was far more enlightened in ages past, the air much warmer, and our ancestors more sober and more virtuous.

Although my senses be weakened, my memory is not in the least impaired. I can assure you, yon glorious luminary is possessed of motion. I was witness to his first rising on the summit of yonder mountain, and I began my life about the same time that he commenced his stupendous career. He has, for several ages, been continually advancing in the firmament, with a prodigious heat, and with a brightness of which you cannot possibly conceive the least idea, and which to you had certainly been insupportable; but now, by his decline, and a sensible diminution in his vigor, I foresee that all nature must shortly have an end, and our world will be wrapped in eternal darkness in less than a hundred minutes.

“ Alas, my friends, how have I heretofore flattered myself with the delusive hope of inhabiting this earth for ever! What magnificence in the cells I had hollowed for myself! what confidence did I not place in the firmness of my limbs, the elasticity of their joints,—in the structure of my wings. But I have lived long enough for nature and for fame; and there is not one of all those I leave behind me, who will enjoy the same advantages in the age of darkness and decay which I perceive is about to commence. Φ

SONNET TO A LADY.

I SAW thee in thy lost heart's hopelessness—
 The ruby lip, clear brow, and laughing eyes
 Had left thee then—the eloquence of sighs
 And tears were thine, that language of distress
 The world had taught thee in its bitterness;
 And thou wert as a stricken deer that flies
 Wounded to covert: untold agonies
 Wrung thy pure spirit; yet didst thou meekly bless
 The hand that poured the vial on thy head,
 That should have shielded thee from every wrong.
 He won thy heart, and brake it; but not long
 The spoiler of thy peace may boast the deed,
 And go unpunished: those sad sighs and tears
 That speak to heaven, shall shake his soul with fears.

OR. PRO. M. MARCELLO.

* Cicero tells of Cæsar, that the latter frequently made use of the expression in private conversation: *Se satis vel ad naturam vel ad gloriam vixisse.*

THE SILENT ACADEMY; OR, THE EMBLEMS.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

From the French of l' Abbé Blanchet.

THERE was at Amadan a celebrated Academy, the first of whose statutes was couched in these terms. "The academicians shall think much, write little, and talk as seldom as possible."—It was called, the Silent Academy, and there was not, in all Persia, a truly learned man but was ambitious of admission into it. Doctor Zeb, author of a most excellent little work, called "The Gag," was apprised, in one of the most distant provinces of the kingdom, of there being a vacancy in the silent academy. He sets out immediately, arrives at Amadan, and, presenting himself at the door of the chamber in which the academicians were assembled, begs of the usher to convey this billet to the president: "Doctor Zeb humbly solicits the vacant place." The door-keeper acquitted himself of his commission without delay—but the Doctor, and his note, had arrived too late,—the vacancy was filled.

The academy were greatly chagrined at this disaster. They had just received, somewhat unwillingly, a court wit, whose lively, shallow, repartees had rendered him the darling of every boudoir, and they saw themselves compelled to refuse Doctor Zeb, the sworn enemy to gossips—a head so well made, so richly furnished. The president, deputed to acquaint the Doctor with the disagreeable tidings, could hardly summon sufficient resolution for the task, and was for some time at a loss what method to adopt. After a little reflection, he ordered a large goblet to be filled with water, to the very brim, so that a single drop more would have caused it to run over, then gave a signal for the Doctor to be introduced. He appeared with that simple and modest air which almost invariably bespeaks true merit. The president rose, and, without proffering a single word, pointed, with an expression of sorrow, to the emblematical goblet,—the goblet so exactly filled. The Doctor understood but too easily, that there was no more room for him in the academy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him; he, for a few instants, revolved in his mind the means of giving them to understand, that a supernumerary academician would cause no sort of inconvenience. He perceives a rose leaf at his feet, picks it up, and lays it so delicately on the surface of the water, that there escapes not a single drop.

At this ingenious reply, the whole assembly testified their admiration by clapping their hands. The rules were, for once, suffered to lie dormant, and Doctor Zeb was elected by acclamation. He was immediately presented with the register of the academy, in which it was the custom for the members-elect to subscribe themselves; he did so, and nothing now remained, but for him to pronounce, according to established rule, a phrase of acknowledgment. But, as became a truly silent academician, Doctor Zeb returned thanks, without uttering a single word. He wrote in the margin, the number one hundred,—it was that of his new brethren: then, placing a cypher before the figure one, he wrote underneath, "They will be worth neither more nor less (0100.)" The president replied to the modest Doctor, with equal politeness and presence of mind. He placed the figure one before the number one hundred, and wrote above: "Their worth will be increased ten-fold" (1100.)

T. F.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE

OF

"THE MOCK ELECTION IN THE KING'S BENCH PRISON."

THIS clever painting, of the extraordinary scene which occurred within the walls of the above Prison in July last, is now exhibiting; and we sincerely hope *successfully* at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It is, we presume, the work alluded to by Lord Leveson Gower, at a meeting held some time back at the Crown and Anchor, on behalf of Mr. Haydon, and on which he was then stated to be actively engaged. The artist has published the following account of the occurrence, and of the design and *rationale* of the picture of which (by the way) all the leading publications of the day concur in giving a favourable opinion.

"I was sitting in my own apartment, when a sudden tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to the window. I laughed out heartily myself when I saw the occasion.

"Before me were three men marching in solemn procession, the one in the centre a tall, young, reckless, bushy-haired, light-hearted Irishman, with a rusty cocked-hat under his arm, a bunch of flowers in his bosom, his curtain rings round his neck for a gold chain, a mopstick for a white wand, tipped with an empty strawberry bottle, bows of ribbons on his shoulders, and a great hole in his elbow, of which he seemed perfectly unconscious; on his right was another person in burlesque solemnity, with a sash and real white wand; two others, fantastically dressed, came immediately behind, and the whole followed by characters of all descriptions, some with flags, some with staffs, and all in perfect merriment and mock gravity, adapted to some masquerade. I asked what it all meant, and was told it was a procession of burgesses, headed by the Lord High Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of the King's Bench Prison, going in state to open the poll, in order to elect two Members to protect their rights in the House of Commons!

"An irresistible desire, induced me to go out, and, as I approached the unfortunate, but merry crowd, to the last day of my life I shall ever remember the impression I received;—baronets and bankers; authors and merchants; painters and poets; dandies of rank in silk and velvet, and dandies of no rank in rags and tatters: idiotism and insanity; poverty and affliction, all mingled in indiscriminate merriment, with a spiked wall, twenty feet high, above their heads! I saw in an instant the capacity there existed in this scene of being made morally instructive and interesting to the public. I told Mr.—, the banker, who stood by me, I would paint it, and asked him if he believed there ever were such characters, such expressions, and such heads, on human shoulders, assembled in one group before?

"I sketched all the heads of the leading actors in this extraordinary scene;—began the picture directly, and have finished it in four months.

"In the centre is the Lord High Sheriff, with burlesque elegance of manner, begging one of the candidates not to break the peace, or be irritated at the success of his rival—towards whom he is bending his

fist; whilst Harry Holt, the pugilist, in a striped dressing gown, is urging on the intended member, and showing him he can most effectually hit. The intended member is dressed in green, with an oil-skin cap and a red bow (the colors of his party).—Right opposite, attired in the quilt of his bed, and in a yellow turban, is the other member. His face expresses sarcastic mischief—he is pointing, without looking at his opponent, with a sneer! Between the Lord High Sheriff, and the candidate in a quilt, is the Lord Mayor, with the solemn gravity becoming his office; he holds a white wand with a blue yellow bow, and a sash of the same colours—he was a third candidate. The colours of the first member are red, of the one in a quilt blue, and the Lord Mayor's colours blue and yellow.

“Immediately below, in a white jacket, is the head poll clerk, with quizzing humour, swearing in the three burgesses before they are allowed to vote, and holding up his finger, as much as to say, speak the truth. The three voters are holding a bit of deal: the first a dandy of the first fashion just imprisoned, with a fifty guinea pipe in his right hand, a diamond ring on his finger, dressed in a yellow silk dressing gown, velvet cap, and red morocco slippers; on his left stands an exquisite, who has been imprisoned three years, smoking a three-penny cigar, with a hole at his elbow, and his toes on the ground; and the third is one of those characters of middle age and careless dissipation, visible in all scenes of this description, dressed in a blue jacket and green cap.

“Between the dandy in yellow, and the short red-nosed man, dressed in the red curtain of his bed, with a mace, and within the hustings, is another poll-clerk, entering in a book the names of the electors. Above the clerk is the assessor, suppressing a laugh, and behind the member in a quilt, is a man sticking in a pipe as an additional ornament to the member's person.

“These characters form the principal group; the second group is on the right, and on the left is the third, while the prison wall and prison form the back ground.

“In the right hand group, sipping claret, sits a man of family and a soldier, who distinguished himself in Spain; he has one of the most tremendous heads I ever saw in nature, something between Byron and Buonaparte.

“In the picture I have made him sit at ease, with a companion, while Champagne bottles, a dice box, dice cards, a racket bat and ball on the ground, announce his present habits.

“Leaning on him, and half terrified at the mock threats of the little red-nosed head constable with a mace, is an interesting girl attached to him in his reverses; and over his head, clinging to the top of the pump, is an elector intoxicated and huzzaing!

“The third and last group is composed of a good family in affliction. The wife, devoted, melting, clinging to her husband! The eldest boy, with the gaiety of a child, is cheering the voters; behind is the old nurse sobbing over the baby, five weeks old; while the husband, virtuous and in trouble, is contemplating the merry electors with pity and pain.”

BISHOP HEBER'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.

This is the work of an accomplished scholar and intelligent man—of one who loved knowledge for its own sake, and encountered many difficulties to obtain it—who was a splendid ornament to the Church of which he was a member, and whose name will long be remembered as the emblem of every thing that was gentle and amiable in private life, and accomplished in all that could embellish and adorn it. Bishop Heber was not, in fact, an every day man, his moral feelings were of the highest cast—in learning he yielded to none of his brethren—in the successful pursuit of literature he excelled almost all his contemporaries—and lastly, his demeanor and his feelings were in perfect unison with his profession.

Bishop Heber, however, had his faults, like other men: but the worst of them—a deficiency in the knowledge of the world, may, without any stretch of charity, be fairly enough attributed to other causes than want of sagacity. His travels in India, shew that he was a keen observer of every thing that met his eye; and that what he observed he could describe in a way which no other could surpass. It is, in fact, one of the most interesting works which has for a long period been submitted to public inspection.—We have only room for his account of the

SACRIFICE OF AN INDIAN WIDOW.

“During the time that I was at Poona, from November, 1809, to March, 1811, there were four instances of women who burned themselves on the death of their husbands. The first two I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the real circumstances with which those ceremonies were attended, and, in particular to satisfy myself whether the women, who were the victims of them, were free and conscious agents. The spot appropriated to this purpose was on the margin of the river, immediately opposite the house in which I lived.

“On the first occasion, the pile was in preparation when I arrived. It was constructed of rough billets of wood, and was about four feet high, and seven feet square. At each corner there was a slender pole, supporting a light frame, covered with small fuel, straw, and dry grass. The interval between the pile and the frame, which formed a sort of rude canopy, was about four feet. Three of the sides were closed up with matted straw, the fourth being left open as an entrance. The top of the pile, which formed the bottom of this interval, was spread with straw, and the inside had very much the appearance of the interior of a small hut. The procession with the widow arrived soon after. There were altogether about a hundred persons with her, consisting of the Bramins who were to officiate at the ceremony, and the retinue furnished by the government. She was on horseback. She had garlands of flowers over her head and shoulders, and her face, was besmeared with sandal wood. In one hand she held a looking-glass and in the other a lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress, which was red, was of the common description worn by Hindoo women, called a sarce.

Where the wife is with the husband when he dies she burns herself with the corpse; and in those cases where the husband dies at a distance, she must have with her on the pile, either some relic of his body or some part of the dress he had on at the time of his death. In this instance, the husband had been a soldier, and had been killed at some distance from Poona. His widow had with her one of his shoes. She had quite a girlish appearance, and could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years old. Her countenance was of a common cast, without any thing peculiar in its character or expression. It was grave and composed; and neither in her carriage, manner, nor gestures did she betray the slightest degree of agitation or disturbance. She dismounted, and sat down at the edge of the river, and, with the assistance of the Bramins, went through some religious ceremonies. She distributed flowers and sweetmeats; and although she spoke little, what she did say was in an easy and natural tone, and free from any apparent emotion. She did not seem to pay any attention to the preparation of the pile; but when she was told that it was ready, rose, and walked towards it. She there performed some other ceremonies, standing on a stone, on which the outline of two feet had been traced with a chisel. In front of her was a larger stone, which had been placed as a temporary altar, and on which a small fire had been lit. These ceremonies lasted about five minutes, and when they were over, she, of her own accord, approached the pile, and mounted it without assistance. From the beginning to the end of this trying period, she was, to all outward appearance, entirely unmoved. Not the slightest emotion of any kind was perceptible. Her demeanor was calm and placid; equally free from hurry or reluctance. There was no effort, no impatience, no shrinking. To look at her, one would have supposed that she was engaged in some indifferent occupation; and although I was within a few yards of her, I could not, at any moment detect, either in her voice, or manner, or in the expression of her countenance, the smallest appearance of constraint, or the least departure from the most entire self possession. Certainly, she was not under the influence of any intoxicating drug, nor any sort of stupefaction; and from first to last, I did not see any person persuading, exciting, or encouraging her. She herself took the lead throughout, and did all that was to be done of her own accord. When she was seated on the pile, she adjusted her dress with the same composure that she had all along maintained, and taking from the hand of one of the attendants a taper, which had been lit at the temporary altar, she herself set fire to some pieces of linen, which had been suspended for the purpose from the frame above, and then, covering her head with the folds of her dress, she lay quietly and deliberately down. No fire was applied to the lower part of the pile; but the flames soon spread through the combustible materials on the frame. The attendants threw some oil on the ignited mass; and the strings by which the frame was attached to the posts being cut, it descended on the pile. The weight of it was insufficient either to injure or confine the victim; but it served to conceal her entirely from view, and it brought the flames into immediate contact with the body of the pile. At the same moment a variety of musical instruments were sounded,

producing, with the shouts of the attendants a noise, through which no cries, even if any had issued from the pile, could have been distinguished. The flames spread rapidly, and burned fiercely; and it was not long before the whole mass was reduced to a heap of glowing embers. No weight nor ligature, nor constraint of any kind was used to retain the woman on the pile; nor was there any obstacle to prevent her springing from it, when she felt the approach of the flames. The smoke was evidently insufficient to produce either suffocation or stupefaction; and I am satisfied that the victim was destroyed by the fire, and by the fire only."

HELPLESS INFANTS.

MAN comes into the world the most helpless and dependent of all creatures. And, certainly, no object of suffering is so calculated to touch all the tender chords in our bosoms as a defenceless child, cast upon the wide world, deprived of the fostering hand of parental tenderness, and destitute of a friend to guide its steps, relieve its wants, and wipe away its tears!

Providence seems to have permitted our nature, occasionally, to suffer in such distressful circumstances, to elicit all the softest emotions we possess; and it is impossible to resist the appeal without doing violence to ourselves. For here it is *helpless* misery, without one energy to relieve itself;—it is *simple* misery, uncaused by vice or folly;—it is *extreme* misery, heightened by every circumstance that can interest the heart, that demands our commiseration. Surely, then, we shall not be alike deaf to the claims of humanity—the cries of wretchedness—the sympathies of our nature—and the voice of Providence;—but, shall rather seize with pleasure the opportunities afforded us, of ameliorating the condition of the helpless and miserable; and thus answer one of the noblest ends of our existence. And, if our wealth, our influence, and our talents are thus employed while the season of action continues; in circumstances of distress, and periods of suffering and incapacity, which alike await the whole of our race, we may delight ourselves with the reflections of a venerable patriarch: "*When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me: because I delivered the POOR that cried, and the FATHERLESS, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the WIDOW's heart to sing for joy.*"

MONUMENTS IN THE ISOLA DI FARNESE.

THE Isola di Farnese, which was added to the papal dominions in 1824, is ascertained to be the site of the ancient city of Veii, the rival of Rome. This fact is proved beyond all doubt by the monuments of antiquity lately discovered at the Isola di Farnese. Among them are numerous Latin inscriptions, in which some of the magistrates of Veii are mentioned. One of these is as follows: "III. Viris Veientium. Municipes Munie, I. Augusti Veientis Intramurani Patrono."

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

YOU would suppose that a Hackney Coachman *dragged on* but a pitiable existence? No such thing;—he emulates the great and the rich, and reckons the peer and the exquisite among his every day associates.

At day-break he rises, and rolls out at his stable door to see the state of the weather. To a fine day, his yawning salutation is, "The devil take this fine weather, say I:"—to a cloudy morning, Thank God, we shall have a pelting day! Are not these the lofty and patriotic sentiments of the rich speculator perusing the London Gazette? Peace is proclaimed:—"Zounds," cries he, "how unfortunate!" His country is involved in war, and he can scarcely conceal under a serious look, the selfish joy that kindles in his heart.

With a running commentary of oaths, the Hackney Coachman cleans his horses, harnesses them to, and drives to the stand; then proceeds to wash the carriage, humming a tune. Just then a person is perceived who seems to be looking for a coach;—six of them gallop up to him at full speed—he chooses the best, but he takes it by the hour; and now the Hackney Coachman draws along at a snail's pace. So men exert themselves and run to obtain an appointment, and *creep* when in office.

The fare who has hired the coach pays a visit: on his return, he finds the horses unbridled, and the driver in the alehouse. The picture of a Government office, when its chief is not expected for the day.

The hackney coach now rolls on. A waggon heavily laden, passing too near it, is threatened with destruction. The driver's dexterity, aided by the unmerciful use of the whip, extricates him at length from his peril, and at the same instant, he himself overturns a small cabriolet, about the fate of which he gives himself no concern. So the man of the world, who is loud in his complaints when a more powerful hand touches him, thrusts, in his turn, "the weaker to the wall," without thought or feeling.

As for seeing the world, nobody in London can boast of greater variety in his associates in life, or at least for the day, than the Hackney Coachman. In the course of the morning, for instance, he successively scrapes acquaintance with a curious foreigner, eager to visit the Diorama, the Tower, or the Thames Tunnel. A candidate for a vacant seat in the Royal Academy, who has to pay a hundred and forty-four visits, and to talk of pictures that he has not painted, but which he intends to paint; and a money broker, who coaches it about to exchange cash for paper.

At twelve, there is another series of fares. The old theatrical amateur proceeds to the rehearsals; a couple of young *incroyables*, having ordered "coffee and pistols for two" at Chalk Farm, repair thither to adjust a trifling difference by blowing each other's empty heads off; or, a *parce'* of gourmands make up a party to Greenwich, to feast on white bait, or kidneys stewed in champagne. At

three, the ladies flutter out into the park, to see the sun rise; or hurry to Regent Street, to collect the scandal of the day from their milliners.

At five o'clock, dinners commence. Lucky the Hackney Coachman that chances to be in Piccadilly at that hour; he is morally sure of a fare.

At seven, the theatres present their multifarious attractions, and the Hackney Coachman chooses both his route and his company. An *exquisite*, dressed in a Spanish mantle, with an Opera hat under his arm, his hair just released from the papillotes that have held it in duration vile during the preceding night and the whole of the day, drops as from the clouds into the middle of the street. The *canaille* gape and stare, and wonder what duke it is; for they had not seen him emerge from a neighbouring alley, where he occupies a miserable empty chamber, on "the first floor down the chimney." He calls a coach—Jarvis is engaged—he knows his man: a hollow, heartless villain! but that is not the worst—a man without a sous! No; a *Chevalier d'industrie* is no companion for a Hackney Coachman: let him trudge it a foot if he *will* go to the opera, and sponge upon the inexperienced and the vain. The Hackney Coachman emulates his betters, and values a man by the weight of his purse.

He has not long, however, to wait for a fare; a rosy cheeked *fillette* beckons him to a door; and, in a few minutes, he rolls away to the Italian Opera House with talent and beauty in his charge.

At one, the performances are over—the *Soirée* commences; dancing is kept up till five, while roulette and rouge-et-noir engage their infatuated votaries till morning, when the winners engage Hackney Coaches to carry home their mammon; and the losers skulk away in various directions; some to prepare for their early appearance as "*leading characters*" in the next coroner's inquest.

It is evident, therefore, that nothing important can occur in the metropolis of a powerful kingdom, in which the Hackney Coachman does not take a conspicuous part.

N.

BOILEAU. EPIGRAMME.

A M. PERRAULT. (SUR UN MEDICIN.)

TON Oncle, dis tu, l'assassin
M'a guéri d'une maladie
La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon médecin
C'est que je suis encore en vie.

IMITATED.

YOUR Uncle, the Doctor, forsooth! you maintain
Has performed such a cure that I've thrown by my crutches.—
From the fact of my being alive, 'tis quite plain,
That I never, thank Heaven! fell into his clutches.

T. F.

LORD BYRON, AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES,

BY LEIGH HUNT.

De vivis nisi verum, de mortuis nisi bonum.

THIS good old maxim has, we fear, been completely overlooked by Mr. Hunt, in the present instance. We purpose, in our next number, to give utterance on paper to certain ideas of our own, on the subject of the present taste for post mortem examinations and literary dissections of "great men." In the mean time, we cannot refrain from laying before our readers such extracts from the above publication, as, in our opinion, are best calculated to create interest. By many of *Mr. Hunt's contemporaries*, we may venture to predict, that the occasional bursts of spleen and impatience apparent throughout the volume, and especially in his subsequent Letter, will be censured; and nothing short of the great talent displayed in the arrangement of the subject and the instructive entertainment which the author has contrived to infuse into almost every page, would have sufficed to make the public lose sight of the fact, that his satire is frequently directed against a *friend* and *patron*. We will not longer detain our readers from the perusal of the subject of our panegyric.

"MR. THOMAS MOORE.—I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one; and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him, but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior, or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an opera of his, (the 'Blue Stocking,') as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right; and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did. I mean to assume nothing in saying this, either as a dispenser of reputation, or as a man of undisputed reputation myself. I live too much out of the world, and differ too plainly with what is in it, to pretend to be either one or the other. But Mr. Moore, in his serious as well as gay verses, talked a great deal of independence and openness, and the contempt of common-places; and on this account he owed it to his admirers not to disappoint them. He was bound to them the more especially, when they put hearty faith in him, and when they thought they paid him a compliment in being independent themselves. The reader has seen to what I allude. At the time I was speaking of, my acquaintance, perhaps, was of some little service to Mr. Moore; at least, he thought so. I am sure I never valued myself on any service which a very hearty admiration of his wit and independence could render him. It was involuntary on my part; I could not have helped it; and at all times, the advantage of personal intercourse would have been on my side.

MR. MOORE.

"Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say "Yes." There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthöepy, but not more so than became a poet; and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said, that an illustrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into the wine-cooler; a proposition which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the Continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so; "Now, there's *Mooerr*, Thomas *Mooerr*; I look upon *Mooerr* as an active little *men*." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is bony and full of character, with "bumps" of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast, or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion; but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child he is said to have been eminently handsome, a Cupid for a picture; and, notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection, perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say, one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, "Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what; I always consider him," (and this argument he thought conclusive,) "I always consider my friend, Thomas Moore, as an infant, sporting on the bosom of Venus." There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it,—Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in the image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible developement of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines, who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the piano-forte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking, (at least, I used to think so,) softens into a breath, like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter *r*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity. The structure of his versification, when

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knew him, was more artificial than it has been since; and in his serious compositions suited him better. He has hardly faith enough in what he does, to give way to his impulses, except when they are lively; and artificial thoughts demand a similar embodiment. But he contemplated the fine, easy-playing, muscular style of Dryden, with a sort of perilous pleasure. I remember his quoting with delight a couplet of Dryden's, which came with a particular grace out of his mouth:

“ Let honour and preferment go for gold :
But glorious liberty isn't to be sold.”

“ Beside the pleasure I took in Mr. Moore's society as a man of wit I had a great esteem for him as a man of candour and independence, His letters were full of all that was pleasant in him. As I was a critic at that time, and in the habit of giving my opinion of his works in the Examiner, he would write me his *opinion* of the *opinion*, with a mixture of good humour, admission, and deprecation, so truly delightful, and a sincerity of criticism on my own writings so extraordinary for so courteous a man, though with abundance of balm and eulogy, that never any subtlety of compliment could surpass it; and with all my self-confidence, I never ceased to think that the honour was on my side, and that I could only deserve such candour of intercourse by being as ingenuous as himself. This admiring regard for him he completed by his behaviour to an old patron of his, who, not thinking it polite to retain him openly by his side, proposed to facilitate his acceptance of a place under the Tories; an accommodation which Mr. Moore rejected as an indignity. If any body at that time had told me, that our new and cordial Anacreon, who counted a lofty spirit among his luxuries, could do a disingenuous thing, or sacrifice a cause or a free sentiment on the fat altars of aristocracy,—a sweet smelling savour unto a lord,—I should have answered, that all that might be in the common course of the prose of this life; but that nobody knew what superiority there was to conventional deductions in the very weaknesses of a poet.

“ I remember our astonishment in Italy (Lord Byron's included) at the flaming panegyric passed by Mr. Moore upon England, and all things English, at a dinner in Paris. It was his farewell dinner, if I recollect, when leaving Paris for London. Either the English panegyric or the Irish melodies were certainly much in the wrong; nor is it easy to decide what Captain Rock would have said to it. But the invective against Rousseau and poor Madame de Warens, in Mr. Moore's Rhymes on the Road, was still more startling. Madame de Warens is not a person to be approved of in all respects, perhaps in very few. She had a kind heart, but a dangerous ill-regulated will, and might at least have abstained from loving the sour-faced gardener, and sacrificing her natural love of truth to degrading secrecies. But nobody thinks otherwise of her than she was; and Mr. Moore's denouncement was, to say the least of it, superfluous. These things may be safely left to the heart of the community. The evil mixed with them may even suggest a better good, if discussed handsomely and sincerely. Madame de Warens was a means of setting one of the most extraordinary minds that have appeared in the world, upon speculations not the less inter-

esting to humanity, because coteries, not so good as herself, choose to cant about them. Mr. Granger, the biographical painter of portraits, who was a clergyman, and did not think it necessary to show a "zeal beyond knowledge," would have been charitable enough to call her "open-hearted," which is an epithet he does not scruple to give even to the meretricious Duchess of Cleveland. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, instead of taking her along with him as he ought to do, and trying how kindly he can unite his own moral improvement with that of "exquisite mothers" in general, thinks fit to shake his Anacreon laurels at her, and call her a naughty woman. I would have done, if I were he, with this two-o'clock-in-the-morning penitence, with maudlin tears in its eyes, and set myself to the task of reformation in a more masculine and social style. It is not handsome of him; it is not grateful; it is not gallant. Human beings are all worth being mentioned with common humanity; and we make poor amends for offences we may have committed ourselves, by reproaching those who have sinned with us. The great thing in this world, is to learn what to do, and how to carry humanity forward; not to reproach any one; no, not even ourselves. We should reproach ourselves only for petty and useless feelings, and the want of a real sympathy. If Mr. Moore, as he once told me he did, thinks it useless to attempt improvement in this world, he is at least not very reasonable in thinking it necessary to repeat maudlin commonplaces, for the sake of their eternal reproduction; for they do nothing else. The world will continue to laugh with his gaieties, and think nothing of his gravities; let him give as many premiums for pleasure and penitence as he may.

"A word respecting the suppression of Lord Byron's autobiography. The public have seen a letter of Mr. Moore's stating how it was that the manuscript of his friend's life came to be destroyed, and how his Lordship's family would have reimbursed him for the loss of the profits: an offer which, from feelings and considerations "unnecessary" then "to explain," he "respectfully but peremptorily declined." The meaning of this is, that Lord Byron presented Mr. Moore with the *Life* for the purpose of turning it into money; that Mr. Moore did so, and got two thousand guineas for it; and that although he had no objection to receive money in this way, he had in any other. I do not insinuate that he might as well have accepted the money then offered; but Mr. Moore, on this and other occasions, has been willing to give the commercial British public to understand, that he has a horror of pecuniary obligations, though it seems he has no objections to pecuniary's worth. This, I confess, is a splitting of hairs which I do not understand. If a friend is worth being obliged to, I do not see how a man is less obliged, or has less reason to be so, by accepting his manuscripts than his money. It is an escape, not from the thing, but the name; and if I were the obliger, I confess, I should draw a different conclusion from what Lord Byron may have done, respecting the real regard or spirit of the man, who thought so ingeniously of my *Life*, and so awfully of my guineas. That the tenure of the noble Bard's respect in this matter was indeed very precarious, is evident from the *bill* he brought in against Mr. Dallas; a leaf from the ledger of his Lordship's memory which, I think, must have startled Mr. Moore.

LORD BYRON—CHILDE HAROLD.

"Mr. Dallas having made a preposterous statement of the value of his zeal and advice, in encouraging Lord Byron to be a poet, and observed that it far outweighed, in his opinion, the six or seven hundred pounds obtained by the copyright of "*Childe Harold*," which the noble Bard had given him, his Lordship makes a per contra statement as creditor, in the following

"MEMORANDUM.

'Two hundred pounds before I was twenty years old.

'*Copyright of Childe Harold*, 600*l.*

'*Copyright of Corsair*, 500*l.*

'And 50*l.* for his nephew on entering the army; *in all*, 1350*l.*, and not 600*l.* or 700*l.*: as the worthy accountant reckons."

"Here the noble Lord is clearly of opinion, that money and money's worth are one and the same thing. He was therefore prepared, could occasion have possibly arisen, to bring in a similar account to Mr. Moore for the sum of 2000*l.* The truth is, Mr. Moore's notion in this matter is a common-place; and I used to think him higher above common places than he is. I should look upon myself as more tied, and rendered more dependant, by living as he does among the great, and flattering the mistakes of the vulgar, than by accepting thousands from individuals whom I loved. When I came to know Lord Byron as I did, I could no more have accepted his manuscripts than his money, unless I could prove to myself that I had a right to them in the way of business. Till then, I would as soon have taken the one as the other, if I took any. The reader shall see what I have done in that way, and I am not ashamed of it, though I confess I would willingly have to make the acknowledgment to a different state of society. One does not like to be thought ill of by any body; but if I am to choose, I would rather have the good construction of half a dozen individuals really generous, than the good word of all the multitudes, who are agreed only to flatter, to feed on, and to fight shy of one another.'

Here is one of Mr. Hunt's more pleasant recollections of Mr. Moore 'fourteen years ago:'

"I remember when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," said he to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him, that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his Lordship which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," says he; "but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it, by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on; and to return was very awkward." This anxiety appeared to me very amiable.

LORD BYRON. We now proceed to quote a page or two from the beginning and the end of the part of Mr. Hunt's work, devoted to Lord Byron.

"The first time I saw Lord Byron, he was rehearsing the part of

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Leander, under the auspices of Mr. Jackson, the prize-fighter. It was in the river Thames, before he went to Greece. I had been bathing, and was standing on the floating-machine adjusting my clothes, when I noticed a respectable-looking manly person, who was eyeing something at a distance. This was Mr. Jackson waiting for his pupil. The latter was swimming with somebody for a wager. I forget what his Chiron said of him; but he spoke in terms of praise. I saw nothing in Lord Byron at that time, but a young man who, like myself, had written a bad volume of poems, and though I had a sympathy with him on this account, and had more respect for his rank than I was willing to suppose, my sympathy was not an agreeable one: so contenting myself with seeing his Lordship's head bob up and down in the water like a buoy, I came away.

"Lord Byron was afterwards pleased to regret that I had not stayed. He told me that the sight of my volume at Harrow had been one of his incentives to write verses, and that he had had the same passion for friendship that I had displayed in it. To my astonishment, he quoted some of the lines, and would not hear me speak ill of them. This was when I was in prison, where I first became personally acquainted with his Lordship. His harbinger was Moore. Moore told me, that besides liking my politics, he liked 'The Feast of the Poets,' and would be glad to make my acquaintance. I said I felt myself highly flattered, and should be proud to entertain his Lordship as well as a poor patriot could. He was accordingly invited to dinner. His friend only stipulated, that there should be 'plenty of fish and vegetables for the noble bard,' his Lordship at that time being Brahminical in his eating. He came, and we passed a very pleasant afternoon, talking of books, of school, and the Reverend Mr. Bowles; of the pastoral innocence of whose conversation some anecdotes were related that would have much edified the spirit of Pope had it been in the room.

"I saw nothing at first but single-hearted and agreeable qualities in Lord Byron. My wife, with the quicker eyes of a woman, was inclined to doubt them. Visiting me one day, when I had a friend with me he seemed uneasy, and asked, without ceremony, when he should find me alone. My friend, was a man of taste and spirit, and the last in the world to intrude his acquaintance, was not bound to go away because another person had come in; and besides, he naturally felt anxious to look at so interesting a visitor; which was paying the latter a compliment. But his Lordship's will was disturbed, and he vented his spleen accordingly. I took it at the time for a piece of simplicity, blinded perhaps by the flattery insinuated towards myself; but my wife was right. Lord Byron's nature, from the first, contained that mixture of disagreeable with pleasanter qualities, which I had afterwards but too much occasion to recognize. He subsequently called on me in the prison several times, and used to bring books for my *Story of Rimini*, which I was then writing. He would not let the footman bring them in. He would enter with a couple of quartos under his arm; and give you to understand (as I thought) that he was prouder of being a friend and a man of letters, than a lord. It was thus that by flattering one's vanity, he persuaded us of his own freedom from it; for he could

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see very well at that time, that I had more value for lords than I supposed. He was a warm politician, and thought himself earnest in the cause of liberty. His failure in the House of Lords is well known. He was very candid about it; said he was much frightened, and should never be able to do any thing that way. Lords of all parties came about him, and consoled him; he particularly mentioned Lord Sidmouth as being unaffectedly kind. When I left prison I was too ill to return his visits. He pressed me very much to go to the theatre with him; but illness, and the dread of committing my critical independence, alike prevented me. His Lordship was one of a management that governed Drury-lane Theatre at that time, and that made a sad business of their direction, as amateur managers have always done. He got nothing by it but petty vexations, and a good deal of scandal.

"I was then living at Paddington. I had a study looking over the fields towards Westbourne Green; which I mention, because, besides the pleasure I took in it after my prison, and the gratitude I owe to a fair cousin, who saved me from being burnt there one fine morning, I received visits in it from two persons of a remarkable discrepancy of character—Lord Byron, and Mr. Wordsworth. Lord Byron, I thought, took a pleasure in it, as contrasted with the splendour of his great house. He had too much reason to do so. His domestic troubles were then about to become public. His appearance at that time was the finest I ever saw it, a great deal finer than it was afterwards, when he was abroad. He was fatter than before his marriage, but only just enough so to complete the manliness of his person: and the turn of his head and countenance had a spirit and elevation in it, which, though not unmixed with disquiet, gave him altogether a nobler look than I ever knew him to have before or since. His dress, which was black, with white trowsers, and which he wore buttoned close over the body, completed the succinctness and gentlemanliness of his appearance. I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled, in a lively manner, the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean, the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice, to let him know she was waiting. Lady Byron used to go on in the carriage to Henderson's nursery-ground to get flowers. I had not the honour of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty earnest look, with her "pippin" face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself.

"The first visit I paid Lord Byron, was just after their separation. The public, who took part with the lady, as they ought to do, (women in their relations with the other sex being under the most unhandsome disadvantages) had, nevertheless, no idea of the troubles which her husband was suffering at that time. He was very ill, his face jaundiced with bile; the renouncement of his society by Lady Byron, had disconcerted him extremely, and was, I believe, utterly unlooked for; then the journals, and their attacks upon him, were felt severely; and, to crown all, he had an execution in his house. I was struck with the real trouble he manifested, compared with what the public thought of

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it. The adherence of his old friends was also touching. I saw Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Scrope Davies, (college friends of his) almost every time I called. Mr. Rogers was regular in his daily visits; and Lord Holland, he said, was very kind to him. Finally, he took the blame of the quarrel to himself! and he enlisted my self-love so far on the side of Lady Byron, as to tell me that she liked my poem, and had compared his temper to that of Giovanni, my heroine's consort. In all this, I beheld only a generous nature, subject, perhaps, to ebullitions of ill-temper, but candid, sensitive, extremely to be pitied, and if a woman knew how, or was permitted by others to love him, extremely to be loved.

"What made me come the more warmly to this conclusion, was, a letter which he showed me, written by Lady Byron, *after* her departure from the house, and when she was on her way to the relations who persuaded her not to return. It was signed with the epithet above-mentioned; and was written in a spirit of good humour, and even fondness, which, though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to show. But the case was extreme; and the compliment to me, in showing it, appeared the greater. I was not aware at that time, that, with a singular incontinence, towards which it was lucky for a great many people that his friends were as singularly considerate, his Lordship was in the habit of making a confidant of every body he came nigh.

LORD BYRON'S SEPARATION.—"I will now tell the reader, very candidly, what I think of the whole of that matter. Every body knows, in the present beautiful state of the relations between the sexes, what is meant by marriages of convenience. They generally turn out to be as inconvenient, as persons who are said to have arrived at years of discretion, are apt to be indiscreet. Lord Byron's was a marriage of convenience,—certainly at least on his own part. The lady, I have no doubt, would never have heard of it under that title. He married for money, but of course he wooed with his genius; and the lady persuaded herself that she liked him, partly because he had a genius, and partly, because it is natural to love those who take pains to please us. Furthermore, the poet was piqued to obtain his mistress, because she had a reputation for being delicate in such matters: and the lady was piqued to become a wife, not because she did not know the gentleman previously to marriage, but because she did, and hoped that her love, and her sincerity, and her cleverness, would enable her to reform him. The experiment was dangerous, and did not succeed. Another couple might have sat still, and sacrificed their comfort to the vanity of appearing comfortable. Lord Byron had too much self-will for this, and his lady too much sincerity,—perhaps too much alarm and resentment. The excess of his moods, which, out of the spleen, and even self-reproach of the moment, he indulged in, perhaps beyond what he really felt, were so terrifying to a young and mortified woman, that she began to doubt whether he was in possession of his senses. She took measures which exceedingly mortified him, for solving this doubt; and though they were on good terms when she left an uneasy house, to visit her friends in the country, and Lady Byron might, I have no doubt, have been persuaded by him

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to return, had there been as much love, or even address, on his side, as there was a wish to believe in his merit on her's, it is no wonder that others, whom she had known and loved so much longer, and who felt no interest in being blind to his defects, should persuade her to stay away. The "*Farewell*" that he wrote, and that set so many tender-hearted white handkerchiefs in motion, only resulted from his poetical power of assuming an imaginary position, and taking pity on himself in the shape of another man. He had no love for the object of it, or he would never have written upon her in so different a style afterwards. Indeed, I do not believe that he ever had the good fortune of knowing what real love is,—meaning by love, the desire that is ennobled by sentiment, and that seeks the good and exaltation of the person beloved. He could write a passage now and then which shewed that he was not incapable of it; but the passion on which he delights to dwell, is either that of boys and girls, extremely prone and boarding-school; or of heroines, who take a delight in sacrificing themselves to wilful gentlemen. * * *

"There is no doubt that Lord Byron felt the scandal of the separation severely. It is likely, also, that he began to long for his wife's adherence the more, when he saw that she would not return. Perhaps he liked her the better. At all events, she piqued his will, which was his tender side; the circles were loud in his condemnation; and he was in perplexity about his child, in whom, as his only representative, and the descendant of two ancient families, he took great pride to the last. But his feelings, whatever they were, did not hinder him from wreaking his resentment in a manner which every one of his friends lamented; nor from availing himself, at a future day, of those rights of matrimonial property, which the gallant and chivalrous justice of the stronger sex has decreed to itself, as a consolation for not being able to make the lady comfortable. * * *

"I will here mention what I have happened to omit respecting another and greater matter. Two hundred pounds were sent me from Italy, to enable me to leave England with comfort. They came from Lord Byron, and nothing was said to me of security, or any thing like it. Lord Byron had offered, a year or two before, through Mr. Shelley, to send me four hundred pounds for a similar purpose, which offer I declined. I now accepted the two hundred pounds; but I found afterwards that his lordship had had a bond for the money from Mr. Shelley. I make no comment on these things. I merely state the truth, because others have mis-stated it, and because I begin to be sick of maintaining a silence which does no good to others, and is only turned against one's self. * * *

"The public have been given to understand that Lord Byron's purse was at my command, and that I used it according to the spirit with which it was offered. *I did so.* Stern necessity, and a large family, compelled me; and during our residence at Pisa, I had from him, or rather from his steward, to whom he always sent me for the money, and who doled it me out as if my disgraces were being counted, the sum of seventy pounds. This sum, together with the payment of our expenses when we accompanied him from Pisa to Genoa, and thirty

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pounds with which he enabled us subsequently to go from Genoa to Florence, was all the money I ever received from Lord Byron, exclusive of the two hundred pounds in the first instance, which he made a debt of Mr. Shelley's by taking his bond.

"But to return to the Gambas. The way in which the connexion between the young Countess and Lord Byron had originated and was sanctioned, was, I thought, clear enough; but, unfortunately, it soon became equally clear that there was no real love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned that this was impossible; and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him to the extent that she supposed. I believe she would have taken great pride in the noble bard, if he would have let her; and remained a faithful and affectionate companion as long as he pleased to have her so; but this depended more on his treatment of her, and still more on the way in which he conducted himself towards others, than on any positive qualities of his own. On the other hand, he was alternately vexed and gratified by her jealousies. His regard being founded solely on her person, and not surviving in the shape of a considerate tenderness, had so degenerated in a short space of time, that if you were startled to hear the lady complain of him as she did, and that, too, with comparative strangers, you were shocked at the license which he would allow his criticisms on her. The truth is, as I have said before, that he had never known any thing of love but the animal passion. His poetry had given this its gracefuller aspect, when young: he could believe in the passion of Romeo and Juliet. But the moment he thought he had attained to years of discretion, what with the help of bad companions, and a sense of his own merits, for want of comparisons to check it, he had made the wise and blessed discovery, that women might love himself, though he could not return the passion; and that all women's love, the very best of it, was nothing but vanity. To be able to love a quality for its own sake, exclusive of any reaction upon one's self-love, seemed a thing that never entered his head. If at any time, therefore, he ceased to love a woman's person, and found leisure to detect in her the vanities natural to a flattered beauty, he set no bounds to the light and coarse way in which he would speak of her. There was coarseness in the way in which he would talk to women, even when he was in his best humour with them. I do not mean on the side of voluptuousness, which is rather an excess than a coarseness; the latter being an impertinence which is the reverse of the former. I have seen him call their attention to circumstances, which made you wish yourself a hundred miles off. They were connected with any thing but the graces with which a poet would encircle his Venus. He said to me once of a friend of his, that he had been spoilt by reading Swift: he himself had certainly not escaped the infection. What completed the distress of this connexion, with respect to the parties themselves, was his want of generosity in money matters. The lady was

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independent of him, and disinterested; and he seemed resolved that she should have every mode but one of proving that she could remain so. * * *

"Lord Byron painted his heroes criminal, wilful, even selfish in great things; but he took care not to paint them mean in little ones. He took care also to give them a great quantity of what he was singularly deficient in, which was self-possession: for when it is added, that he had no address, even in the ordinary sense of the word—that he hummed and hawed, and looked confused, on very trivial occasions,—that he could much more easily get into a dilemma than out of it, and with much greater skill wound the self-love of others than relieve them,—the most common-place believers in a poet's attractions will begin to suspect, that it is possible for his books to be the best part of him. * *

MRS. HUNT.—"As I oftener went to his part of the house than he came to mine, he seldom saw her; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on her's. He said to her one day, 'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?'—"It is the first time," said Mrs. Hunt, "I ever heard of them." This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed, and reduced him to silence. But her greatest offence was in something which I had occasion to tell him. He was very bitter one day upon some friends of mine, criticising even their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. At the same time, he was affecting to be very pleasant and good-humoured, and without any "offence in the world." All this provoked me to mortify him, and I asked if he knew what Mrs. Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? (It is the fastidious, scornful portrait of him, affectedly looking down.) He said he did not, and was curious to know. An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her, and her opinion asked; upon which she observed, that "it resembled a great school-boy, who had had a plain bun given him instead of a plum one." I did not add, that our friends shook with laughter at this idea of the noble original, because it was "so like him." He looked as blank as possible, and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom I regarded. It was on accounts like these, that he talked of Mrs. Hunt as being "no great things." Myself, because I did not take all his worldly common-places for granted, nor enter into the merit of his bad jokes on women, he represented as a "proser;" and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be "impracticable." * * *

"He condescended, among his other timid deferences to 'the town,' to be afraid of Gifford. There was an interchange of flatteries between them, not the less subtle for Gifford's occasionally affecting a paternal tone of remonstrance; and they were "friends" to the last; though Lord Byron (to say nothing of that being a reason also) could not help giving him a secret hit now and then, when the church-and-state review became shy of him. Gifford thought him a wonderful young man, but wild, &c.; and he never forgot that he was a Lord. He least of

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all forgot it when he affected to play the schoolmaster. On the other hand, Lord Byron was happy to regard Mr. Gifford as a wonderful old gentleman, not indeed born gentleman, but the more honest in his patricianisms on that account, and quite a born critic; 'sound,' as the saying is; learned, and all that, and full of 'good sense:' in short, one that was very sensible of his lordship's merits, both as a poet and a peer, and who had the art of making his homage to a man of rank agreeable, by affecting independence without really feeling it. Murray he laughed at. He treated him afterwards, as he did most others, with strange alternations of spleen and good humour, of open panegyric and secret ridicule; but at the period in question, he at least thought him an honest man for the "*tribe of Barabbas*;" who, said his lordship, 'was unquestionably a bookseller.' * *

"Lord Byron was very proud of his rank. M. Beyle ('Count Stendhal'), when he saw him at the opera in Venice, made this discovery at a glance; and it was a discovery no less subtle than true. He would appear sometimes as jealous of his title as if he had usurped it. A friend told me, that an Italian apothecary having sent him one day a packet of medicines addressed to 'Mons. Byron,' this mock-heroic mistake aroused his indignation, and he sent back the physic to learn better manners. His coat of arms was fixed up in front of his bed. I have heard that it was a joke with him to mystify the sense of the motto to his fair friend, who wished particularly to know what 'Crede Byron' meant. The motto, it must be acknowledged, was awkward. The version to which her Italian helped her, was too provocative of comment to be allowed. * *

THE LIBERAL.—"The first number of the Liberal was now on the anvil, and Mr. Shelley's death had given me a new uneasiness. The reader will see in Mr. Shelley's Letters, that Lord Byron had originally proposed a work of the kind to Mr. Moore; at least, a periodical work of some sort, which they were jointly to write. Mr. Moore doubted the beatitude of such divided light, and declined it. His lordship then proposed it through Mr. Shelley to me. I wrote to both of them to say, that I should be happy to take such an opportunity of restoring the fortunes of a battered race of patriots; and as soon as we met in Pisa, it was agreed that the work should be political, and assist in carrying on the good cause. The title of Liberal was given it by Lord Byron. We were to share equally the profits, the work being printed and published by my brother; and it was confidently anticipated that money would pour in upon all of us. Enemies, however, had been already at work. Lord Byron was alarmed for his credit with his fashionable friends; among whom, although on the liberal side, patriotism was less in favour than the talk about it. This man wrote to him, and that wrote, and another came. Mr. Hobhouse rushed over the Alps, not knowing which was the more awful, the mountains, or the magazine. Mr. Murray wondered, Mr. Gifford smiled (a lofty symptom!), and Mr. Moore (*tu quoque Horati!*) said that the Liberal had 'a taint' in it! This, however, was afterwards. But Lord Byron, who was as fond as a footman of communicating unpleasant intelligence, told us, from the first, that 'his friends' had all been at him;

friends, whom he afterwards told me he had 'libelled all round,' and whom (to judge of what he did by some of them) he continued to treat in the same impartial manner."

Mr. Hunt's general summing up of his Lordship's habits and character, is as follows :

"He had a delicate white hand, of which he was proud, and he attracted attention to it by rings. He thought a hand of this description almost the only mark remaining now-a-days of a gentleman; which it certainly is not, nor of a lady either; though a coarse one implies handywork. He often appeared holding a handkerchief, upon which his jewelled fingers lay embedded, as in a picture. He was as fond of fine linen as a Quaker; and had the remnant of his hair oiled and trimmed with all the anxiety of a Sardanapalus. The visible character to which this effeminacy gave rise, appears to have indicated itself as early as his travels in the Levant, where the Grand Signor is said to have taken him for a woman in disguise. But he had tastes of a more masculine description. He was fond of swimming to the last, and used to push out to a good distance in the Gulf of Genoa. He was also, as I have before mentioned, a good horseman; and he liked to have a great dog or two about him, which is not a habit observable in timid men. Yet I doubt greatly whether he was a man of courage. I suspect that personal anxiety, coming upon a constitution unwisely treated, had no small hand in hastening his death in Greece. The story of his bold behaviour at sea, in a voyage to Sicily, and of Mr. Shelley's timidity, is just reversing what I conceive would have been the real state of the matter, had the voyage taken place. The account is an impudent fiction. Nevertheless, he volunteered voyages by sea, when he might have eschewed them; and yet the same man never got into a coach without being afraid. In short, he was the contradistinction his father and mother had made him. To lump together some more of his personal habits, in the style of old Aubrey, he spelt affectedly, swore somewhat, had the Northumbrian burr in his speech, did not like to see women eat, and would merrily say, that he had another reason for not liking to dine with them, which was, that they always had the wings of the chicken.

For the rest,

"Ask you why Byron broke through every rule?

'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

He has added another to the list of the Whartons and Buckinghams, though his vices were, in one respect, more prudent, his genius greater, and his end a great deal more lucky. Perverse from his birth, educated under personal disadvantages, debauched by ill companions, and perplexed between real and false pretensions, the injuries done to his nature were completed by a success too great even for the genius he possessed; and as his life was never so unfortunate as when it appeared to be most otherwise, so nothing could happen more seasonably for him, or give him what he would most have desired under any other circumstances, than his death.

MESSRS. HORACE AND JAMES SMITH THE AUTHORS OF THE REJEC-

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH.

TED ADDRESSES.—“Of James Smith, a fair, stout, fresh-coloured man, with round features, I recollect little, except that he used to read to us trim verses. The best of his verses are in the Rejected Addresses; and they are excellent. Isaac Hawkins Browne with his Pipe of Tobacco, and all the rhyming *jeux-d' esprit* in all the tracts, are extinguished in the comparison; not excepting the probationary Odes. Mr. Fitzgerald finds himself bankrupt in *non sequiturs*; Crabbe knoweth not which is which, himself or his parodist; and Lord Byron confessed to me, that the summing up his philosophy, to wit, that

“Nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.”

was very posing. Mr Smith would sometimes repeat after dinner, with his brother Horace, an imaginary dialogue, stuffed full of incongruities, that made us roll with laughter. His ordinary verse and prose are too full of the ridicule of city pretensions. To be superior to any thing, it should not always be running in one's head.

‘His brother Horace was delicious, Lord Byron used to say, that this epithet should be applied only to eatables; and that he wondered a friend of his, who was critical in matters of eating, should use it in any other sense. I know not what the present usage may be in the circles, but classical authority is against his Lordship, from Cicero downwards; and I am content with the modern warrant of another noble wit, the famous Lord Peterborough, who in his fine, open way, said of Fenelon, that he was such a “delicious creature,” he was forced to get away from him, “else he would have made him pious”! I grant there is something in the word delicious, which may be said to comprise a reference to every species of pleasant taste. It is at once a quintessence and a miscellany; and a friend, to deserve the epithet, ought to be capable of delighting us as much over our wine and fruit, as on graver occasions. Fenelon himself could do this, with all his piety; or rather he could do it because his piety was of the true sort, and relished of every thing that was sweet and affectionate. The modesty of my friend Horace Smith (which is a manly one, and has no hectic pretensions to what it deprecates) will pardon me this reference to a greater name. He must allow me to add, at some hazard of disturbing him, that a finer nature, except in one instance, I never was acquainted with in man; nor even in that instance, all circumstances considered, have I a right to say that those who knew him as intimately as I did the other person, would not have had the same reasons to love him. The friend I speak of had a very high regard for Mr. Horace Smith, as may be seen by the following verses, the initials in which the reader has now the pleasure of filling up:

“Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.”

Mr. Horace Smith differed with Mr. Shelly on some points; but on others, which all the world agree to praise highly and to practice very little, he agreed so entirely, and showed so unequivocally that he did

agree, that (with the exception of one person (V. N.) too diffident to gain such an honour from his friends) they were the only two men I ever knew, from whom I could receive advice or remonstrance with perfect comfort, because I could be sure of the unmixed motives and entire absence of self-reflection, with which it would come from them.* Mr. Shelly said to me once, "I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stock broker! And he writes poetry too," continued Mr. Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!" Mr. Shelley had reason to like him. Horace Smith was one of the few men who, through a cloud of detraction, and through all that difference of conduct from the rest of the world, which naturally excites obloquy, discerned the greatness of my friend's character. Indeed, he became a witness to the very unequivocal proof of it, which I mentioned elsewhere. Their mutual esteem was accordingly very great, and arose from circumstances most honourable to both parties. "I believe," said Mr. Shelley on another occasion, "that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he, that I have something within me beyond what the world supposes, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose." And he would have sent for it accordingly, if the person for whom it was intended had not said nay. I will now mention the circumstance which first gave my friend a regard for Mr. Smith. It concerns the person just mentioned, who is a man of letters. It came to Mr. Smith's knowledge, some years ago, that this person was suffering bitterly under a pecuniary trouble. He knew little of him at the time, but had met him occasionally; and he availed himself of this circumstance to write him a letter, as full of delicacy and cordiality as it could hold, making it a matter of grace to accept a bank note of £100, which he enclosed. I speak on the best authority, that of the obliged person himself; who adds, that he not only did accept the money, but felt as light and happy under the obligation, as he has felt miserable under the very report of being obliged to some; and he says, that nothing could induce him to withhold his name, but a reason which the generous would excuse. From his friends, in private, he has no reason to conceal it, and he does not, as I can testify; and there is one thing more which he says he will conceal from nobody; which is, that subsequently to that obligation, he incurred others from the friend in question, which not only taxed his friend's kindness, but his patience; and that, notwithstanding these trials, the other was still so generous to discern in him what was well-intentioned from what was badly managed, and has retained to this hour so kind an opinion of him, that he never makes a step in better management (for his slow progress in which he

* With all his vagaries I must add, Mr. Hazlitt, who is quite capable when he chooses, of giving genuine advice, and making you sensible of his disinterestedness. Mr. Lamb could do it too; but for interference of any sort he has an abhorrence.

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH.

has had more excuses than most people, in sickness, temperament, and a total want of education for it) but he is accompanied, and assisted, with the hope of pleasing him, before long, with the sight of the fruits of it. Such friends, and such only, (including those whose wish to act like them is as unequivocal as their inability,) are the friends that do a man all the good that can be done him, because they are not only generous to his virtues, but as humane to his faults as other people are to their own. For my part, I scarcely ever write a page which the public thinks worth reading, and which they like because it serves to keep them in heart with nature and mankind; but Horace Smith is one of those friends whom I fancy myself talking with, and whom I wish to gratify. It is such as he that a humanist would have the world become, and that furnish a proof that the wish is not founded in impossibility. Swift said, that if the world contained a dozen Arbuthnots, he would burn his books. I am convinced that the world contains hundreds of Arbuthnots, if education would but do their nature's justice. Give me the education of a community, in which mutual help instead of selfish rivalry was the principle inculcated, and riches regarded not as the end, but the means; and I would undertake, not upon the strength of my own ability, but on the sole ground of the absence of what is at present taught us, to fill the place *full* of Arbuthnots and Horace Smiths; not, indeed, as to wit and talent, but with all their geniality, and sense, and open-heartedness; with the same reasonableness of gain, and readiness of enjoyment.

"When Mr. Horace Smith sees this account of himself, he will think that too much has been said of his generosity; and he would be right, if society were constituted otherwise than what it is. Actions of this kind are not so common in trading communities as in others, because people learn to taste the value of every sixpence that passes through their hands. And for the same reason they are more extravagantly admired, sometimes with a fatuity of astonishment, sometimes with an envy that seeks relief in sarcasm. All these excesses of homage are painful to a man who would fain have every body as natural and generous as himself; but the just tribute must not be withheld on that account, otherwise there would be still fewer counteractions to the selfishness so abundantly taught us. At the period in question, I have said that Mr. Smith was a stockbroker. He left business with a fortune, and went to live in France, where, if he did not increase, he did not seriously diminish it; and France added to the pleasant stock of his knowledge.

"On returning to England, he set about exerting himself in a manner equally creditable to his talents and interesting to the public. I will not insult either the modesty or the understanding of Mr. Horace Smith, by comparing him with the author of 'Old Mortality' and 'Guy Mannering;' but I will venture to say, that the earliest of his novels, 'Brambletye House,' ran a hard race with the novel of 'Woodstock,' and that it contained more than one character not unworthy of the best volumes of Sir Walter. I allude to the ghastly troubles of the Regicide in his lone house; the outward phlegm, and merry inward malice of

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Winky Boss, (a happy name), who gravely smoked a pipe with his mouth, and laughed with his eyes; and above all, to the character of the princely Dutch merchant, who would cry out that he should be ruined at seeing a few nutmegs dropped from a bag, and would then go and give a thousand ducats for an antique. This is hitting the high mercantile character to a nicety,—minute and careful in its means, princely in its ends. If the ultimate effect of commerce (*permulti transibunt, &c.*) were not something very different from what its pursuers imagine, the character would be a dangerous one to society at large, because it throws a gloss over the spirit of money-getting, which, in a thousand instances to one, is a debasing spirit; but, meanwhile, nobody could paint it better, or has a right to recommend it more, than he who has been the first to make it a handsome portrait.

“The personal appearance of Mr. Horace Smith, like that of all the individuals I ever met with, is highly indicative of his character. His figure is good and manly, inclining to the robust; and his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweet without weakness. I have been told he is irascible; if so, his city training is in fault, not he. He has not a jot of it in his appearance.

Mr. CAMPBELL.—“They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of ‘Gertrude of Wyoming,’ and ‘The Pleasures of Hope,’ would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his ‘Seasons,’ is well known. He let part of the secret out in his ‘Castle of Indolence;’ and the more he let out, the more honour it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet’s nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber’s shop into a bookseller’s, was ‘a cunning shaver,’ and nobody would have guessed the author of ‘The Gentle Shepherd’ to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell. He is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man, than I could with a sulky one. I know of but one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best

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men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up a university.

“When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman’s ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature, as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French Tragedian in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely ‘Gertrude of Wyoming.’ His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille’s ‘Virgil’ into Cotton’s, like a boy let loose from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

“Mr. Campbell has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book-man, has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode;) and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horse’s manes. Not long ago, he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writers who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he has not scrupled to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone has given it among all circles a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as makes it a grace to write under him.

Mr. THEODORE HOOK.—“I remember, one day at Sydenham, Mr. Theodore Hook came in unexpectedly to dinner, and amused us very

much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian—one only wonders how, in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy, and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up—but in English it is another matter. I know but of one other person, besides Mr. Hook, who can extemporize in English; and he wants the power, perhaps the confidence, to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English, as rhyming is in Italian. In Mr. Hook, the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun, and introducing so agreeably a piece of village-scandal upon which the party had been rallying Mr. Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was perhaps the most pleased of us all. Mr. Hook afterwards sat down to the pianoforte, and, enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c. and making the poet and his supposed flame the hero and heroine. He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his filial duties) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the demon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment.

“I have since been unable to help wishing, perhaps not very wisely, that Mr. Campbell would be a little less careful and fastidious in what he did for the public; for, after all, an author may reasonably be supposed to do best that which he is most inclined to do. It is our business to be grateful for what a poet sets before us, rather than to be wishing that his peaches were nectarines, or his Falernian, Champagne. Mr. Campbell, as an author, is all for refinement and classicality, not however, without a great deal of pathos and luxurious fancy. His merry *jongleur*, Mr. Hook, has as little propensity, perhaps, as can be imagined, to any of these niceties: yet I confess, from the mere pleasure of the recollection of the evening I passed with him, I have been unable to repress a wish, as little wise as the other; to wit, that he had stuck to his humours and farces, for which he had real talent, instead of writing politics.

Mr. MATHEWS.—“Among the visitors at Sydenham, was Mr. Mathews, the comedian. I have had the pleasure of seeing him there more than once, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they are on the stage, are still more so in a private room. Once and away his wife used to come with him, with her handsome eyes, and charitably made tea for us. The other day I had the pleasure of seeing them at

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their own table ; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on that occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his gallery of his friend Mr. Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarfical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable in-door pet : on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, ' Buffet on ; I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing ; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Mr. Liston's ! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag ; but the upper part of the head is as fine as possible : there is a speculation, a look-out, and even an elevation of character in it, as unlike the Liston on the stage, as Lear is to King Pippin. One might imagine Laberius to have had such a face.

"The reasons why Mr. Mathew's imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience, ('fit though few,') and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. He gives, for instance, to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations are not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual is always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own,—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary ; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which every thing hung upon him ; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible ; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to every body but Mr. Braham. He would be described as saying to his friend Holman, for instance, ' My dear George, don't be abusive, George ;—don't insult,—don't be indecent, by G—d ! You should take the beam out of your own eye,—what the devil is it ? you know, in the Bible ; something' (the *a* very broad) "about *a* beam, my dear George ! and—and—and—*a* mote :—you'll find it *any* part of the Bible ; yes, George, my dear boy, the Bible, by G—d ; (and then with real fervour and

MR. MATHEWS.

reverence,) ‘the Holy Scripture, G—d d—me!’ He swore as dreadfully as a devout knight-errant. Braham, whose trumpet blew down his wooden walls, he could not endure. He is represented as saying one day, with a strange mixture of imagination and matter-of-fact, that ‘he only wished his beloved master, Mr. Jackson, could come down from heaven, and take the Exeter stage to London, to hear that d—d Jew.’ As Mr. Hook made his extempore verses on us, so Mr. Mathews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a fierce young critic, who happened to be present, and in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This may have been intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, perhaps as a piece of policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured and self-satisfied enough to have borne the mimicry; and no harm would have come of it. One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the pater-nity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child were snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and, at intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mr. Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he. The same morning, he gave us his immortal imitation of old Tate Wilkinson, patentee of the York Theatre. Tate had been a little too merry in his youth, and was very melancholy in old age. He had a wandering mind and a decrepid body; and being manager of a theatre, a husband, and a rat-catcher, he would speak, in his wanderings, ‘variety of wretchedness.’ He would interweave, for instance, all at once, the subjects of a new engagement at his theatre, the rats, a veal-pie, Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Tate and the doctor. I do not pretend to give a specimen: Mr. Mathews alone can do it.”

We have not room for further extracts, and can only add, that as a manual of biographical anecdote, relative to the *literati* of an era unparalleled, perhaps, in the annals of time, the present work will be found, at present, and will probably continue to be, unrivalled.

MR. LEIGH HUNT'S LETTER.

MR. HUNT has been assailed by several persons, who have charged him with ingratitude towards the late Lord Byron; he has published an exculpatory epistle, from which we give extracts, as it will tend to place the character of Lord Byron fairly before the public. Mr. Hunt says—

“ I have been represented as a man capable of violating the confidence of friendship, and giving an unfavourable portrait of a host who had treated me with nothing but kindness. I will venture to affirm, Sir, that nothing, to a person of my turn of mind, could be more impossible. No man holds in greater horror than I do the violation of the *sub iisdem trabibus*—the sacred enclosure of private walls. I have not even dared, in my time, to enjoy the delight I should have found at more than one table, purely, because I know that it would be impossible for me afterwards, as a public man, to hold any opinion of my host but a grateful one. It might be expected that I should despise an accusation of this sort; *but men do not despise half as much as is pretended*; and I confess it has vexed me, with all its absurdity. One does not like to be thought ill of by any body, much less to be subjected to the hazard of it in the whole heart of a community. I thought of leaving my book to answer for me, and not taking any notice of the misrepresentation, unless repeated after a sight of it; but thousands will have read the extracts who will not see the book; and it is on their account that I shall trouble you with some further remarks.”

Mr. Hunt thus speaks of his “partnership” with Lord Byron:

“ I will put a case in illustration of my position with Lord Byron, and show the cruelty of it besides, as affected by his character in particular. Suppose a rich merchant invites another merchant out to set up a joint concern with him, and suppose the latter a man with a wife and large family, and at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. The rich merchant advances the other 200*l.* to bring him out (taking care nevertheless to get a bond for it from a friend); and after he is arrived, the loss of the beloved friend who gave this bond forces the poor man to accept from the rich one further sums, from time to time, amounting in all to 100*l.* more. The joint concern in the meantime goes on, but is trifled with by the inviter—is even injured by him in a variety of ways—is suffered to be calumniated and undermined by him with his friends, and finally is abandoned by him in the course of the year, for an experiment in a remote quarter, and apart from any consideration of the person invited out. It is true, the rich man declines receiving his part of the profits of the concern, but it is only because they turn out to be nothing like what he expected; and when he leaves it, and might still do it service, and so keep his own proposed work alive, he never has another word of communication with the person whom he invited out, and whom he had found destitute, and left so.

“ This is a literary picture of the state of the case between Lord Byron and myself; but the worst part of the spirit of it remains. I had scarcely put up under the same roof with his lordship (and the nature of the occupation of a floor in his house is explained in my book, and was very different from any thing like being entertained by him as his guest) than our ‘host,’ if he is so to be called, commenced his claims upon our delicacy by writing disagreeable letters about us to his friends. When I subsequently remonstrated with him on this subject, he answered me that it was his way, and that he had ‘libelled his friends all round.’ It is true I did not know of these letters at the time; but the libels of his friends were very soon manifest; the symptoms were not encouraging; and the tempers he thought fit to try upon me in my poverty prepared me further

for what I had to expect. This was almost in the very first days of our intercourse. I had hardly been under the roof with him at Pisa, when a very distressing communication from England forced me to urge him upon the subject of his intended work, and to beg, as it were in charity, the assistance which he ought to have come forward with in pursuance of his own proposal. He thought it sufficient to answer, that his friends had already been 'at him,' to persuade him to have nothing to do with the work; and he was wanting enough to his dignity to taunt me with making him a party to certain distresses which had been communicated to me in the letter from England, though he knew how much they were bound up with my own, and had had my confession that I had assisted to cause them. This, however, is a matter which it is impossible to enter into, and which does not, of necessity, belong to the question. I only allude to it, that I may show the melancholy of my position with him from the first, and how sure he was to make me feel it. In this manner his first contribution to his own work was made to appear a sort of forced obligation, though he was delighted to have the opportunity of printing it; and though, in the sanguineness of the moment, and the non-experience hitherto of what confirmed our forebodings, we did our best to entertain a good opinion of him, and to make others partake of it."

The following is very eloquent;

"Most calamitous was it on every account that at this early juncture of our intercourse my beloved friend, Mr. Shelly, was torn from me. I was thrown, *per force*, on Lord Byron for his assistance; he even offered it; and bitter indeed, for the first time in my life, was the taste I then had of obligation. The specimen I have mentioned in my work will suffice, and may be repeated. My family lived in the most economical Italian manner, and tried hard not to force me to apply to him for much. In fact, I applied to him for little, and he put me under the necessity of asking even for that in dribblets, and for those he sent me every time to his steward. My cheek seems to burn against my paper as I write. Yes, I have to confess that I have tasted indeed the bitterness of that prophecy of the poet addressed to himself, that he should know 'how hard it was to ascend the steps of another person for bread.' Let the exquisite mortification of confessions like these excuse me with the happier and the more industrious—I may add, with the healthier and the better taught; for the commonest rules of arithmetic were, by a singular chance, omitted in my education. I do not agree with the writer, who spoke the other day of the 'degrading obligations of private friendship.' God forbid I should be such a traitor to those whose friendship elevated while it assisted me, and whom it is a transport to me, whenever I think on it, to have been indebted to. I see beyond that. But I am bound to say that I have not the less altered my practice in that particular; and not the less do I agree with the eloquent after saying of the same writer, that it is 'comely and sweet, and exquisite,' to be able to earn our own sufficiency. I only think, especially in behalf of those who can enjoy leisure as well as business, that it should not be made so hard a matter to do so, as it very often is, by the systems of society, and by the consequences they have in reserve for us, even before we are born, and in our very temperaments as well as fortunes: and I think also that the world would have been losers, in a very large way—far beyond what utilitarians suppose, and yet on their own ground—if certain men of lively and improvident genius, humanists of the most persuasive order, had not sometimes left themselves under the necessity of being assisted. The headlong sympathies that ran in their blood, and that diverted them sometimes from ordinary duties, have helped to carry us all forwards to those great waters of humanity which are now *out* over the world, and which shall assuredly give it a new level and a new life."

We must conclude with the following extract:—

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Of the correctness of Mr. Hunt's principles, with his valuable services in the cause of freedom, we have, ourselves, never had the slightest doubt.

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

(See Vignette in Title.)

THE assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion: among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre; and I claim equal honour with Herschell for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

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Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily exprest; and *‘that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blood.’* Now I could find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

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SALMAGUNDI.

FINE ARTS.

THE MISERS. *From the Picture in the King's Collection. By Quintin Matsys. Drawn on Stone by Fairland. London, 1827. Bulcock.*

From amidst the mass of productions daily issuing from the Lithographic Press, we are happy to be enabled to select the above as an object worthy the attention of the connoisseur and print collector. The expression of half subdued anxiety in one of the countenances, and the grin of satisfied cupidity in the other, are admirably preserved.

JOHN KEMBLE, AS HAMLET. *Engraved on Steel by H. Dawe, after a Painting by Sir T. Lawrence. Same publisher.*

To the admirers of the late John Kemble we cannot but recommend this print, which is a mezzotint of no common merit. The likeness is admirably preserved.

THE MISSLETOE. *Engraved by Zeitter, from a painting by W. Kidd. Same publisher.*

A very successful attempt to preserve a fine effect of Candle-light.

MONKEYANA; OR MEN IN MINIATURE. *Designed and etched by T. Landseer. Moon, Boys, and Graves.*

The humour, liveliness, and talent, displayed in this production, have fully equalled the expectations raised by the announcement of a work of the kind from the hands of T. Landseer, under whose pencil the whole Monkey tribe may be said "to live and breathe, and have their being." The unlucky wight who is about to undergo flagellation, and the two scapegraces enjoying a gallop, are, in our opinion, masterpieces of grotesque imagery.

THE LARDER. *G. Stevens; engraved by W. Giller.*

A pleasing effect is produced by the contrast of colour and general arrangement of the subject in this print. The taste of the spectator cannot fail to be flattered by the judicious selection made by the artist, from the delicacies of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

 THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE. After some little delay and divers notes of preparation, this theatre has opened for the season, under the direction of Messrs. Laurent and Laporte, with Meyerbeer's Opera of Marguerita d'Anjou.

The new Pantomines have so exclusively engaged the attention of both managers and audience, as to preclude, and indeed to render unnecessary, the production of other novelties at the Theatres Royal, during the last month. Kean has been drawing crowded houses at Covent Garden, and Mathews at Drury Lane. We shall briefly notice the Pantomime produced at each house.

DRURY LANE. The Pantomime at this theatre bears the attractive title of *Harlequin Cock Robin, or the Babes in the Wood*. We say attractive, judging from the mute attention and sympathy apparently bestowed by the juvenile portion of the audience on the fate of the little innocents, to murder whom, a Butcher and Carpenter are bribed by the cruel Uncle. The miraculous transformations, however, in the sixth scene, of the cruel Uncle into Pantaloon, of the Butcher and Carpenter into Clown and Harlequin, "a female Innkeeper" also into Clown, and of the daughter into Columbine, succeeded in restoring good humour and hilarity. The thieving,

fighting, tumbling, twisting, and frisking departments are ably filled by Barnes, Southby, Usher, Howell, and Miss Ryall, respectively. The follies of the day, as usual, are not spared. Two jokes in particular meet with decided approbation; in one a poor *brown* Italian image bearer is introduced with a naked cupid, who is forthwith ferretted out and denounced by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, whose moral scruples, however, he contrives to satisfy, by cheating a Jew clothesman out of an old pair of breeches and a waistcoat, with which he clothes the "wanton god who pierces hearts." The other is a well imagined satire on the last new fashion, established *protem.*, amongst the ladies, of wearing bonnets of most preposterous dimensions. Nor do the enormous whiskers, or the cigar divan propensities of the gentlemen "about town" escape. The scenery and decorations are, as usually, very splendid: the last, representing the Aviary of Love, and Paradise of Birds, is a splendid assemblage of all that is dazzling and gorgeous.

COVENT GARDEN. Here we are presented with a Pantomimic Spectacle, under the title of *Harlequin Number Nip, or the Giant Mountain*. The scenery and decorations are calculated to add, if possible, to the fame which Covent Garden has long enjoyed in these departments. Mr. J. Parsloe, as Number Nip, displays the most astonishing pliancy of limb and flexibility of body conceivable. Indeed we are almost led to doubt of the existence of *bone* in his anatomical construction. For the purpose of tormenting Harlequin and Columbine he is a constant attendant on them to the end of the pantomime, under ever varying forms; and his changes into an old woman, a Thames waterman, an ostrich, a peacock, a monkey, and many others, were executed with such cleverness and rapidity, as to draw forth repeated bursts of applause. He escapes from the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, and making his way into the Streets, absolutely electrifies the juvenile portions of the audience (to say nothing of ourselves), by the astonishing agility with which he climbs up the front of the houses, twisting in and out of the windows of each floor till he reaches the very chimney-pot, down which he suddenly disappears. The naval panorama, by Roberts, is a splendid performance; the spectator is supposed to start from the Chain Pier at Brighton, from which he proceeds to the Rock of Gibraltar, and thence to the Archipelago; concluding with the battle of Navarin, admirably executed.

SURREY. The spirit and liberality displayed by Mr. Elliston, in his management of this house ever since it has fallen into his hands, is apparent in the effective Pantomime produced at this theatre, under the title of *Harlequin and the Astrologer of Stepney, or the Enchanted Fish and the Fated Ring*. The scenery and decorations are of a character far superior to what is generally expected at a minor theatre. Indeed, the enterprising efforts of Mr. Elliston, seconded by the acknowledged talent of Mr. W. West as stage manager, bid fair to raise the reputation of the Surrey Theatre considerably in the public favour. Amongst other novelties produced here, we have only room to notice *Love's Frailties, or Passion and Repentance*, a piece replete with touches of nature and situations powerfully affecting. The author has evidently drawn largely on *Clari* for the leading features of the plot, which turns upon the somewhat threadbare tissue of incidents woven out of the seduction of a country girl; her subsequent remorse, the agony of her father, the rage of her brother, and the repentance of her seducer, and finally the marriage of the parties. To the affectation of deceit and imposition attempted to be interwoven in the plot in question, under the manœuvre of a "false marriage," we must needs cry "fudge." Had she really thought the marriage legal, there was not the least necessity for her running away from home; and besides false marriages, the disguising of footmen, as parsons &c., are, in these days, of legislatorial severity, "no joke," and consequently

should have been exploded from a composition otherwise a tolerably faithful sketch of nature. The success of the piece is secured by the powerful acting of Rayner as the injured brother, and of Mrs. Fitzwilliam as the heroine.

ADELPHI. Messrs. Terry and Yates have presented their friends a Pantomimic entertainment, under the title of *Harlequin and the White Mouse, or the Frog in an Opera Hat*, which, for scenery decoration, costume, tricks, and, in fact, in the conception of all the true points of pantomime, we have no hesitation in saying, need not fear a comparison with even the great theatres, (the difference of space and the resources of the theatre considered.) Signor Paulo's merit as Clown is too well established to require comment. The scenery, mostly by Tomkins, is extremely well conceived and executed; of the rest of the scenery, including the last, we cannot speak so favorably. The popular naval spectacle of *Nelson, or the Life of a Sailor* continues its attraction, and the house has consequently been thronged throughout the month.

OLYMPIC. The Pantomime at this theatre, called *Harlequin Demon*, may also lay claim to favorable notice. The opening scenes are extremely pleasing: the change from an Enchanted Grove to a Moonlight Palace; and a distant view of a ruined Tower, wherein the Demons of Earth are supposed to be assembled, suddenly illumined with red glowing flames; and another of a Dungeon furnished with every instrument of torture that the human mind has been able to devise, are all strikingly effective.

COBURG. Amongst other novelties at this theatre, the holiday folks are treated to a military spectacle, with the attractive title of "*The Horrors of War.*" Mr. Davidge, throughout the whole of his management, displays great industry and talent, and we understand, from undoubted authority, that he is perfectly independent of the press, as regards the success of his productions.

NATURALIZATION OF SEA FISH.

Dr. Macculloch strenuously recommends the introduction and breeding of sea fish in fresh water lakes or large ponds, as a speculation which would amply repay any spirited capitalist, in the environs of the metropolis, for the supply of the London market. We have no doubt that the price of this valuable branch of food would be reduced at least one-half, if all the fish that is taken, and not required for immediate sale, were placed in some reservoir adjacent to the Thames, instead of being detained in the crowded *wells* of the fishing boats, and again turned adrift unless the demand of the market brings an enormous profit to the fish salesman.

THE TRAVELLER IN EXILE.

(ROME.)

HE walk'd amid the ruinous wrecks of Time,
The soul of ages in those ashes slept—
And where, alone, the thoughtful wanderer wept,
An empire's form once raised its front sublime.
Its vast tomb now bare record of its crime,
That once its parent earth in blood had steeped—
Ambitious of the world it had not kept,
For Luxury had fed upon its prime.
Thy fortune was but like the specious rose
Upon the virgin's cheek, inviting death,
That brightest glows as fleets the vital breath;
So thou didst fall into thy long repose:
Remembering her he loved, as thus he said,
Again the wanderer wept, and bow'd his head.

STATE OF THE GERMAN DRAMA.

KOTZEBUE.

WE have been favoured with the perusal of a Play, from the German of Kotzebue, now in the press, and which will very shortly make its appearance.* Before we lay extracts before our readers, we think we cannot do better than quote the Translator's preface.

"To the classical reader, to those who, from their acquaintance with the language, are enabled to form a just estimate of German literature, any prefatory remarks on the name and writings of Kotzebue, may appear superfluous—with *these* his excellence is already too clearly appreciated to require the aid of criticism; and too firmly established to dread the efforts of envy or detraction. With the great portion of readers, however, with those who can only judge of his merits through the medium of existing translations, Kotzebue (to borrow from pugilistic phraseology) can scarcely be said to have been allowed "fair play." With few exceptions, he has met, in his passage through the hands of his translators, with the most miserable treatment possible—treatment the more surprising, as, in many instances, the 'unkindest cuts of all' were inflicted by hands from which the world had a right to expect something very different. What between imitators, adapters, and *soi disant* translators, he has either been driven forth on our literary stage like the cock of Diogenes, or he has been compelled to assume, in the flock of critics the character of the daw in borrowed plumes (and those plumes, too, of the most vulgar and gaudy hues. With him, the fabled bed of Procrustes is no fiction. He has been stretched and screwed out by one predatory adapter, and maimed and 'shorn of his fair proportions' by another, till his best friends can scarcely recognize him. All this, too, he was doomed to undergo during his lifetime. A wit has observed,† 'That, amongst all his miseries, there was one comfort poor Sheridan had; he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his life.' Would that we might with truth parody the parodist,‡ and exclaim, 'There was one comfort, however, that poor Kotzebue had—he did not foresee that Mr. Sheridan would translate him.' In illustration of these remarks, let the reader take the following specimens from the Trajedy of 'Pizarro,' as produced by Sheridan. The whole play abounds with passages equally luminous and refined: it is now generally known to be a plagiarism from Kotzebue's '*Spanier in Peru.*' Too

* The Summer House, a Play in Five Acts, from the German of Kotzebue, by Tassel Furnival, Gent. London: William Charlton Wright. 1828.

† See an article "On the Want of Money," in the Monthly and European Magazine, for January, 1827.

‡ Sur la traduction des lamentations de Jérémie par M. Arnaud de Bacular

Savez vous pourquoi Jérémie
Se lamentait toute sa vie
C'est sans doute qu'il prévoyait
Que Bacular le traduirait.

PIRON.

many, it is to be feared, consider it to be a *translation* from the German."

"Pizarro is speaking of the desertion of Alonzo from the Spanish, to join the Peruvians, and of the attempt made by the latter to induce him to follow."

"*Piz.* But first with *weariless remonstrance* he sued to win me from my purpose, and *untwine* the sword from my determined grasp. *Much he spoke* of right of justice and humanity calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren."

And again—

"*Piz.* But when he found that the *soft folly of the pleading tears* he dropt upon my bosom fell on marble, he *flew*, and joined the foe; then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in the *wronged Pizarro's* school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it—in *base retreat* and *foul discomfiture* to quit the shore."

PIZARRO, Act 1. Scene 1.

In Act iv. Scene 3, Elvira is made to mouth it as follows: "Yes, thou undaunted, thou whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled! Thou who on Panamas' brow didst make alliance with the raging elements, that *tore the silence of* that horrid night when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, *the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the trembling earth*, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth." * *

"That the mere English reader should rise from the perusal of such effusions with no very exalted opinion of the style and manner of Kotzebue—that he should even be brought to conceive that heaviness, bombast, and overstrained metaphor, must necessarily form the chief feature of his other writings, is a very natural consequence—that the host of play-wrights who are interested in blocking up every avenue to the source from which their happiest scenes are borrowed, (and to a much greater extent too, than is generally supposed) should favour the delusion, is also no way surprising. But that a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' should have joined in the vulgar hue and cry, and have cast his quota of rubbish on the mound raised by ignorance and prejudice to obstruct the progress of information, is somewhat startling, because unexpected. In a late Number,* amongst other remarks equally smart and aspiring, Kotzebue is flippantly styled 'the *eternal* Kotzebue.' His great name is affectedly associated by this dispenser of literary fame, with 'black forests' and 'spectre nuns,' and this, too, by the writer of an article '*On the Present State of German Literature.*' How far the descending to flatter the prejudice of the vulgar and illiterate, by having recourse to the absurd and scurrilous trick of 'nick-

* ——"If any man will insist upon taking Heinse's *Ardinghello*, and Miller's *Siegwart*, and the Works of Veit Weber the younger, and, above all, the ever-lasting Kotzebue, as his specimens of German literature, he may establish many things. Black forests, and the glories of Lubberland! *sensuality and horror*, the spectre nun, and the charming moonshine, shall not be wanting."

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. (XCII.) Oct. 1827.

The German scholar will have no difficulty in perceiving that the writer of this *tirade*, notwithstanding his affected ease in quoting hard names, can only have become acquainted with Kotzebue's writings through the translations before alluded to.

naming' ought to raise a doubt as to the qualifications of a writer to treat of any kind of literature, or, indeed, of any subject whatever, all can judge—of his incapability of appreciating the merits of the particular subject alluded to, the true German scholar can entertain but one opinion.

"The peculiar character of the writings of Kotzebue is *purity*, and *simplicity*. This assertion for the reasons above stated, is probably at variance with the opinion generally received amongst a numerous class. In the following Play an attempt has been made to preserve these two qualities of the original, the ambition of the translator having been to present the Public with a work of Kotzebue unencumbered with supposed and uncalled for embellishments of style. The only alteration of any consequence in the plot will be found in the manner of Don Gasparo's death. In the original he is led off to execution by a party of French soldiers, who have arrived just in time to save the life of Philip. To an English reader however, it was supposed that the infliction of punishment, however just and well merited, by an armed force would have appeared objectionable.

Having thus availed ourselves of the preface, as of a card of introduction, we shall now proceed to a description of the plot, and general character of the play.

The scene is laid in Spain during the occupation of that country, by the French army under Napoleon. The main features of the story are as follow. Don Pardo a Spanish grandee, has a son, Don Philip, who it is supposed has fallen a sacrifice to the policy of the French government in the affair of Romana. He has also an adopted daughter, Julia, who resides with him, and a nephew, Don Gasparo Truxillos who is the heir of Don Pardo, in consequence of the supposed death of Philip. As, however, there is reason to suppose that Julia will divide the property with him, he is a suitor for her hand. Julia refuses his addresses, having formerly, when in her native country, Germany, loved and been beloved by a young officer—Major Helm. Their union was prevented by the parents of the latter, who was finally driven into a marriage with a rich heiress. Before the completion of the marriage, Julia, unable to bear her disappointment, has left her native town, to join an aunt in Russia, after whose death she is adopted by Don Pardo. Helm, soon grown weary of his matrimonial speculation, and to escape what he terms "the thralldom of domestic misery," has accepted a commission in the French army, and with it has entered Spain. Shortly afterwards, his wife dies, upon hearing of which, all his former love for Julia revives, but he has lost all traces of her. In consequence of an attack of fever, he has obtained a furlough from his regiment, and on becoming convalescent, he seeks, in his character of an officer, for a retreat in the mansion of Don Pardo. The latter receives him with haughty courtesy, or rather, with no courtesy at all. An old Moorish summer-house is however, assigned him. The old Castilian, whom grief for the loss of his son, rage at the invasion of his country, and the desire of vengeance for the dreadful cruelties daily committed around him by the French soldiery, have almost driven to madness, and in whose mind Don Gasparo contrives that these feelings shall not abate of their intensity, wil-

lingly joins in the suggestion of the latter, to connive at the murder of the stranger.

It may be proper here to remark, that this was a very common occurrence during the war in Spain, the whole Spanish population, from the grandee to the peasant, not excepting the priesthood, deeming it meritorious to get rid of their invaders by every means in their power. To this deadly feeling, many officers in the French army fell victims, having been secretly poisoned or assassinated by the persons on whom they were quartered.

But to return—Julia, by means of Peter, a blustering but cowardly attendant on Helm, has recognized the latter, and, in order to escape observation, has adopted the suggestion of Gasparo, viz. to disguise herself as a Moorish boy. Under this disguise, and assuming the name of Muley, she attends on Helm, and contrives to frustrate the different plans of Gasparo for his destruction, and, in the course of conversation with him, she learns that he is still free, that he cherishes the most ardent love for her, and is filled with remorse for his former conduct. We extract the following scene :

“SCENE— Interior of the Summer House.”

Enter Julia and Giakomo.

Julia. Here is your chocolate, Sir.

Helm. Thank you, Muley.

Julia. To be sure—in less than an hour you will be called to dinner, and chocolate may but spoil your appetite.

Helm. Set it down, my good lad, and I will drink it presently.

Julia. As you please, Sir: only you must pardon my carelessness in having broken the plate in which they sent the biscuit. You must needs be contented with a slip of paper, on which I placed it in a hurry.

Helm. It is of no consequence.

Julia. For *you*, perhaps, this paper may be of no more consequence than a plate.

Helm. You are in the right, my boy. I am a soldier, and not over particular. *[Pours out a cup of chocolate.]*

Julia. Will you, then, pour out the chocolate before you have tasted the biscuit?

Helm. I will first drink, and then—

Julia. Nay! then I'll shake the biscuit on the table, for I cannot leave you this paper.

Helm. Is paper here so scarce?

Julia. Not all paper.—

Helm. But this?—

Julia. It may be so, for those who are able to read it.

Helm. But you can read?

Julia. Yes, but only Spanish.

Helm. Is it then written in an unknown character?

Julia. I believe (Heaven forgive me!) they must be magic characters; for it seems, they possess the power of terrifying those who can decipher them; and should they not be able to disguise that terror, they're lost for ever.

Helm. Indeed! let me look.

Julia. No; you might, perhaps, be able to decipher it.

Helm. So much the better.

Julia. So much the better, indeed, if you be not easily terrified; for I insist upon it—this place is haunted [*With a stolen glance at the Gardener.*] We are surrounded with evil spirits.

Giakomo. Nay, Sir, don't believe a word of it. The boy is only joking. Don't you see how St. Anthony is smiling on us yonder. Drink, Sir, in God's name.

Helm. [*Looks at the paper and starts.*] German! [*reads*] '*That the host should taste the first of every thing he offered to his guest, was an old German custom. It is now grown obsolete in Germany; but its revival might not be useless in those countries where the host receives his guest with inward rancour.*' Who wrote this paper?

Julia. I had it as a present from a Jew in Tripoli.

Helm. I understand its meaning.

Julia. Indeed! then pray explain it to me.

Helm. The Jew had a mind to make merry at the expence of your credulity. It is a remedy against scorpions.

Giakomo. Against scorpions?—let's have a look at it.

Helm. Anon, my good friend: when I have drank my chocolate.

Giakomo. [*Aside.*] It's a thousand pities such an useful secret should be buried with the heretic.

Helm. This chocolate has a most delightful fragrance; but I have been advised to drink of nothing in this country without its being first tasted. Here, my good friend, drink the first cup!

Giakomo. I—

Helm. It's a whim I have.

Giakomo. I—drink out of the same vessel with your honour! Heaven forbid! That would neither become me nor your honour.

Helm. But if my honour should give you permission—

Giakomo. I'm nothing but a poor Gardener.

Helm. And supposing I command you?

Giakomo. I never drink chocolate: it disagrees with my stomach.

Helm. No more excuses, or you will make me suspect the chocolate to be poisoned.

Giakomo. Nay, Sir! how can you imagine such a thing?

Helm. [*Seizing his pistols.*] Drink, rascal! or I'll give you a pill for your weak stomach. [*Giakomo runs off terrified.*] So they had a mind to poison me! and to you, dear boy, do I owe my preservation.

Julia. To me, Sir! nay, how is that possible?

Helm. Did you not write this paper?

Julia. I—Sir!—and how should I write German?

Helm. But you were at least aware of its contents?

Julia. Why!—was it not a remedy against scorpions?

Helm. Boy, your tale of the Tripoline Jew will not pass with me. Speak! who wrote this paper?

Julia. How—if I dare not tell you?

Helm. That were bad indeed.

Julia. One part of the secret I may indeed disclose; but then you must promise not to question further.

Helm. That I do willingly; but—

Julia. It was written by a young lady, the daughter of Don Pardo.

Helm. A Spanish lady—and yet write German so correctly!

Julia. She loves that language, and has studied it.

Helm. Where is she, that I may throw myself at her feet, and thank her for this unexpected kindness?

Julia. Softly, Sir! you must not see her: Don Pardo has forbidden it.

Helm. And for what reason?

Julia. Nay, perhaps he may not be inclined to trust you.

Helm. I have, then, no means of thanking her?

Julia. She will be satisfied, should you but profit by this warning.

Helm. How have I merited her kind solicitude? Has she ever seen me?

Julia. I believe she has.

Helm. Has my sickly frame excited her compassion?

Julia. That is very possible.

Helm. Or, has she ever been in Germany?

Julia. You promised not to question me any further. Your person she has no reason to love; perhaps she may have far better reasons for hating you. But I heard her say, 'If this young man have left a wife and children in his native country!' and, sudden, she devised this method to defeat her cousin's villainy.

Helm. Her cousin, say you? Had, then, her father no share in the treacherous scheme.

Julia. The old Don Pardo is in the power of his nephew, who is her intended bridegroom.

Helm. And yet—that she should act so nobly towards a stranger!

Julia. Would you requite her kindness, let me tell her in your name, that she has preserved a husband for his wife—a father for his children.

Helm. No, my good boy, that I cannot do; for I have neither wife nor children.

Julia. [*With emotion.*] You have no wife?

Helm. [*Without remarking it.*] Alas! she has but lengthened a miserable existence.

Julia. Are you not married?

Helm. No.

Julia. And were you never married?

Helm. I have been a husband, but my wife is dead. Tell your mistress, Muley, there is but one consideration which binds me to the life she has preserved,—but one case in which I might esteem her present valuable—I love—dearly love!

Julia. You love?

Helm. But a maid, whom I have wronged—yes, basely wronged! one, whose tenderness I requited with infidelity. But, alas! she has disappeared—perhaps for ever!

Julia. Dear! that is very strange.

Helm. Should I again find her, and she pardon me, then I shall be indebted to Don Pardo's daughter, not only for life, but happiness.

Julia. [*Overcome with emotion, leans for support upon the table.*]
I—I will tell her so.

Helm. You are unwell! what ails you, Muley?

Julia. Oh, nothing! The summer-house has been long shut up.
The heat—I must go into the open air.

Helm. Lean on my arm.

Julia. No, no; leave me—do not touch me—remain here—think only of yourself: you are surrounded with dangers; but so long as Muley lives—Oh heavens, I know not what I do.

[*Covers her face with both hands, and rushes out.*]

Helm. [*Hastens after her.*] Muley!—what ails the boy?"

We have not room for further extracts, although there are many other scenes replete with well-sustained dialogue, incident, and character. Suffice it to say, that Don Philip returns to his father, the rumour of his death being false; that he escapes, by means of Helm, the dagger of Gasparo; that the latter is shot by Helm in the encounter; that Julia discovers herself to Helm; and general happiness is restored.

The characters of the host of a posada, or Spanish inn,—of Peter,—and of Giakomo, an old superstitious gardener, are well conceived. The dialogue is nervous and unaffected; the interest undiminished to the last; and the general style of the play calculated, in our opinion, to produce a favourable impression in the literary world.

SONG OF 1189.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Oh lady, lady fair!
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

Oh lady, lady fair!
The paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings who steal,
But I bend my knee to thee.

Oh lady, lady fair!
A sceptre has passed from me
And an empire been reft, yet still I command
A nobler sceptre, thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee,

HENRY MELVILLE,

A Tale,

By SHELTON MACKENZIE, *Author of the "Lays of Palestine."*

No more—no more—no more.
 The hour of dream is o'er ;
 And troubles of the world bloom out anew ;
 But youth—and sunny day—
 And beauty—where are they?—

BARRY CORNWALL'S *Fall of Saturn.*

"POOR fellow," cried one, "he is quite mad." Alas, it would have been happiness to him if he were. He might then have known forgetfulness of sorrow; he might then have drank of the Lethean stream of dark, but kind oblivion; he then too would possibly cease to feel his sufferings, (of the mind, oh, far more grievous than those of the body); this might have been his, and it perhaps were well it had been,—but Providence decreed him a severe and bitter lot here; it may be hoped, that his doom elsewhere is more bright; and as gold must pass the fiery ordeal seven times ere it shine out in unsullied splendor, so it may have been, that to him his sufferings and his woes here, were but preparative to a bright and glorious reversion hereafter.

While he remained on earth, how little was he known! the world could not penetrate his feelings. The people of the world could know him not,—they could never surmise what deep thoughts,—what pure and holy aspirations after fame, and truth, and love,—what reverence for virtue,—what impassioned fervor of the mind,—what commanding eloquence of the heart was his. He was that inexplicable thing—a POET. Had he been born to a higher station,—lived in a loftier sphere of society, he might have been fondled by the great, admired by the old, and revered by the young.—Beauty might have smiled on him as he sung her charms,—Admiration have sounded the trumpet of his praise; he might have shone, the meteor of his country's genius; while Fame would spread her pinions for flight to waft his name to the remotest parts of the earth,—Honour have heralded his steps, Wealth showered down her grandeur at his feet, and Happiness have wooed him to her arms, while every wish the heart could form would be gratified as it sprung up. But it was otherwise ordained. The sun of prosperity cast forth no beams for him; his steps through life were noiseless, and the self-conviction of possessing unrequited talents, that should have won a path to fame, and secured a gleam of immortality, served but to depress him into deeper gulphs of misery. It too frequently happened, that

"While Luxury in palaces, lay straining her low thoughts
 To form unreal wants,"

this child of nature, endowed with her choicest gifts, had scarce a mor-

sel of food to put into his lips to assuage the pangs of racking hunger, and hardly a garment to cover his squalid nakedness. Yet this unfortunate lot was undeserved by faults or follies, vices or crimes. Oh! he was pure and stainless as man might be, and, while his pride of heart elevated him above vice or crime,—his sanctity of spirit raised him from the commission of follies, or the cultivation of faults. He was such another as Gay,

“In wit a man,—simplicity a child,”—

regrets over his unfortunate life,—was it *life*? and untimely end, are all useless now, it is enough that he fulfilled the common lot of all,—“he was born, and he died.” How many histories are writ in that short, but too affecting sentence. The monumental trophy, the armorial busts, with their gaudy and false inscriptions, blazoned and carved to satisfy the vanity of the living, or the pride of the dead, but all come to this,—“THEY WERE BORN, AND THEY DIED.” This tells us, awfully, of the vain glory of *this* life; would it could raise the heart to a contemplation of the *next*.

A brief sketch of the life of him of whom I have been feebly writing, may not be unuseful. It may shew some gifted son of imagination the futility of persisting in pursuits of literature, where the stake is, in fact, mind against matter,—life against immortality.

Henry Melville was an early friend of mine. We were schoolfellows,—in the same class,—of the same age,—partakers of the same pastimes,—as blythe as the birds that sing their matin carols to the sky, happier far than either ever were 'mid the tempests of our stormy manhood. At the age of eighteen, Melville entered the University. His talents procured him the highest academical honours; and his industry rendered the fruition of these talents most promising. Wit was, in him, a natural production, flourishing indigenuously in the rich and luxuriant soil of his highly cultivated mind. The radiance of his mirth, and the power of his conversation, which contained learning without pedantry—research without display,—and talents without egotism, rendered him a delightful and improving companion. The power of pleasing, which he so eminently possessed, could not fail to make him a desired and desirable guest everywhere. Thus sought after, it was impossible to give, out of the so pleasant day, an hour to himself, and he stole from those devoted to rest, time to prosecute his studies. Ever mindful that he was to be the artificer of his own fortune, and the creator of his own fame; this consciousness urged him to the goal from whence he was to start. Even his opponents in the contests for University honours, courted the charms, and the pleasures of his society. All classes seemed to claim him as their own.

Nor was nature less liberal to him in his person, than genius had been generous in the endowment of his mind. Slightly above the common size, he possessed a graceful figure,—a face cast in the model of manly beauty. And from his dark and expressive eyes, beamed out all the eloquence of language,—all the language of the heart; clusters of dark hair shadowed his lofty brow of thought, and were fit contrasts to his pale cheek—the paleness of contemplation, not of sickness.—and

“ —there was in his large, and brilliant eye,
 The depth, the fire of rich maturity :—
 Tho’ in that softened hour of earth and heaven,
 Th’ unconscious glance that from its orb was given,
 The melting, melancholy gaze above
 Show’d that the heart within was made for love.”

And thus was he all that man’s eye might admiringly view, all that woman’s devoted heart might passionately love. And for him there was a heart that beat in deepest rapture and with truest passion. To her how welcome were the plaudits that her lover gained. Of only one thing was she in doubt—whether he could love, and love *her*. Yes, soon was she assured on this point; he loved her as few have ever loved, he was, in return, beloved with the deep strength and fervency of a woman’s first affection. Pass we the avowal of *his* passion, and the blushing acknowledgment of *her’s*. Pass we too the sanction of her parents, who rejoiced in the prospect of such happiness for their daughter, as lovely as she was loving. It is enough for this hasty sketch to say, that it was determined that the happy lover should, on his return from the Temple—whither it was decided he should proceed to the study of the law—receive the hand of Eliza Reeves, assured that her heart was his, long before. With these bright anticipations he departed.

LOVE made his studies delightful to him, for the accomplishment of his hopes depended upon their prosecution and completion. At length—for to those who have a finite period affixed ere the commencement of some bright reality, time flags heavily on his path, his terms were completed. The remembrance of his former excellence did not dim his forensic fame, for in the most difficult law-suit that had for years engaged the attention of the bar, he was professionally engaged. During its prosecution, the senior counsel on his side, was suddenly taken ill, and Melville was called on to supply his place. Unprepared for such an undertaking, as he necessarily must have been, he did not shrink from it, but threaded through all the intricacies of the case, until, at length, his eloquence prevailed, and the youthful barrister had the proud consciousness of being the victor. He pleaded as few ever did, for few ever had his excitement. With such a beginning it is no marvel if his name became popular, and success crowned his exertions.

A day, not distant, was appointed for his marriage. Melville had always loved poetry as an art, and was recently made a poet by the call of love. He now, at the request of his betrothed, culled from his many offerings at the muses’ shrine, a few, which he published. They were enthusiastically received by the public. Here was the eclat of his legal fame added to the triumph of his genius as a Poet. THEY CLASHED,—The sternness of legal studies, was, by his clients, deemed incompatible with “the soft warblings of Apollo’s lyre,” even though Scott, and Phillips, and Proctor and Shiel, formed living negatives to that imbecile opinion. But though imbecile in its nature, it was forcible in its results; many-voiced rumour began—

“Spargere voces in ambiguas.”

and Melville soon found himself briefless. This, though it was much, he could have borne; and the scorn of the many, and the pity of the few

and the sneers of the crowd, and the smiles of successful competitors, and the loud laugh of powerless envy; these too, he could have borne, but a new misery, striking at the root of all his best, and tenderest, and dearest affections, sunk him into the gloom of a hopeless despair. His destined bride, stung by the neglect of the world for her lover, too deeply sensitive for his fame, fell a victim to consumption. One evening, she was not in her accustomed place at her father's table. She was sought for, and found kneeling in her chamber; but her eyes were motionless, and her body stiff, and her pulse cold, and her blood frozen—for the chill of death was on her, and they called on her in vain, for the heart that loved, and felt, and worshipped, was—broken. The childless parents, and the destitute lover, lost together the link that chained each to earth. The former soon rejoined her they had lost, in the realms of peace, and purity, and quietude, but the latter—*lived*, and in *that* life suffered more than a thousand deaths.

The rest of the tale is a common one. Deprived of her he loved, he was soon bowed by despair, from which he was awakened by the miserable certainty that he was friendless, and without worldly means. The friends—were they friends?—who courted him during the sunshine of his fortunes, flirted off when the blast of adversity came; and to supply his wants, (for he abandoned his thankless profession, or rather it abandoned him) he worked at his pen. But the theme in other hours had been love and joy: and now it was that of sorrow and regret; and—for why need it be concealed?—his powerful talents were clouded by the shadows of destitution, and distress, and despair that, like, and yet unlike, the Penates of antiquity, clung to his hearth. Yet there were those, few but faithful, who would fain afford him relief, and gave him sympathy. From these he kept himself concealed. It was the last and best feeling of his heart. I do not boast when I say, that I was one of these: I rejoice that I was at his death-bed: I watched his latest sigh, and heard his latest words: I saw the light expire in the human socket. I feel that woe and want had too true a victim in him.

“ ‘Whom the gods love die young,’ was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays e'en more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave,
Which men weep over, may be meant to save.”

It may be this: for the ways of the Eternal are inscrutable. Such an untimely end too frequently awaits the most gifted. Not always are their deaths recorded. Thus died Henry Melville, at the age of twenty-five; and never did the grave close on a nobler spirit.

And thus do I discharge the last sad duties to his memory, in registering his worth. He

Died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon his gentle dust: a cloud
Might gather o'er his beauty, and a gloom
In his dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites—an early death!

I have named him as a poet: it were incumbent on me to endeavour

to prove his title to that appellation. The following lines can speak for themselves.

STANZAS.

It is not that thine eye is bright,
 And that thy cheek is fair,
 Or that as beautiful as night
 Appears thy raven hair,—
 It is not that thy smile is mirth,
 Or that thy glance is fire,
 That thus I hail thee first of earth,
 My bosom's sole desire.
 It is because thy breathing mind
 With purity is fraught,
 That thou surpassest all thy kind,
 And art my every thought ;
 'Tis, that I ne'er before have met,—
 'Mid all this waste of years,—
 One who could dare me to forget,
 And dry my fount of tears.
 When tears within thy lids may rise,
 And sickness pale thy cheek,
 And sorrow work its destinies,—
 Striving thy heart to break,—
 When in the clusters of thine hair
 Old age his mark may set,
 And cloud thy brow with woe and care,
 Changing thy locks of jet.
 Oh ! then in this devoted heart
 Will love for thee shine out,
 Remembering all that *now* thou art,
 Without a cloud or doubt.
 For 'tis not that upon thy brow
 A queenly look appears,
 That thus I doat upon thee now,
 As aye in after years.

I have written enough, and perhaps more than enough, about my friend; and possibly my mode of narration has marred the interest that may belong to the story; but Sheridan has made an Irishman, the child of fiction, declare, "That when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who would quarrel with the style."

SONNET.

Fear not that, while around thee
 Life's varied blessings pour,
 One sigh of her shall wound thee
 Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
 No ! dead and cold for ever
 Let our past love remain ;
 Once gone, its spirit never
 Shall haunt thy rest again.
 May the new ties that bind thee,
 Far sweeter, happier prove ;
 Nor e'er of me remind thee,
 But by their truth and love.
 Think how, asleep or waking,
 Thy image haunts me yet ;
 But how this heart is breaking,
 For thy own peace forget.

TO JULIA.

BY ROWLAND HILL MACKENZIE.

No form more light, no step more true,
E'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew.—SCOTT.

OH ! I will love thee, as loves the gay sun
To be shrined in the rain-drop when tempests are done ;
As the moss loves the red-rose,—the coral the sea,—
Or the soft blush the timid cheek, I will love thee !

I will love thee, when gay smiles thy countenance dress,—
And thy blythe heart is bounding with fair happiness ;
And should dark clouds the sun-lighted landscape come o'er,
I will dry their sad tear-drops, and love thee the more.

If thou lov'st me again, a world brighter than this
Can alone add a drop to my goblet of bliss ;
And the warmth of a young fervid heart thou shalt sec,
That throbs fond and deeply, and throbs but for thee.

The roses of love boast a lustre divine,—
The fairest for thee in a chaplet I'll twine ;
But the tints of the roses, tho' richly they glow,
May not vie with the blush of the bright cheek below.

If thou lov'st me not—gladly that thought would I shun !
If I boast not the gifts by which thou can'st be won,
My soul may be dark, my torn heart may be chill,
But oh ! I must love thee, must sigh for thee still.

There are those who have told thee that love will soon fade,
When the breathings of icy indifference invade ;
That hope must its cherishing sunshine supply,
Or the delicate floweret will languish and die.

Believe them not—those, such a picture who drew,
The best, dearest feelings of love never knew :—
The heart that beneath them has once learn'd to thrill,
Whilst its pulses shall beat will respond to them still.

The image that's stamped on the chrystal will stay,
Tho' the hand that impressed it be cold and away,
Tho' the stone may be sullied, that once was so fair,
Or be broken, that form still—still will be there.

Then deem not that time or that absence can quell
The warmth of the heart that now loves thee so well—
Oh, no !—in my veins while the life blood shall flow,
In my bosom, while one fervid feeling shall glow,

I will love thee as loves the grey maid of the morn,
To be kissed by the sun at the peep of the dawn,—
As the ivy the ruin, the foliage the tree—
As the bee loves the honey-drop, I will love thee.

ELYSIUM:—A RHAPSODY.

ENTRANCED in luxuriant slumber, I thought myself in a lonely temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human, his robe hung majestically down his feet, six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body;—then I saw him quit his material substance which he had put on, not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair and I was sensible I was travelling in the ethereal plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me, but I could only cast a glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing a country, that I felt a strong desire to alight upon it;—instantly was I gratified, and I felt myself gently landed on its surface surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reclining at the dawn on soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms in token of gratitude to my celestial guide who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which, swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

Quickly I was transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity, pleasure, and delight. The most profound peace covered the new globe; nature here, was ravishing and incorruptible, and a delicious freshness expanded my spirits to extacy—a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed. My heart which beat with an unusual power was immersed in a sea of rapture, while happiness, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet and salute me. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect—innocence and felicity were depicted in their looks—they often lifted their eyes towards heaven, and repeatedly invoked a NAME, which I afterwards knew to be that of the ETERNAL, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness, and the voice of reason most majestic, and no less melting was at the same time conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that I had left. A divine impulse made me rush into their arms—I bowed my knees to them, but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial friendship and amity which united every soul, and formed a great part of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this Elysium. His ever-watchful malice was ever frustrated; he never found the means to spread his poison over the happy place. Anger, envy, and pride were there unknown.—the happiness of

one appeared the happiness of *all*. An extatic transport incessantly elevated their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful Hand that unveiled to them the most astonishing wonders of creation.

The lovely morning came, and with her the humid saffron wings distilling the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers. The rays of the rising sun shed an enchanting lustre, when a wood embellished by the opening dawn appeared before me.

The youth of both sexes then sent forth hymns of adoration towards heaven, and were filled with veneration at the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this state of innocence He manifested himself by means unknown to our weak understandings. All around announced His presence, the serenity of the air—the dies of the flowers—the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of animation, and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attracted by the affecting modulation of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not, cannot form any idea?—that love for which we have no name?—that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine love which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent! The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand—never did earth view such a sun!—what a world—what magnificent order! I trod with regret on the flowery plants, endued like that which man calls sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling—they bent under my foot only to rise with more brilliancy; the fruit gently dropped on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate, when the delicious sensations of its juice were felt glowing in every vein—the eye more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre—the ear was more lively—the heart, which expanded itself over all nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent—the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual, for union multiplied their delights and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy and terrestrial prison; for the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of extacy in its mild and pure light; it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of these fortunate persons became as it were transparent, while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened a luminous matter, which resembled at a distance all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere;

their progression in different orbits each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal to which it was soon to be elevated: men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness, enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with an image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent beings; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them, and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me; but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united, as in one point, to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously, "Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours; but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures soon vanished: why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth, that was my sorrowful abode, is incessantly filled with tears and sighs; there the smaller number oppress the greater; the demon of property affects what he touches and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice to his altar love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

"Shudder you that hear me! the greatest enemy of man is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants, they make all things bend under their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole; a monster, who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence, and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, to morrow I shall repose in peace; to morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head; to morrow dreadful sorrow will not grind my bones; to morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive in a stone coffin.

"Oh my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependant on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us, and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us to squander it on their idle favourites.

"Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred pursues us! revenge sharpens its poinard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendship betrays

our confidence, and forces us to curse the otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly."

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven, on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, "Farewell my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection." "Why, father," said I, "are you then strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread which accompany us in our last moments?" "Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Highest come at stated periods and carry us all away, opening to us the way to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances, their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight. I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight, raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness, my eyes followed them in the air, and their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on the magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation; thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns following the track of his chain with a mild aspect, and enters his prison.

Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of pen to describe in its full splendor: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish, and supported by the pleasures of hope, I will preserve it until death as the dearest treasure of my heart.

W. H. S.

SONNET.

BY P. I. MEAGHER, AUTHOR OF "ZEDECHIAS."

THE rose would droop in loneliness
Were not her own sweet Bulbul near,
And music's melody hath less
Of soul 'till met by woman's ear.

Unpriz'd till heard, that song of thine
Lone bird of Syria's rosy land!
And worthless flows this humble line
'Till traced again by beauty's hand.

THE INFLUENTIAL STAR.

(With an Engraving, after Tayler.)

A LARGE party was assembled in the *salon* of Sir Thomas Leppington, at his splendid mansion in Portland Place. The champagne had circulated briskly during dinner; and after the ladies retired, the bottle had gone its gay and giddy round, and toast after toast was drunk with "all the honours;" whilst the laugh and the joke abounded, and the song and the glee were cheerily sung; and all was mirth and hilarity. Several of the guests had given their favourite sentiments; most of the celebrated political leaders of the day had been "remembered in the flowing cups" of these choice spirits; and Sir Thomas was about to propose an adjournment to the drawing-room, where Lady Leppington, and "a brilliant circle of beauty and fashion" (to use the language of the *Morning Post*) were assembled, when young Merton rose, and, filling his glass to the brim, exclaimed—

"Sir Thomas, before we adjourn, I beg leave to give my toast; and, my fine fellows, fill bumpers—no leektaps, and no skylights! I give you—Those dear beings who are the heighteners of our joys—the soothers of our sorrows; without whose smiles existence were cheerless, life a blank, the world a wilderness!—I give you WOMAN—LOVELY WOMAN—

Nature's pride,—
Heaven's last and richest gift;
For what were all the world beside,
If of *her* and *love* bereft."

The gentlemen having drained their glasses to the last drop, three times three cheers were given in honour of the sex, and the move to the drawing-room was again commencing, when a cynical old gentleman, who had been observed to join in paying this tribute to the ladies with a very bad grace, said:

"'Pshaw! what a fuss to make about a set of frivolous beings, whose existence is devoted to cards, gossiping, and scandal; who ruin their husbands by their extravagance, and not unfrequently break the hearts of those who doat upon them with the fondest affection."

"Thou libeller!" exclaimed Merton, "hold thy profane tongue! and do not slander the fairest part of the creation, the bright stars which influence man's destiny here below, and smooth his passage to the grave, by giving him a pretaste of the joys of Paradise."

"Yes, influence his destiny, indeed!" replied Mr. Parry, for so the cynic was called; "and a precious influence it is; transforming men into dandies; and making our sex as heartless and frivolous as their own. I tell thee, boy, the sex is naught: truly did Shakspeare say, 'Frailty, thy name is woman!' and, with my will, I would never come within a hundred miles of one of the sex."

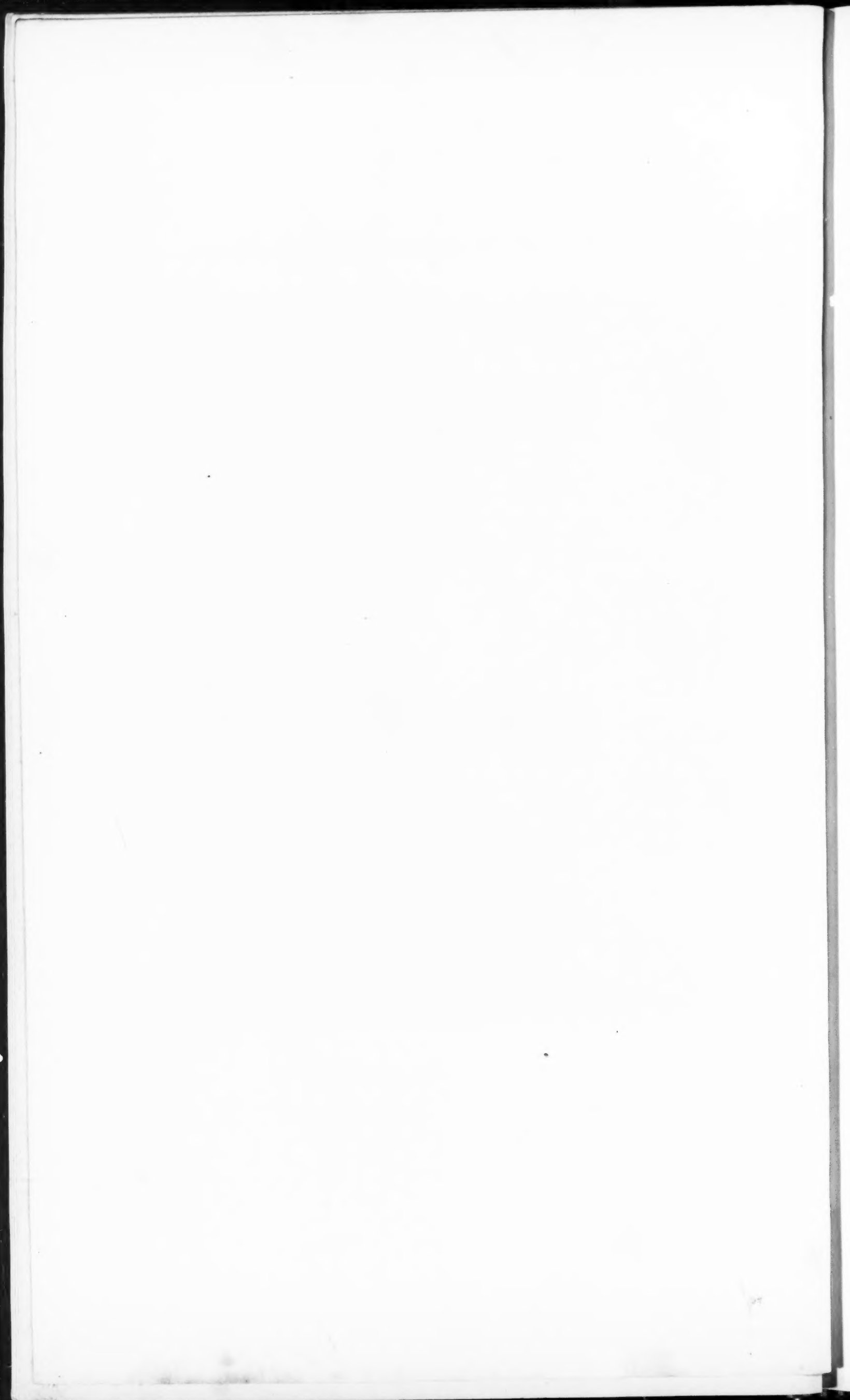
"Why, zounds! Mr. Parry," replied Merton, "one would think you had resided on a desert island all your life, and never enjoyed the delights of civilized society. What,



Painted by C.F. Tayler.

Engraved by I. Thompson.

THE INFLUENTIAL STAR.



' In joyous youth hath thy soul never known,
Thoughts, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Hast thou not paused, whilst Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from thy heart the homage of a sigh?
Hast thou ne'er own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?' "

"No!" growled Parry, "I never was such a fool."

"Then you have not even the excuse of having been jilted by one worthless woman, to atone for your offence in libelling the whole sex," said Sir Thomas Leppington, who had hitherto taken no share in the dialogue.

"I never gave a woman an opportunity of jilting me, Sir Thomas; I always despised their influence, and was never fond of their society. From a boy I distrusted the treacherous sex, who first lost us Paradise; and as Merton has quoted poetry to praise them, so I can adduce poetical authority for my view of the question. Lee says—

' They are
The bane of empires, and the rot of power,
The cause of all our mischiefs, murders, massacres.' "

Merton.—"Lee speaks of depraved women; and their influence on society is as baneful as that of the virtuous part of the sex is beneficial. But if Cleopatra lost Mark Antony the world, there are other females who may be hailed as the saviours and benefactors of mankind; for if their names are not handed down to us as the founders of kingdoms or of empires, the leaders of armies, or the discoverers of new worlds, yet in the calm retirement of domestic life, in the hour of sorrow, during the visitations of pain and adversity, they are ministering angels, without whose aid the lot of man would be dreary and cheerless—without whose sympathy his troubles would be beyond his strength, his burdens would be greater than he could bear, and he would sink under their pressure were not woman near to aid, assist, and console him."

"You are fee'd, boy, to advocate their cause."

"Yes, fee'd by their smiles, which are a richer recompense than monarchs could bestow; for

' Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.' "

"I differ from Mr. Parry as to his derogatory opinion of the sex," observed Horace Skeffington; "but I think you, Merton, err on the other side. You rate their attractions and their influence too highly; and dearly as I love woman,—highly as I prize her bland and cheering influence,—I cannot admit that she has that dominant sway over man's destiny which you ascribe to them."

"I doubt not to make you a convert, Horace, to my opinions," resumed Merton; "and induce you to own, that woman's influence is felt from the cradle to the grave. 'Tis her's to form the tender mind, and to train the infant to those feelings and habits which afterwards fit them to become good and valuable members of society. Her's is the delightful, yet arduous task,—

‘ To rear the tender thought ;
 To teach the young idea how to shoot ;
 To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind ;
 To breathe the enlivening spirit ; and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.’

“ All this is effected by woman, to whom the guardianship and guidance of our infant years,—those years when we imbibe impressions the most readily, and retain them the most steadily,—are intrusted. Then the influence of woman is triumphantly felt ; for, as she directs the twig, the tree’s inclined. Then the careful and virtuous mother

‘ Through wisdom’s paths her tender offspring charm,
 And bear them upward, with supporting arm ;
 Plant truth’s fair seeds, the budding virtue tend,
 And bid the nursling saint a cherub end.’ ”

“ And in maturer years,” observed Lord St. Aubin, who had not hitherto spoken, “ the influence of woman is still to be discerned. They tame our naturally rough and ungovernable spirits to mildness and humility ; they teach us to delight in the pursuits of domestic life, where only real happiness is to be found. For—

‘ The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,
 The theatre its wit, the board its mirth ;
 But there’s a calm, a quiet haven, where
 Bliss flies for shelter—*the domestic hearth* ;
 If this be comfortless, if this be drear,
 It need not hope to find a haunt on earth :
 Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay, caress’d,
 But here, and only here, *we can be bless’d.*’

“ If this be true, and few here will dispute it, is it not to woman’s influence alone that we owe our happiness there ? Is it not to her that the domestic hearth owes all its refinements, all its charms ? To those who think otherwise I would say, also in the words of an accomplished poet—

‘ Triumph not, ye self-enamoured few !
 Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you !
 For you no fancy consecrates the scene,
 Where rapture utter’d vows, and wept between ;
 ’Tis your’s, unmov’d, to sever and to meet ;
 No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !’ ”

“ And then,” continued Merton, “ the throes and ecstasies which woman’s love causes us to feel ! And who can dispute her influence in inspiring that blissful passion ?

‘ Her voice of love is music to the ear,
 Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream
 That strays ’mid summer flowers ; her glittering tear
 Is mutely eloquent ; her smile a beam
 Of life ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
 It wakes the heart from sorrow’s darkest dream,
 Shedding a hallow’d lustre o’er our fate,
 And when it beams we are not desolate !
 ‘ No, no ! when woman smiles we feel a charm
 Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth ;

Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm
 Of pure affection, give to transport birth ;
 Then life's wide sea is billowless and calm.
 Oh, lovely woman ! thy consummate worth
 Is far above thy frailty ; far above
 All earthly praise ; thou art the light of love !”

“ Psha !” muttered Parry very gruffly, “ A little sober prose would be worth all these heroics. Poets, boy, always succeed best in fiction : we have a poet's word for it, and, therefore, the dogma must not be disputed. These praises of woman, mellifluous and sweetly-sounding as they are, are a fiction all ; and only fools believe them.”

“ Thankye Mr. Parry, thankye for the compliment :” returned Merton, “ *I* believe them, and only use the language of another because it better expresses my feelings than my own.

At that instant a loud laugh was heard in the drawing-room. “ Aye,” continued Parry, “ there they are, senseless, frivolous, beings ! They are now going their giddy round of thoughtless pleasure : killing characters, and eagerly seeking for flaws in the conduct of all their acquaintance. I'll answer for it ; it was some piquant morsel of slander that raised that burst of risibility which just now reached our ears.”

“ And do you make their light heartedness a crime,” exclaimed Merton, “ but,” he repeated with enthusiasm,

“ Let her smile 'midst Pleasure's train,
 Leading the wreckless and the vain !
 Yet judge not woman's heart in hours
 That strew her path with summer flowers,
 When joy's full cup is mantling high,
 When flattery's blandishments are nigh ;
 Judge her not then ! within her breast
 Are energies unseen that rest !
 They wait their call, and grief alone
 May make the soul's deep secrets known.
 Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,
 Besprinkl'd with the martyr's blood ;
 Her voice the patriot's heart has steel'd ;
 Her spirit glow'd on battle field ;
 Her courage freed from dungeon gloom
 The captive brooding o'er his doom ;
 Her faith the fallen monarch sav'd :
 Her love the tyrant's fury brav'd ;
 No scene of danger or despair,
 But she hath won her triumph there !”

Just as he had finished the dining-room door opened, and a vision of loveliness made its appearance which attracted all eyes. A sylph-like form,—habited in robes of purest white, with ringlets of golden hue falling in luxuriant curls round one of the most beautiful faces that nature ever formed,—with no other ornament than a necklace and bracelets of pearls ; a moss-rose gently reclining on her finely shaped bosom, which was shaded by a laced collar ; and a wreath of snow-drops placed in front of her hair,—entered the room, and accosting Sir Thomas Lepington, said, “ Papa, the ladies are very anxious to have your company and that of your guests in the drawing-room : will you come ?”

“ I believe, my love, you will find no difficulty in luring from me

all my guests, but one: your uncle Parry has been railing so loudly against the ladies, that I am afraid he will not again venture into their company."

"I am sorry for that," replied the young lady, "for mamma has been telling us how kind he was to you, when you happened with that dreadful accident in Leicestershire; and we were all inclined to love, and make much of him."

"Pshaw! Flattery and unmeaning compliments!" growled Parry, but evidently in a subdued tone, and he riveted his keen eyes upon the countenance of Mira Leppington, as if he would have read her inmost thoughts.

"You hear what your uncle says," said Sir Thomas.

"Yes, but he does not mean so," replied Mira, "or if he does, I hope he will allow us to prove that he is wrong. Come uncle, though *young* acquaintance, let us be like *old* friends; let me shew you to the drawing-room."

As she spoke, she advanced to Mr. Parry, and placing her arm within his, and patting his cheek, said, "Come, my dear sir, shall we take the lead."

The man must be made of marble whom the attention of a beautiful woman cannot soften.

Parry, was a younger brother of Lady Leppington, whose parents died soon after his birth. Lady Leppington was taken charge of by a maternal aunt; Mr. Parry by his father's brother, a sour misanthrope, who educated the boy in strict seclusion, and inculcated into his young mind all those sentiments which he himself entertained. He had never joined in society, and this was his first visit to London. Though only forty-five years of age, he looked at least sixty; and his present visit was brought about by the importunities of Sir Thomas, who had happened with an accident whilst hunting in the neighbourhood of Quorn Cottage, the name of Parry's residence, where he received shelter, and was attended with a solicitude and care which it was not in Sir Thomas's nature to forget: he would not, however, permit any visit from the female branches of Sir Thomas's family; and the present occasion was his first introduction to them.

After this explanation we return to the point from which we digressed.

Mr. Parry, evidently softened, suffered his interesting niece to conduct him to the drawing-room; here he found an arm chair, foot-stool, and stand, placed for him exactly as his old butler, who had lived with him and his late uncle, errand-boy, for fifty years, was wont to place them: and Lady Leppington, with his young nephews and nieces, were solicitous in their attentions to please the "petted old bachelor," as they deemed him, who had been so kind to their dear uncle and father. The rest of the gentlemen followed in his train; and, during tea, an animated conversation was kept up, in which Parry, to his surprise, found Lady Leppington and her daughters able to take a share, without resorting to those topics which the libellers of the sex would fain persuade us from the whole conversation of women.

Coffee over, music succeeded: Mira Leppington sung, if not with the science of a Stephens, with all her chasteness and pathos. Other ladies relieved her, and the gentlemen joined them in glees and duets;

making the evening pass so delightfully, that when the supper tray was introduced, Mr. Parry could not help exclaiming, that he had no idea time had flown so swiftly. At retiring for the night, he kissed the cheek of Mira Leppington; and his "good night" was pronounced in a tone of kindness and affection, which proved she had already done much to soften his asperities, and inspire him with a better opinion of her sex.

Two days after, Merton calling in Portland Place, was shewn into the drawing-room, where he encountered Mr. Parry, surrounded by his nieces, who were conversing with him in high glee; and he seemed a new man. His face was covered with smiles; his sour misanthropic look was exchanged for one of kindly affection; and his eye sparkled with the fire of youth, as he gazed upon the interesting group around him.

"Why, Mr. Parry," said Merton, after the first salutations were over, "what has detained you so long in London? I thought you were to have started for Leicestershire the morning after our late dinner party, when we engaged in such a warm dispute."

"What has detained me?" reiterated Mr. Parry, "why what I thought I should never succumb to, FEMALE INFLUENCE. I am a convert to your opinions Merton, and deeply regret the time I have lost buried in solitude, and shunning particularly the society of the most interesting part of the creation. Two days intercourse with my fair relations has changed my feelings and sentiments, and occasioned a total revulsion in those habits which I thought time had too securely engrafted in my very nature ever to be eradicated. I shall live in Leicestershire no more. I am too old to marry; but I will give Quorn Cottage to Sir Thomas for a hunting-box, and settle in London, in the neighbourhood of my sister; where I can enjoy that intercourse which I only now begin properly to appreciate. I can *now* think with the poet;—

‘ Oh woman ! woman ! thou art form’d to bless
The heart of restless man, to share his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness ;
Bright as the sun-beam, as the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
And scattering o’er it hues of paradise.’ ”

"Wonderful!" said Merton, "this is more than I expected, because I thought you would not give Female Influence a fair trial. I am right glad, however, to find you have renounced your former opinions: opinions which, I will be bold to say, can only be held by two descriptions of persons; either by those who have, as you have hitherto done, excluded themselves from female society, and therefore know not the force of female charms; or by those who have been banished from the domestic circle, by every respectable woman, for their follies or their crimes, and who, in revenge, endeavour to persuade themselves, that what they cannot enjoy is not worth having.

"True, true," said Mr. Parry, "and I now believe, that

‘ In courts or camps, ’mid scenes of peace or war
Woman is still man’s INFLUENTIAL STAR ! ’ ”

W. C. S.

York, Feb. 18, 1828

THE STORY OF VANDA AND IWAN.

RELATED BY MADAME DAVIDOFF.

WHO has not heard of Count Bro—ky, who was as celebrated for his brilliant eloquence as for his vast fortune. His only daughter, Vanda, having lost her mother at her birth, the Count hired as her nurse the wife of one of his Ukranian subjects, a soldier who, a few months before, had departed with his regiment for the Caucasus. The woman, with her infant son, was transferred from their humble abode to the castle of Count Bro—ky, and Vanda and her foster-brother Iwan were consequently brought up together. The boy, as he grew up, developed the germs of those noble qualities which nature had implanted in him; and the Count, becoming more and more attached to him, sent him to complete his education at the University of Wilna, which Prince Ozortorinskey had at that time raised to a level with the most celebrated learned institutions in Europe. There he remained three years, and on his return, being scarcely twenty years of age, the Count made him his steward, and gave him the complete management of all his estates. In this situation he acquitted himself so honourably, that while he diminished the labour and the burthens of the peasantry, he increased considerably the revenues of his patron.

The origin of my acquaintance with the family was as follows: My grandfather, the Duke de Polignac, was on a footing of intimacy with Count Bro—ky, when the latter came to France before the Revolution. The high favour which the Duke and all his family enjoyed at court, afforded him the means of rendering a foreigner's visit to Paris exceedingly agreeable; and during the misfortunes of our emigration, Count Bro—ky, by his kindness, amply repaid any favours he might at a former period have received from my grandfather. But, alas! the consolations of generous hospitality cannot banish the recollections of one's country and one's home! However, my aunt, the Countess Diana, who was exceedingly fond of me, often took me with her on a visit to the castle of Count Bro—y, where I had the opportunity of receiving instructions from the various masters who were engaged for the education of the young Countess. Vanda's cousin, a charming girl named Elizabeth P—ka, was also the companion of our studies. When left an orphan, at the age of five, she became the Count's ward, who not only educated her carefully, but managed all her large estates, most of which were situated in Cherson, of which her father had been governor. Though Vanda and her young kinswoman differed essentially in character, yet, as both were equally kindly disposed and amiable, that difference did not diminish their friendship. Vanda was lively, and sometimes impetuous; but her excellent heart so quickly overflowed with regret for the commission of a fault, that it was impossible to withhold her pardon for a moment. Elizabeth, on the contrary, who was less handsome than her cousin, was very reserved. By her air of abstraction and melancholy, she seemed to be made to love and to suffer without complaining. Often in our juvenile sports did we try to provoke her to depart from that uniform gentleness and patience

which seemed her second nature, but without success; for, calm and resigned, she always met our tricks with her usual sweetness of temper, and frequently made us blush for having attempted them. We had all three finished our education when Iwan returned from Wilna. He had lost his mother several years before, and as we had not for a long time heard of his father, we concluded that he had died fighting against the Circassians. The castle of Count Bro—ky now became Iwan's only home; and there he found the want of parents supplied by the kind hearts of his benefactors. It seemed that the same destiny which made his birth obscure, had, as a compensation, endowed him with uncommon personal beauty, and qualities which endeared him to all who were capable of appreciating him. It may easily be supposed that the praises of this young man, frequently and publicly pronounced by the Count, made a powerful impression on the minds and hearts of the two charming cousins, who lived under the same roof with him without constraint, and had been accustomed from infancy to regard him as a brother, and to treat him as an equal. They were still ignorant of what love meant, while both felt the passion in its full force. When they began to understand the nature of their feelings, and ventured to fathom their hearts, Vanda consoled herself by cherishing the idea, that her father's blind fondness for herself, and the affection he had always manifested for Iwan, would smooth the distance which seemed otherwise calculated to separate them for ever. In that happy age in which our belief readily accommodates itself to our wishes, to imagine that she was beloved by Iwan sufficed to make her overlook all idea of danger from such a passion. With respect to Elizabeth, mistress of herself and of her large property, the idea of indemnifying Iwan for the wrongs of fortune, seemed to her the foundation of the feeling she entertained towards him, and she only waited for a favourable opportunity to ask of her uncle that consent which she had no doubt of obtaining.

Iwan did not long remain ignorant of the sentiments which he had inspired; but, though passionately enamoured of Vanda, respect and honour forbade him to reveal his love; and, to avoid suspicion, he paid more attention to Elizabeth than to her, whom he adored in silence. Meanwhile, if Elizabeth supposed herself the object of Iwan's regard, Vanda was certain that she was beloved; for a woman is seldom long deceived as to the sentiments she raises in the other sex. One day, when I was on a visit, with all my family, at the castle, the Count said to me, "Aglaée, have not you a sister married in England?"—"Yes," I replied, "to Lord Tankerville, whose estates are in Northumberland, but who resides constantly in London."—"In that case," rejoined the Count, "you will oblige me by giving Iwan a letter to Lady Tankerville. I wish him to make a journey to England, and to remain there some months. He will visit the manufacturing towns, to collect information respecting improvements in agriculture, and to bring back with him much general knowledge, which may be easily turned to the advantage of this country. To-morrow, I intend to go with him to Maknomska, where I have manufactories of leather and cloth, and some German workmen. But men capable of superintending the works are wanting, and I have no doubt that Iwan will be able to bring skilful

persons from England, who will soon give life to a branch of trade which is paralyzed solely for want of a system?

I assured him that I would with pleasure do what he desired, and my family immediately concurred with me in making joint offers of our services. "I shall be absent about a week," continued the Count; "but will return for Vanda's birthday. You will, no doubt, as usual, favour us with your company, and, in the mean time, you can prepare your letter. I expect soon to have an opportunity for Dantzic, and from thence Iwan will proceed immediately to England." He accordingly set out next day for his manufacturing settlement above alluded to, which was situated in Wolhinia.

In the following week we returned to the castle, where every preparation had been made for a fête, for the twofold celebration of Vanda's birthday, and the return of the Count and Iwan, who were expected that evening. A small but select party of friends were already assembled, and all were eagerly watching at the windows for the approach of the travellers. About seven o'clock in the evening, we descried them, followed by a few servants, advancing towards the castle, as rapidly as their Ukranian steeds could carry them.

All the villages in Poland are built on the slope of a mountain, the base of which is washed by a lake, and a narrow road, raised in the form of a dyke, confines the water, which serves to turn a mill. These roads are almost all public thoroughfares; and along one of them the Count was proceeding at full gallop when we first discerned him in the distance. A herd of oxen was advancing from the opposite extremity of the road; and one of the animals, taking fright at the velocity with which the traveller darted along, suddenly thrust his horns into the side of the Count's horse. The noble animal starting back, fell into the lake, dragging his rider with him. To leap from his saddle, and to plunge into the water for the rescue of his benefactor, was to Iwan the affair only of a moment. But his task was difficult. The Count, having one foot entangled in his stirrup, was dragged along by his horse, which, in spite of his loss of blood, swam so rapidly that Iwan, who was encumbered with his clothes, could not easily overtake him. However, by dint of vigorous efforts, he at length reached him. The Count's foot was disengaged from the stirrup, and Iwan kept his head above water until a boat, which had been sent to their aid, received them both, and conveyed them ashore.

I leave you to imagine the consternation which, at this moment, prevailed in the castle. Shrieks of terror resounded on every side, and tears streamed from every eye. Vanda fainted in the arms of her cousin; and these two interesting beings were carried to their chambers in an almost lifeless state. The unhappy Vanda recovered from her swoon only to learn the full extent of her misfortune. The doctor, who had bled the Count twice, entertained but faint hopes of saving him. Every remedy was applied without effect, and the current of life was rapidly ebbing. As soon as this fatal sentence was pronounced, the assembled guests hastened to quit the house of mourning, conscious that their presence would only be an intrusion on sorrow which they could not alleviate.

Conceiving that the situation of my unhappy young friends demanded all my sympathy and attention, I prevailed on my family to allow me

to remain with them. In a few hours, Iwan, being somewhat recovered from the exhaustion caused by his heroic exertions, came to mingle his tears with ours, and to deplore the sad event which deprived him of more than a parent. Alas! how were our feelings at variance with the objects that intruded themselves on our gaze. On every side we beheld garlands of flowers, blazing chandeliers, and spread tables; while an adored father, uncle, and benefactor, was expiring in the arms of his despairing family. The servants were weeping bitterly, and the sobs and lamentations of the peasantry who thronged the court-yard, were re-echoed in our hearts. The melancholy picture still is, and will ever remain, vividly present in my imagination.

About midnight, the Count, for a few moments, became sensible, but his strength was reduced to the last extremity. Gazing wildly round him, he uttered the names of Vanda, Elizabeth, and Iwan; *but the words died on his lips*. A few drops of a potion were administered to him, and he appeared somewhat revived. With difficulty he was raised in his bed; and taking Iwan by the hand, he said, pointing to the two young orphans, "My son, I confide them to your protection." He then pronounced his blessing on all three, as they knelt by his bed-side; and joining the hands of Vanda and Iwan, he added, "My dear son, let her happiness be your care." These were his last words, and at three in the morning he expired.

Vanda now became the object of our concern, and for some time we entertained serious apprehensions for her life. She was, with difficulty, torn from the remains of her father, and, together with her cousin, removed from the scene of death. I followed them, in the hope of assuaging their grief; but it is vain to offer consolation when despair triumphs over reason. Iwan, manfully struggling with his feelings, punctually discharged all the duties which devolved upon him at that sad moment. He actively superintended the affairs of the castle, and made every preparation for rendering the last honours to the revered remains of his benefactor. The same friends, who but a week before had joyfully assembled to celebrate the birth-day of the daughter, now met in sable array to follow the father to the grave, and—

" All things that were ordained festival,
Turn'd from their office to black funeral."

The mournful procession was followed by the whole population of the Count's vast estates, and every individual bore in his countenance visible marks of the grief which wrung his heart. All seemed to deplore the loss of A FATHER.

For the space of one year after the Count's death, the two cousins declined seeing any visitors, except myself. Vanda, who, by the dying words of her father, considered herself as betrothed to Iwan, no longer disguised her attachment for him. Elizabeth, having renounced all hope of a union with the object of her affections, suffered in silence the miseries of disappointed love, while she wished to have it supposed that her uncle's death was the sole cause of her deep and continued sorrow. Iwan, however, who well knew its real cause, and who could only offer the affection of a brother in return for her devoted attachment, en-

deavoured, by proofs of the warmest friendship, to console her for the love which it was not in his power to bestow.

Suddenly the cloud of melancholy which had so long overshadowed the countenance of Elizabeth disappeared, and she assumed a serenity to which she had long been a stranger. Instead of avoiding Iwan as heretofore, she eagerly sought his society, and became as familiar with him as they had been in the days of their childhood. Even in the presence of Vanda, she would gaze on him with a look of affection, which seemed to say, "I shall yet be happy!" This unexpected change excited surprise in all who observed it, and soon gave birth to a feeling of jealousy in the heart of Vanda. Too proud to complain, she cautiously concealed her suspicions from all save a female attendant, whom she instructed to watch the conduct of Iwan and her cousin. She was soon informed that they had secretly met in an arbour in the garden at day-break, before any of the inmates of the castle had risen; and to this disclosure was added, the mention of various circumstances calculated to wound the heart of an affectionate woman. She was told that Iwan had been seen on his knees apparently imploring the forgiveness of Elizabeth, and that when he arose they fondly embraced each other. Distressed, beyond imagination, at finding herself thus cruelly deceived by the two beings whom she loved most dearly in the world, she anxiously prayed for a favourable opportunity of punishing their ingratitude and treachery. Alas! this opportunity occurred but too soon!

For some days past, Elizabeth's servants had been observed busily preparing their mistress's travelling carriage, and relays were ordered to be in readiness at certain places. These were the only circumstances which warranted a suspicion of her intention to quit the castle. She herself had intimated no such design to any one, until, suddenly seizing the hand of Vanda, she said, with tears in her eyes, "Dearest cousin, I must leave you to-morrow, but I hope only for a short while, though I cannot, at present, name the day of my return. My mother's sister, who along with you, forms my whole family, is, I am informed, dangerously ill, and desires anxiously to see me, perhaps, for the last time. I must, of course, hasten to fulfil so sacred a duty, and I shall, accordingly, set out to-morrow at day-break. I mean to take only my maid with me; but in my absence, Iwan will take charge of the rest of my servants who remain behind. Do not forget your Elizabeth, who, be assured, will love you affectionately till her latest breath." With these last words, she threw her arms round Vanda's neck, and strained her to her bosom. Such emotion, on account of a very short absence, was far from appearing natural, and it excited the strongest suspicions in the mind of Vanda. She supposed that Elizabeth and Iwan had concerted their flight together, and that the story of the journey was only a pretext to enable them to carry their scheme the more easily into effect. The coldness with which Vanda received this tender farewell was not observed by Elizabeth, whose excessive grief seemed to subdue all her faculties.

As soon as Vanda returned to her own apartments she ordered Sarah, her favourite maid, to be immediately called. "It is but too true," said she, "the ungrateful wretches are flying from me, and repaying the benefits of my father and myself, by breaking a heart whose only fault was its mistaken reliance on their virtues.—Run—lose not a moment—

trace their footsteps—watch their movements; and come back immediately and tell me every thing you discover. They are not yet so certain of success as they imagine.” Sarah obeyed her mistress without delay; and Vanda, overpowered with grief, threw herself on a sofa in her chamber. There calling to recollection all the marks of love which Iwan had given her; all the proofs of attachment which, ever since their infancy, her cousin had lavished upon her, she strove to repel the cruel idea that she was deceived by two beings so dear to her. But her confidante returned; and with her, all the torments of jealousy revived. “Well, have you seen them together?”—“Yes,” replied the maid, “I have just left them.”—“Where?”—“In the very same part of the garden where I have already told you they meet every morning.”—“Ah! what did you overhear?”—“I have no doubt they had been there some time before I got sight of them. Iwan was kneeling before Elizabeth; he held in his hand a paper which it appeared she had just given him, and which he was urging her to take back. ‘Nothing can make me change my resolution,’ said Elizabeth; ‘it is unalterable. Be prudent; I have your promise, and on that I rely. In three days I shall have nothing to conceal.’ ‘Three days!’ said Vanda, with a sigh. ‘At the altar,’ continued Elizabeth, ‘I will release you from this oath, especially if every thing is kept from Vanda’s knowledge.’ Iwan, still on his knees, begged her to defer her departure but for one day. ‘My dear Iwan,’ said she, ‘to-morrow at day-break we shall both of us have done our duty!’ Here their tears flowed in abundance. At last both left the arbour, and Iwan placing the paper in his bosom, said: ‘It shall remain here, dear Elizabeth, along with your secret, and with it the vow of adoration which I have made to you. Here they remain conjoined for life.’ ‘Farewell, Iwan,’ said she, ‘to-morrow Elizabeth will give you all that she can now dispose of.’ They then parted, and I hurried back to you, for it now wants but a few hours to day-break.”

Certain of being sacrificed to a rival, disdain for a moment took place of indignation in the mind of Vanda; but resolved to confound the two deceivers, she threw herself, dressed as she was upon her bed, in order to be in readiness to leave her chamber at first dawn of day. But exhausted as she was by grief, sleep soon overcame her, and after several troubled dreams, she awoke only in time to hear the tinkling of the bell which was attached to Elizabeth’s carriage.*

Vanda flew to the window, and beheld her cousin tearing herself from the embraces of Iwan, while she gave him a box, which he fervently pressed to his lips. She then hastily threw herself into the carriage which was waiting to receive her. In the first transport of her indignation, Vanda rushed from her chamber, for the purpose of convicting them of their treachery; but, in the state of agitation in which she was, she missed her way, and wandered wildly about the long winding avenues of the castle. When, at length, she reached the courtyard, Elizabeth’s carriage had started, and was already out of sight. Iwan was alone, and, with eyes suffused with tears, was looking out upon the road in the direction which the carriage had taken. He was

* In Russia it is usual to fasten bells to travelling carriages; and the ringing being heard at a distance in the solitary roads, warns the peasantry to range their carts and sledges on one side, so as not to obstruct the way.

unconscious of her presence, until his attention was directed towards her by the expressions of astonishment which her frantic air elicited from a group of peasants who happened to observe her. "Dear Vanda," he exclaimed, "I did not expect or wish to see you here; Elizabeth and I had determined to spare you the pain of another farewell." "Your scheme was well contrived," replied Vanda, with an ironical smile, "but it is not yet too late to defeat the perfidious design. Your base treachery fills me with detestation and contempt: and these are the only sentiments with which you can, henceforth, inspire me!" "Vanda," said Iwan, in a tone of mingled astonishment, grief, and pride, "can this language be addressed to me?" "To you, Iwan Iwanowitch!* to you! and I desire that you instantly deliver up to me the papers and the box which you have received from my cousin." "Vanda, Vanda, your reason wanders!—Come with me; this is neither the time nor the place for explanation." "My reason must, indeed, have been bewildered, while I was the dupe of your falsehood. But I am so no longer, and once more I desire you to deliver up those papers. Will you dare to withhold them?" "The tone in which you make this demand, Vanda would sufficiently justify my refusal to comply with it, even though a solemn oath did not bind me." "Oh! this is too much! give them to me instantly I say!" While she uttered these words, making an effort to rush towards Iwan for the purpose of snatching the papers from his bosom, she fell and her head struck with violence upon the stones. She was immediately raised, but her indignation was excited to such a pitch of phrenzy, and she exclaimed, "Iwan Iwanowitch! you have dared to entertain a perfidious attachment for another woman. This baseness merits the punishment of a slave; and you are now nothing else." "A slave!" repeated the astonished Iwan. "A slave, Vanda! Your father made me your equal." "How! will you dare to make so insolent an assertion! Show me the act by which you are enfranchised. You are a serf, I say, a rebellious serf, refusing to obey the commands of his mistress, and as such you shall receive the punishment assigned to slaves." Then turning to the peasants who stood near her, "Seize him instantly," she continued, "and take from him by force the papers which he has refused to give up. Let him instantly receive the punishment of the *bagottes*,† and I offer a hundred gold ducats to him who most promptly executes my orders and brings me the papers.

Only those who have witnessed the state of passive obedience to which ages of slavery have reduced the peasantry of Russia and Poland, who hesitate not at the orders of a tyrannical steward, to inflict the brutal punishment of flogging on women and even on their own parents—only those who know the debased condition of these uncivilized beings, will perhaps believe that the commands of the frantic Vanda were promptly executed. Men of all classes seem to enjoy a malignant pleasure in the humiliation of those whose merit is superior to their own; besides, in this instance, the temptation of the promised reward was irre-

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sistible; and the most ignominious of punishments was inflicted on a young man, whose high spirit and cultivated education rendered him keenly sensible to the full extent of the degradation.

Alas! what a world of vain repentance might we often spare ourselves, if we suffered only a moment's calm reflection to intervene between our anger and its effects. The wretched Vanda, already stung with the pangs of remorse, hurried wildly to her apartment, and sunk exhausted with grief before the portrait of her father, whose stern glance seemed to heap reproaches on the head of his unhappy daughter. But what was her agony, when she received the packet which she so eagerly desired to possess. The box, which she herself had formerly presented to Elizabeth, and which was adorned with her own portrait and a lock of her hair, contained merely some contracts relative to family property, and a letter addressed to her by her cousin. She instantly broke the seal, and hurriedly glancing over its contents, she learned that Elizabeth, having been long a prey to grief, which all her efforts were unable to subdue, had resolved to forsake a world in which she could no longer be happy; but before she buried herself for ever in a convent, she was anxious to give her two friends a last testimony of her unalterable regard; that she accordingly made over her whole property to Iwan, hoping thereby to remove the only obstacle which could retard his marriage with Vanda; that she attached to this bequest only one condition, namely, that Iwan should liberate and provide for her servants, all of whom had been with her since her childhood. "Adieu, dear Vanda," she said at the conclusion of her letter, "may you be as happy as Elizabeth wishes you should be, and may Iwan's love repay you for my loss. I return your portrait and your lock of hair, to prove to you that I now tear myself from every earthly tie, and direct all my thoughts toward another world, in which I trust we shall all hereafter meet."

The grief and despair which now rent the heart of the unhappy Vanda, may be easily conceived. "Bring him back," she exclaimed, "bring him back! that I may implore his pardon, and die at his feet. . . . Fly! odious instruments of my fatal rage!" she continued, addressing the vassals who had come to claim her promised reward, "and he who restores him to me, shall immediately have his freedom." A numerous band of peasants now set out in various directions in pursuit of Iwan; but their search proved fruitless,—they could discover no traces of him.

Irritated to madness by the degrading punishment to which he had been subjected, Iwan eagerly longed for revenge. He fled to the woods adjoining the castle, uttering cries of fury and despair. Here he wandered about for several hours, entering the thickest recesses of the forest, amidst the haunts of wild beasts. Night drew in and the rain which fell in torrents, drenched his garments, though it had no power to allay the fever that raged within him. "Let me," he exclaimed, "rid myself of an existence which is no longer endurable; and my death, while it releases me from misery, will embitter with remorse the future life of her who has so cruelly wronged me." He now turned in the direction of the castle, and the lightning, which vividly illumined the heavens, enabled him to retrace his way through the almost impenetrable forest. At length he came within sight of the turrets of the castle, and he heard the clock strike one. Proceeding onward at a rapid pace, he soon

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The grief and despair which now rent the heart of the unhappy Vanda, may be easily conceived. "Bring him back," she exclaimed, "bring him back! that I may implore his pardon, and die at his feet. . . . Fly! odious instruments of my fatal rage!" she continued, addressing the vassals who had come to claim her promised reward, "and he who restores him to me, shall immediately have his freedom." A numerous band of peasants now set out in various directions in pursuit of Iwan; but their search proved fruitless,—they could discover no traces of him.

Irritated to madness by the degrading punishment to which he had been subjected, Iwan eagerly longed for revenge. He fled to the woods adjoining the castle, uttering cries of fury and despair. Here he wandered about for several hours, entering the thickest recesses of the forest, amidst the haunts of wild beasts. Night drew in and the rain which fell in torrents, drenched his garments, though it had no power to allay the fever that raged within him. "Let me," he exclaimed, "rid myself of an existence which is no longer endurable; and my death, while it releases me from misery, will embitter with remorse the future life of her who has so cruelly wronged me." He now turned in the direction of the castle, and the lightning, which vividly illumined the heavens, enabled him to retrace his way through the almost impenetrable forest. At length he came within sight of the turrets of the castle, and he heard the clock strike one. Proceeding onward at a rapid pace, he soon

reached the garden-gates, which, in the confusion of the preceding day, had been left unfastened. He entered unperceived by any one, for most of the servants were still out in quest of him, and those who were at home had retired to rest. One light was still burning in the castle, and that was visible at Vanda's chamber window. "Ah!" exclaimed Iwan, "sleep has forsaken her couch; and how many weary and restless nights must she yet linger out, whilst I shall sleep undisturbedly in the everlasting night of death!" Having entered the castle, and ascended to his own apartment, he took from the head of his bed a brace of pistols, splendidly mounted, which had been one of the first presents he received from the Count; and, hiding them in his bosom, he proceeded to Vanda's chamber. Starting up at the sound of his footsteps, she exclaimed, in wild accents, "Ah! have you found him?—is he here?"—"He is," said Iwan, and presenting himself before her in the miserable condition to which his sufferings had reduced him, he added, "I am come to afford you the happiness of witnessing this sight." With these words, he drew one of the pistols from his bosom, and was aiming it at his head, but Vanda, rushing towards him with the quickness of thought, seized his arm, and the pistol-ball struck a mirror, which it shivered in a thousand pieces. "Your efforts are vain," said he, "you have deprived me of honour, and I might now be avenged, for your life is in my hands. But I will not take it,—live to repent of my murder." So saying, he drew the second pistol, and once more aimed at his own life. Vanda threw herself on her knees, and in a suppliant voice, exclaimed, "Hold! hold! dearest Iwan! one word—only one word—and then I will die with you." "Well," replied Iwan, "I cannot refuse to hear you." "Iwan," said she, "by the hallowed memory of my father, and of the mother who reared us both, commit not, I beseech you, this horrible deed.—Your sister, your betrothed wife, implores forgiveness,—be merciful to the repentant offender!"—"Vanda, you thought not of your father and mother, when, prompted by a futile suspicion, you would have condemned me to a life of ignominy, had I been base enough to submit to bear the burthen of it." "Iwan, Iwan, hear me! and all may yet be well. Heaven can bear witness how willingly I would shed every drop of blood that flows in these veins to wash away my fault. But the sacred bond of marriage makes the wife share alike the glory and the disgrace of her husband. Lead me, then, to the altar, and there seal my pardon, by accepting my hand; and let love and religion obliterate all recollection of the injury my fatal rashness has inflicted." "How! would you have me confer a dishonoured name on the daughter of my benefactor?—Never, never!" "But, Iwan, another resource yet remains; seize it, I implore you, or, I say again, to the altar or the grave I am resolved to follow you. A Polish army is, you know, assembling in the Grand Duchy, under the command of our brave Prince Poniatowski. Fly, and take part in the conflict, under the banners of a great man, who seems destined to decide the fate of Poland. Set out this very night. There is my promise of marriage, which makes you free, and my equal. Take all the money I possess, and if that be not enough, take also my jewels, which are worth ten thousand ducats. Purchase for yourself a command in the regiment which Vladimir Potocki is raising. Prove yourself worthy of your

country, and share the honours which will encircle the brows of our Polish heroes. Henceforth bear the name and title of my father, which I give you, with all that I possess; and may these feeble compensations obliterate the recollection of my fault! But you turn from me, Iwan—you hesitate! Here, then, is my bosom; kill me; and, in the next world, where our parents are now awaiting us—" "And where they will judge you, Vanda. Ah! what an awful account have you to make!" "Alas, I am indeed guilty. But there is no fault which may not be expiated by repentance." This was too much for the susceptible heart of Iwan. "Oh! beloved Vanda," he exclaimed, "command me as you will; I am ready to obey. I consent to live, since glory may efface the stigma that attaches to me. I will instantly depart, and without scruple I accept all you offer, for it is a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism." "Rather call it an expiation at the shrine of love," replied Vanda.

Overjoyed at this reconciliation, Vanda immediately began to prepare for Iwan's departure. The servants, who had been fruitlessly engaged in searching for him, were filled with astonishment at his unhopèd for re-appearance. "He is your master," said Vanda, addressing them, "and you are to obey no other. Let his will be your law. This is the last duty I have to impose on you." She ordered a travelling carriage and six to be instantly got ready, to proceed to Warsaw, whither it was to be followed next day by six additional horses. Peter, a servant who had attended Iwan from his boyhood, hastily packed up his master's luggage. Vanda herself deposited the money and jewels in the carriage; and on the spot on which she had so lately yielded to the transports of her fatal jealousy, she now took leave of Iwan with tears and embraces.

On his arrival in the Grand Duchy, Iwan, who was known to all the friends of Count Bro—ky, was received with the attentions to which his own good qualities sufficiently entitled him; and he soon became one of the staff-officers of a prince who knew how to appreciate and to reward merit. Throughout the whole of the campaign, he omitted no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and he gained the esteem and respect of the whole army. He thought of Vanda only to recollect her goodness; and pursued glory only to render himself worthy of her. I need not enter into the details of this campaign, with the results of which you are so well acquainted. Suffice it to say, that Prince Joseph succeeded even beyond his hopes; for, turning the Austrian army, he threw himself upon Galicia, and took possession of Sandomir and Zamoski. Profiting by the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who rose on all sides to join his forces, he detached General Fischer, the chief officer of his staff, with orders to march upon Limberg, and Iwan was the first who had the honour to affix the white eagle of Poland on the walls of Leopoldstadt. The bulletins of the Polish army contained the highest encomiums on his courage, and thus conveyed the most acceptable consolations to the heart of Vanda.

This success was, however, speedily followed by a reverse of fortune; for, a few days after, while he was engaged in pushing a reconnaissance beyond Leopoldstadt, he was surprised by a party of Austrian Huns. After an obstinate engagement, he succeeded in putting them to flight, but not until a musket-ball had

entered his chest, and he fell, seriously wounded, from his horse. He was immediately raised by his brave lancers, assisted by his faithful servant Peter. The blood which flowed profusely from his wound, rendered it unsafe to attempt conveying him back to the camp. He was, therefore, carried to a neighbouring village, in which there was an hospital founded by Princess Lubornieska, where some sisters of *La Charité*, conforming to the institution of St. Vincent de Paule, devote themselves to the aid of the poor and the infirm. Here every assistance was rendered him, both by the physician of the Convent and by those pious sisters, who, like ministering angels, soothe earthly suffering by the hope of celestial bliss. But, alas! Iwan's wound was mortal, and, on the second day after he was brought to the Convent, the doctor pronounced his recovery to be impossible. On hearing this fatal declaration, one of the nuns, who had attended the patient with the most unremitting anxiety, uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself on his bed in an agony of grief. The dying man raised his languid eyelids, and, to his amazement, recognized Elizabeth, the companion of his boyhood. "Can it be?" he exclaimed—"is it really you, my dear Elizabeth, or has an angel, assuming your semblance, come to receive my last sigh. Alas," continued he, taking her hand, "was it for this that you abandoned wealth and luxury; and did you enrich me to make yourself the servant of the poor and the afflicted?"—"Heaven willed it so, my dear Iwan," she replied; "and if I resisted all your affectionate entreaties to turn me from my resolution of retiring from the world, it was because I felt myself called hither by Heaven, and that nothing could have power to change my destiny. Before I had formed my determination, I had suffered all that can most severely try the heart of a woman. There was no sacrifice to which I could not have submitted. In renouncing you, my most difficult task was accomplished. But, alas! little did I think that I should live to close the eyes of him, for whose dear sake mine have shed so many tears."—"How, Elizabeth! tears for my sake....."

"Dearest Iwan, listen to me. This fatal secret I now disclose, at the moment when you must carry it with you to the tomb. I love you, Iwan, with the most devoted affection; but, alas! after doing all that could be done, to avoid disturbing Vanda's happiness and your's, I find that the death of him I love is the sad result of the great sacrifice I have made."—"He is dying! he is dying!" said Peter, raising his master's head. "Oh, madam, for heaven's sake, withdraw! this emotion is too much for him."—"Must I die so young and so beloved," said Iwan, in a faint voice. "Elizabeth, Vanda, farewell! Ah, may I find in heaven angels such as you!" These were his last words. At that dreadful moment, the influence of religion alone prevented Elizabeth from following Iwan to the tomb.

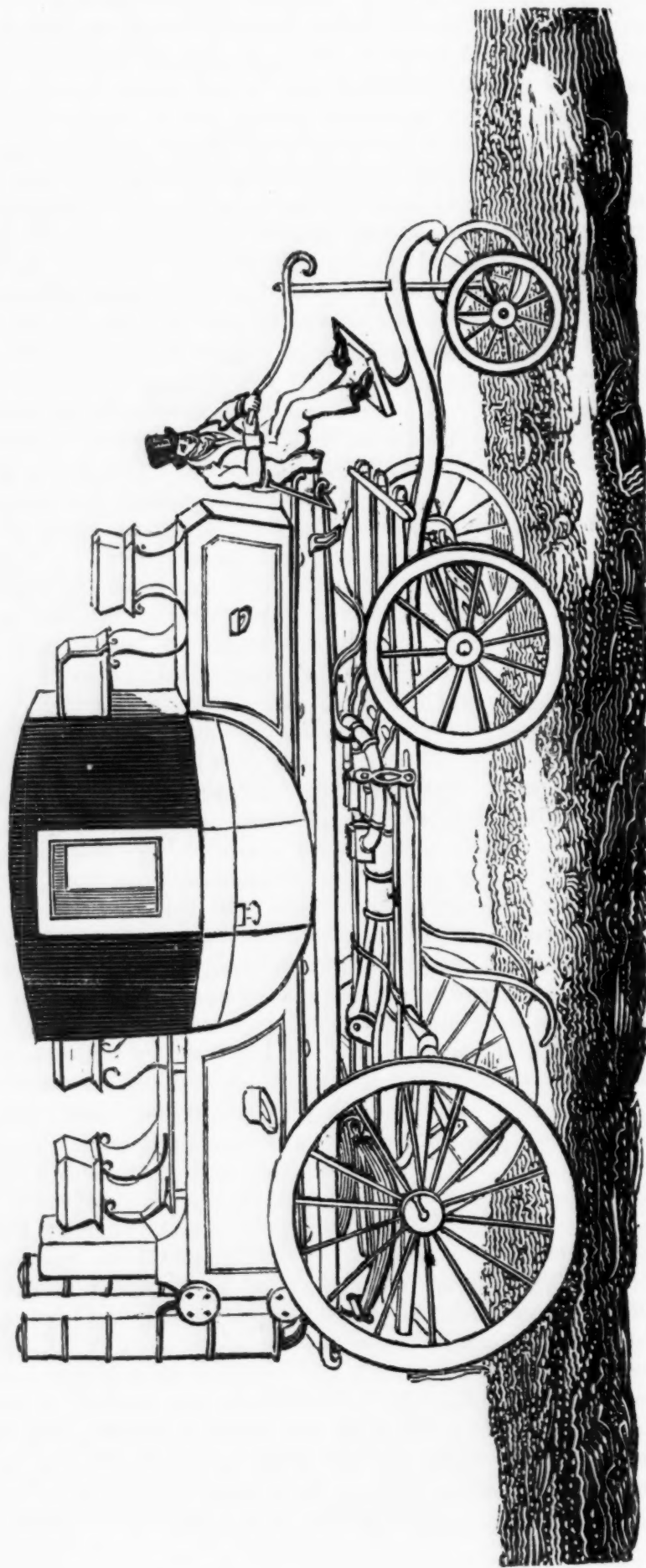
The news of his death, and of his triumphs, reached Vanda almost at the same time. You may easily conceive what must then have been the state of her mind. Her grief was calm, but deep; her sorrow did not spend itself in tears. The bitterness of anguish which filled her heart, turned to fixed and inconsolable remorse. All the efforts of her friends, to arouse her from her melancholy and disconsolate state, were vain. When apprehensions for her life were expressed, she replied, "When we have nothing to love, we have nothing to fear;" and every day seemed likely to be the last of her existence.

About two years ago, a Prince L——off fell desperately in love with her, and solicited her hand. For a long time she resisted his suit; but, unable long to see another heart of true sensibility suffering on her account, she at last yielded. Since their marriage, they have travelled through France and Germany, and have just returned from Italy. It was hoped that change of scene, and the affectionate attentions of her husband, would have alleviated the affliction under which she laboured; but you may judge, from the forlorn state in which she still remains, how deep a wound she has received, and how little prospect there is of its ever being healed. She is a flower cut down by a whirlwind of passion, and which neither time nor care can ever make bloom again. "Alas!" said I to Madame Davidoff, "Passion is to man, as the sun to plants. When too ardent, it burns up what its milder rays would have vivified."

The first of the series of illustrations is a drawing of a

THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS





MR. GURNEY'S STEAM COACH.

Page 79.

ON STEAM CARRIAGES, HUMOUROUS AND SERIOUS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

GURNEY'S carriage is now ready, like a pair of lovers, for a run on the north road, and the Edinburgh mail may begin to tremble. But its first run will be to Windsor, to pay its respects to Majesty, as in duty bound. It is next to visit Bristol by day, and having felt its way in sunshine, is to try its speed with the mail; this will be a decisive proof of its locomotive powers, for the rapidity of the Bristol mail is such, that double insurance is said to be required by the Offices for all who travel in it, and all who have anything to leave are publicly requested to make their wills. But this machine has the one grand defect, that the steamery is under the feet of the passengers. The mighty agent which could make mince-meat of the whole cargo at a moment's warning, is working under the boards on which twenty human beings pretend to be at their ease, travelling fourteen miles an hour. Where the journey may end, whether at Bristol or in the other world, is the problem; and it will be some time before those who are not zealous of their speedy riddance of all the cares of life, will be induced thus to soar upon hot-water wings. The engineer protests, by all the names of philosophy, that a blowing up is utterly impossible. But in the modern philosophy, the most *impossible* things have come to pass so often, that a man attached to his own vertebræ may well be allowed to indulge a little scepticism.

The machine will never be entitled to popularity, until the chance of blowing up is entirely out of the question; which it can scarcely be, while the steam engine forms a part of the carriage. It must be detached, and at some distance from the carriage, and be not a steam-coach, but a steam-horse. Then, though our steed be blown, we shall not be in the same condition, which, though perhaps easily cured in its system of pipes, boilers, and valves, would defy the pharmacopœia in ours. And to this construction the machine will naturally come, and we shall have steam-teams for vans and waggons; steam-sets for mail-coaches; and single horse powers of any shape, size, or colour necessary for the generation of the Tilburies.

The comforts and conveniencies of this contrivance will be universal and obvious. Gentlemen nice about matching their horses, will have nothing to do but send their own pattern to the japanner, and they may have any colour, from scarlet to sky-blue. Awkward whips will drive like the choicest artists of Cambridge, without any more trouble than that of holding a rudder. The peculiar *genius* described in the advertisements, as "*timid gentlemen, that love an easy going cob, tender in the mouth, and pacing like a lady,*" may have one that will no more start or fling out than a Bath chair; and to the romantic, the whole romance of guiding fiery chargers by a pin in the forehead, will be realized in perfection, at the rate of sixpence a soar! But if we can conceive this use of steam to be brought to that practical excellence which will allow

of its general employment, the effects must be curious and nationally beneficial in a very high degree. Its evils to the horse trade, or the travelling trade, or the oat trade, it must be idle to set in competition with any one of its advantages. Those advantages, too, will not be so rapid that time will not be given for things to find their level, and thus the least evil be done. Political economy is, three-fourths of it, utter nonsense, or utter ignorance, made presumptuous by the use of high-sounding words and exclusive pretensions; nothing, too, can be less wise than the attempt to overthrow an established manufacture for the sake of making the experiment of an unestablished one, or trying how far we may beat the French in silks and gloves, by allowing the British artizans of both to try how long they could live without eating. But where we obtain a new power over nature, we have a new source of national wealth; and no matter what it may displace for the moment, we are sure that it will replace the loss by ten times or a thousand times the gain. The spinning-jennies and power-looms have increased the weavers of England from 100,000 to nearly three millions! The steam-boats have perhaps not thrown a single ship out of employment, while they have increased the general tonnage, and rendered the intercourse of England with her dependencies and the Continent a matter of certainty. If the steam-carriage can be made general, its effects will be more important to us than even those of the steam-boat, as being applicable to a greater variety of purposes, more easy of employment, and involving less expense. The result on travelling would be probably ten passengers on the road for one; an obvious benefit to the trusts, to the innkeepers, and the towns; the increased cheapness and facility of conveying every kind of produce, domestic, commercial, and agricultural. We should have flocks and herds carried up to our markets without the present delay, expense, and exhaustion of the animals. Corn, coals, all the necessities and comforts of cities, would be brought with rapidity and ease by steam waggons, and exchanged with the country for the merchandize that now must go by the slow and expensive passage of canals and the coast. The intercourse from corner to corner of England would probably be increased in all its details, tenfold or fifty fold, within a few years; and there would be no assignable limit to its increase, except the surcharge of every corner with the produce of every other—a period beyond calculation.

The horse breeders would possibly feel the invention, in the partial decay of their trade for horses for the road. But the decay on the whole might be but trifling, with the general intercourse of the island, and the consequent general cheapness of living, men would have more money to lay out on luxuries, and a fine horse will be a luxury to the end of time. Thousands would keep horses for one that keep them now. The consumption of provender for these animals might fall off for a little while; but if the farmer sowed less oats, he would have but the more room to sow wheat; the profits would be the same, and the public would be possessed of its food at a cheaper rate. Besides, in the operations of agriculture, the horse is at present a chief source of expense—the saving of that expense would be a fortune to the farmer. The steam-horse, or plough, would besides be a better servant; it would not be tired, but

would work as well by night as by day, and perhaps with the usual superiority of mechanism over animal power. It would thus do twice, or ten times, the work, in a brief period, when it was of the utmost importance, from the state of the weather, that time should be made the most of. It would do it better and more regularly. The steam-horse would not be sick, it would not lose a shoe, nor run lame, nor require food through the winter. Every operation of the farm, from the first turning up of the ground to the harvest home, might be intrusted to steam in one shape or other of carriage; and this exemplary drudge would work wonders in all. In the forest it would plant, cut down, and carry home the tree; it would drag the boat against the river or along the canal; it would rear chickens and carry them to market, with half the village on its back; it would stack the corn, and thrash it, and bake it, and carry it in fresh loaves from Bristol to London between breakfast and dinner. All the old miracles of locomotion, the arrow of Abaris, the car of Phaeton, the flying serpents of Triptolemus, the gryphons of the Arab magicians, and the wishing cap of Fortunatus, will be tardy and trifling to the steam-horse. Pegasus himself never soared higher flights, nor the Python was more irresistible.

KEY TO THE REPRESENTATION OF MR. GURNEY'S STEAM COACH.

The *Guide* or *Engineer* is seated in front, having a lever rod from the two guide wheels, to turn and direct the *Carriage*, and another at his right hand, connected with the *main steam pipe*, by which he regulates the motion of the vehicle. The hind part of the *Coach* contains the machinery for producing the steam, on a novel and secure principle, which is conveyed by pipes to the *cylinder* beneath, and by its motion are the hind wheels of the carriage set in motion.

The *Tank*, which contains about sixty gallons of water, is placed under the body of the *Coach*, and is its full length and breadth. The *Chimnies* are fixed on the top of the boot; and as coke is used for fuel, there will be no smoke, while any heat or rarified air produced will be dispelled by the action of the vehicle. At different stations on a journey, the *Coach* receives fresh supplies of fuel and water. The full length of the Carriage is from 15 to 20 feet, and it weighs about two tons.

The rate of travelling is intended to be from 8 to 10 miles per hour. The Carriage, on its present plan, admits of six inside, and twelve outside passengers. The front boot contains the luggage.

The best copper-plate representation of *Mr. Gurney's Steam Coach*, is published by Mr. Mc. Lean, in the Haymarket.

Mr. Perkins's explanation of the bursting of steam boilers is simply this, that the water is suffered to get so low as to bring a portion of the boiler, not covered with water, in contact with the fire: this becomes red hot, and imparts its heat to the steam: the redness gradually extends itself below the water, which is at length repelled from the water and thrown up among the hot steam, (like a pot suddenly boiled over) which over-charged steam immediately, imparting its excessive heat to the water, forms steam of the greatest power, and occasions the disastrous explosion.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS. *By Washington Irving.*
London, 1828. Murray. 4 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Washington Irving, so well known to English readers for his admirable sketches of life and manners, has been for some time past engaged at Madrid in the composition of an account of the Life and Voyages of the discoverer of his native country, and we have in these volumes the result of his labours.

His style is extremely poetical, and the general interest which pervades the work, will unquestionably add very considerably to his reputation. It will place America before us in new, and various lights; and it is hoped, will tend to close that breach between the Mother Country and the Atlantic, which has been too long a scourge to both.

Beautifully are the portraits of FERDINAND and ISABELLA drawn in the following specimen:—

“The time when Columbus first sought his fortunes in Spain coincided with one of the most brilliant periods of the Spanish monarchy. The union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella had consolidated the Christian power in the Peninsula, and put an end to those internal feuds which had so long distracted the country, and ensured the domination of the Moslems. The whole force of united Spain was now exerted in the chivalrous enterprise of the Moorish conquest. The Moors, who had once spread over the whole country like an inundation, were now pent up within the mountain boundaries of the kingdom of Grenada. The victorious armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were continually advancing and pressing this fierce people within narrower limits. Under these sovereigns, the various petty kingdoms of Spain began to feel and act as one nation, and to rise to eminence in arts as well as arms. Ferdinand and Isabella, it has been remarked, lived together, not like man and wife, whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their respective kingdoms: they had separate councils, and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority.—Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon. Ferdinand was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect, and majestic. He had a clear, serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and, like his hair, of a bright chesnut: his eyes were clear and animated; his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war; his mouth moderate, well-formed, and gracious in its expression; his teeth white, though small and irregular; his voice sharp; his speech quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive. His judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in his temper, devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business, that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working. He was a great observer and judge of men, and unparalleled in the science of the cabinet. Such is the picture given of him by the Spanish historians of his time. It has been added, however, that he had more of bigotry than religion; that his ambition was craving rather than magnanimous; that he made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion; and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy the pious; in France and England, the ambitious, and perfidious. Success attended all his measures. Though a younger son, he had ascended the throne of

Arragon by inheritance : Castile he obtained by marriage ; Grenada and Naples by conquest ; and he seized upon Navarre as appertaining to any one who could take possession of it, when Pope Julius II. excommunicated its sovereigns, Juan and Catalina, and gave their throne to the first occupant.—He sent his forces into Africa, and subjugated, or reduced to vassallage, Tunis, and Tripoli, and Algiers, and most of the Barbary powers. A new world was also given to him, without cost, by the discoveries of Columbus ; for the expense of the enterprise was borne exclusively by his consort Isabella. He had three objects at heart from the commencement of his reign, which he pursued with bigotted and persecuting zeal—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition in his dominions. He accomplished them all ; and was rewarded by Pope Innocent VIII. with the appellation of Most Catholic Majesty—a title which his successors have tenaciously retained. Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well-formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion was fair ; her hair auburn, inclining to red ; her eyes of a clear blue, with a benign expression ; and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and, in some instances, surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures ; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy. It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and, while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal.—Thus, though almost bigotted in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition—though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Grenada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science and directed herself by their councils, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge ; she fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom ; books were admitted free of all duty ; and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age. It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend, at times, on the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realise the idea of guardian angels, appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal ; and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.”

As we intend, in a future number, embodying, in an entire article a synopsis of the whole work, and to place its principal and most interesting features properly before the public, we shall defer any further extracts until then.

LETTERS FROM GREECE, *with Remarks on the Treaty of Intervention.*
By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. Author of an *Historical Account of the Greek Revolution.* 8vo. pp. 351. London: Ilberry.

LIKE his noble predecessor, LORD BYRON, Mr. BLAQUIERE has devoted his talents, his time, and his energies to the cause of GREECE. He is their *true, tried, and devoted* friend. And although he points out their errors and their faults, he intimates that they are engendered by their present state of thralldom. We are friendly to their welfare, and wish them independent; but shall leave their fate in the hands of "the powers that be," and amuse our readers with a few extracts from Mr. Blaquiere's volume, as being more in unison with the character of our work.

The SONGS AND PASTIMES OF THE GREEKS are thus described :

"It is impossible to take a morning or evening walk, without hearing the hills and vallies resound with song, or seeing numerous groups, either occupied in dancing the favourite Pyrrhic, or engaged in some manly sport. When you travel by land or water, those who accompany you, whether as guides or companions, seldom cease to salute your ears the whole time with songs, in which fierce war and faithful love are sung by turns. As might be expected, those of a warlike cast predominate of late, so that you seldom hear a song now without perceiving the names of the most distinguished captains introduced. It is not, indeed, too much to say, that these rude poetical compositions, which are even in the mouths of the young children, have had a wonderful effect in maintaining the energy and spirit necessary for completing the great work of regeneration."

On their MARRIAGES, Mr. Blaquiere states that,

"The system of betrothing females at the early age of five and six years, and the rule by which no circumstance short of death itself admits of either party receding from their engagement, operates at once as a powerful moral check on the passions, and equally so in binding families together in bonds of strict union. Among the higher classes, marriages are generally arranged between the parents; but, unlike the etiquette of more civilized countries, it is by no means unusual or *outré* for the mother of the infant, or adult, to make the first overtures. When the preliminaries are settled, articles are drawn out, specifying the dowry, and time of entering into the holy bands. This done, the bridegroom sends a lamb to his intended, who makes a similar offering to him; he sometimes adds a silver distaff; he is henceforth allowed to visit her, and is considered in all respects as one of the family."

The following incident will be read with interest :

"That wonderful female SOPHIA CONDULIMO was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege of Missolonghi; when the Turks entered the town, she was among the crowd which sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them. Horrified at the fate that was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to her son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim to Mussulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents, four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavoured to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape-shot struck the boy in the leg, and he also fell. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up; one of the party, drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who, suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk and exclaimed, 'Barbarian, do you not see that I am a woman!' This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and her son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. Being among the two hundred ransomed by the Continental Greek Committees, they were sent over to this island, and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her

imaginary murdered daughter was among the number. To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Missolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, but she recovered, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cressula was rescued from bondage, and, what is more, thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her disconsolate parent."

Mr. Blaquiere has added some notices respecting the Ionian Islands, which reflect much honour on our Protectorate of that republic.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS; or London in the Nineteenth Century---displayed in a series of Views, engraved by eminent artists, from original drawings. By Mr. Thomas H. Shepherd. With Historical, Topographical, and Critical Illustrations. By James Elmes, M. R. I. A., Architect. Nos. 1 to 15, inclusive. Jones and Co.

ALTHOUGH the idea of this work may have been borrowed from a little volume published by Mr. WILLIAM CHARLTON WRIGHT, of Pater-noster Row, entitled "*London Lions*,"* we cannot withhold our unqualified meed of praise to the style, spirit, and beauty of these engravings. They are of a very superior character, and the cheapness at which they are published will assuredly command a much more extended sale than they have already had, although that, we are told, is very considerable. Messrs. Jones and Co's other publications, (which we shall notice in our subsequent pages,) shew much neatness, and we can assure them the public will reward their spirit and activity, as long as they continue to gratify public taste by producing works equal to the numbers before us.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING. 2 vols. 8vo. Tegg: 1828.

WE were delighted some time ago by reading Dr. Styles's work entitled, "*Happiness. A tale for the Grave and the Gay*"† In the present work, much care and judgment has been shewn by the same author in the arrangement of his matter, from accessible documents. In the two volumes we have a *portion*, of whatever the late Premier of England *wrote, said, or did*. The strictest neutrality on many political points has been observed; and it richly merits a place in the annals of our country's history.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD MAID. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn: 1828.

ON a perusal of this work, we are sorry we cannot discover sufficient reasons to dissent from the judgment which appears generally to have been pronounced against it in the literary world. We are by no means advocates of the stern species of criticism which would consign to oblivion every attempt at the diffusion of instruction or amusement merely because the author has not attained *excellence*. We would willingly, if possible, bring to light a gem even of inferior order, from the mass of earth surrounding it. But we must "confess," (at the same time how-

* Mr. Wellbeloved's illustrated work, entitled, "*London Lions*," for country cousins and friends about Town. With twenty-three Views, a coloured Frontispiece, &c. price 6s 6d. A display of the Metropolitan Improvements, new Buildings, new Streets, new Bridges, &c. &c. Also the Amusements and the Exhibitions; being a key to the growing magnificence and attractions of the Town, forming a volume replete with entertainment.

* Published by Messrs. Westley and Davis Ave Maria Lane.

ever, begging it may distinctly be understood we are not "Old Maids," that the volumes before us are written throughout in a style at once too forced and unnatural for the present taste in these matters.

THE HARMONICON—*A monthly Journal of Music. New series. 4to. 3s. Leigh: 1828.*

THE merit of the former numbers of this publication, unique in its kind, is already too well established to require comment. We have therefore, only to congratulate the musical world on the appearance of a new series which appears to us in every respect, equal, (if not superior to its predecessors.) There are contained in the number before us several pieces of music possessing great merit.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES FOR THE YOUNG; *with Humorous Illustrations, by Heath. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1828. Maunder.*

IT has long been an axiom with us, that whatever tends to relieve the dark side of human existence by imparting to objects, animate or inanimate, a gay and laughing aspect (keeping always, however, within the bounds of decency,) is worthy of encouragement. As a present therefore, to the younger classes, we consider the trifle before us as well adapted: it consists of a very humorous collection of metamorphoses suffered by brooms, shovels, frying-pans, in short by all kinds of culinary furniture, &c. &c., cleverly executed. Mr. Heath is a rising artist.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM; *or, Selections from the Portfolio of a Literary Gentleman. 24mo. London, 1827. Flutter.*

As a Magazine of curious extracts from scarce old books, of useful and entertaining facts relative to the etymology and source of words, &c. &c., we have no hesitation in recommending this little work to general notice.

THE KEEPSAKE, FOR 1828. *London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.*

SINCE the first appearance of ACKERMAN'S "FORGET ME NOT," each new year has given birth to a fair progeny of "annuals," whose names are admirably made to correspond with the smooth and delicate texture of their covers (to say nothing of their contents). Nor has nobility even, it appears, disdained in some instances to enrol itself in the gilded pages, which are chiefly destined to be pressed by the rosy fingers, or to lie on the snowy toilette of beauty, amidst the gay circle of its splendid and glittering rivals. The KEEPSAKE from its size, the exquisite beauty of its embellishments, both external and internal, literary and graphic, is unquestionably pre-eminent. As a specimen of the prose contributions we subjoin an extract from "*Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry*," by Leigh Hunt:—

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"And did I say they were out of the pale of the affections? See how my lan-

guage contradicts me : for all lovely things hang together ; neither can a true note of pleasure be touched, but all the chords of humanity respond to it.

“ I speak of a season when the returning threats of cold, and the resisting warmth of summer-time, make robust mirth in the air ; when the winds imitate on a sudden the vehemence of winter ; and silver-white clouds are abrupt in their coming down ; and shadows in the grass chase one another, panting over the fields like a pursuit of spirits. With undulating necks they pant forward, like hounds, or the leopard.

“ See ! the cloud is after the light, gliding over the country like the shadow of a god.”

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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY, *a Poem*, by Robert Montgomery.
Pp. 196. Maunday. London, 1828.

MR. MONTGOMERY has displayed much talent and poetical imagination in this Poem; we regret our limits prevent us from giving only the following extracts; but most cordially do we echo the high opinion that all the weekly and daily journals have given on its merits:—

“ At wintry eve, when piercing night-winds blow,
Tint his wan cheek, and drift his locks of snow,
As oft the vagrant shivers through the street,
No voice to pity, and no hand to greet—
With many a pause he marks that window-pane,
Whose twinkling blaze recalls his home again!
Illusive mem’ry warms his widowed heart,
Till real woes in fancied bliss depart;
And one by one, as happier days appear,
To each he pays the homage of a tear;
Tho’ homeless, still he loves home’s joyous glare,
Looks up to heaven, and feels his home is there!”

The following is of a different kind:—

“ Let Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And day-light veil her with deceitful art,
Darkness shall all th’ illusive web unwind—
That hell of conscience to a guilty mind!

“ At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touch’d by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,
Unhallow’d guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutt’rable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole!
On ev’ry limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And Fancy flutter round the gulph of Hell.”

“ Not so comes Darkness to the good man’s breast,
When Night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;
His spirit bosom’d on the God of All,
Peace to the hour! whate’er the night befall:—
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart:
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles—
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o’er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears;
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.”

We should gladly give some of the vivid and sublime lines that close the poem; but we must content ourselves with pointing them out to the future attention of our readers.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Les Suédois à Prague, Episode de la Guerre de Trente Ans, traduit de Madame C. Pichler. Paris. 1828.

THE Authoress of this tale is extremely popular in most parts of Germany. Her popularity was considerably heightened by the publication of "The Siege of Vienna." The present work exhibits Germany oppressed by civil contentions and feuds amongst the pious. The hero is related to the Duke of Friedland and after passing through innumerable troubles and exploits is assassinated.

Very considerable pathos and interest runs through the work, and it will, in no respect, abridge the great favour Madame C. Pichler at present enjoys.

Traduction des Mémoires du Vénitien, J. Caranova de Seingalt, Extraits de ses Manuscrits Originaux. Publiés par G. Schutz. Paris. 1828.

THIS adventurer's history from his own pen will extend to ten volumes, the three last of which we are informed, will comprise, 'the Mission of Caranova in Holland,' where, although disgraced at court, and very poor, he negotiated a loan of twenty millions of franks for the French Government; his adventures among the Dutch, his return to Paris, the description of the court of Wurtemberg, the flight from Stutgard, his pilgrimage, his residence with Haller, and at Ferney his romantic amours with a Portuguese Princess, his connection with the celebrated impostor Count St. Germain, a description of the court of Russia under Catherine II., of that of Poland under Stanislaus Poniatowsky, and his imprisonment in and liberation from the prison of Buen-Retiro."

And from the rich feast of entertainment already afforded in the first seven volumes, there is little doubt they will be equally appreciated.

Les Contes du Gay, savoir Recueil de Chroniques, Ballades, Traditions, et Fabliaux, du Moyen Age. Publié par F. Langlé; imprimé en caractères Gothiques. Paris. 1828.

We shall merely draw public attention to these delightful little Tales by giving the following extract:—

Le Gobelin,* pour s'égayer,
 Voltige aux lueurs du fourlore,†
 Et sous l'huys qu'on vient de dore,
 Un passage sait se frayer.
 Comme la couleuvre il se glisse
 Près de l'imprudente nourrice,
 Qui s'endort devant le foyer;
 Puis prenant, d'une main fallace,
 Le fils d'un berger, il le place
 Dans le berceau du fils d'un roi:
 Voilà, dit-on, dans nos provinces,
 D'où nous viennent les mauvais princes,
 Et les bergers de bon aloi!

Frédéric Styndall, ou la Fatale Année, par M. Kératry. Paris. 1828.

This work has created very considerable interest in France, it is replete with vivid pictures of Life, Love, and romance. The Author richly merits the eulogies which the Parisian journals confer upon him. He is a political writer of some note, and in the enchanting fields of fiction and imagination, he need not fear losing his popularity. We commend the work to our readers, not only on account of its merits as a tale, but from the moral feeling that is imbued in its pages.

* Gobelin—an imp.

† Fourlore—Will-with-a-wisp.

MATTERS OF INFORMATION,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

1. **DESTRUCTION OF AN OAK BY LIGHTNING.**—M. Muncke describes a case in which an oak, being struck by lightning, was rent and destroyed in an extraordinary manner. The trunk of the tree was about fifteen feet in height, a foot and a half or two feet in diameter at the branches, and three feet in diameter at the root. The top of the tree was separated as if by the stroke of a hatchet, and without any appearance of carbonization; the trunk was torn into a thousand pieces, exceedingly small in size when compared with the original mass, and thrown to a great distance. The division and destruction was such as to sustain the thought, that in certain cases the lightning might cause the entire dispersion of the tree, an opinion which was suggested by the circumstance, that lightning which had fallen at Le Chateau de Marbourg left no traces of a rafter that had occurred in its course.—*Bull. Univ. A.* viii. 194.

2. **NEW METALS.**—Professor Osann, of Dorpat, is said to have discovered three new metals in the crude platina, obtained from the Uralian mountains. One, which has occurred only in one specimen of the ore, resembles osmium in some of its compounds. The second forms white acicular crystals from a nitro-muriatic acid solution; these, when heated, being softened and reduced. The third is insoluble in nitro-muriatic acid, and, by a particular process, yields a dark green-coloured oxide. The account as yet given of these substances is not precise enough to allow of any judgment respecting their claim to the character of new metals.

3. **REMARKABLE METEORIC PHENOMENON, DESCRIBED BY CHLADNI.**—A noise, resembling thunder in its rolling nature, was heard at Saarbruck and the environs, about four o'clock on the 1st of April, 1826, the atmosphere being clear, and the sun shining brightly. During the sound, a greyish object, apparently about three feet and a half in height, was seen in the air, rapidly approaching the earth, and there expanding itself like a sheet; there was then silence for about a minute, after which another sound, resembling thunder, was heard, as if it had originated at the place where the meteor fell. Nothing was found when the place was afterwards examined.—*Bull. Univ. A.* viii. 143.

4. **BURMESE PETROLEUM WELLS.**—"The gentlemen of the mission examined carefully the celebrated Petroleum Wells, near which they remained for eight days, owing to the accident of the steam-vessel taking the ground in their vicinity. Some of the wells are from thirty-seven to fifty-three fathoms in depth, and are said to yield at an average, daily, from 130 to 185 gallons of the earth-oil. The wells are scattered over an area of about sixteen square miles. They are private property, the owners paying a tax of five per cent. of the produce to the state. This commodity is almost universally used by the Burmans as lamp oil. Its price on the spot does not, on an average, exceed from five-pence to seven-pence halfpenny per cwt. The other useful mineral or saline productions of the Burman empire are coal, saltpetre, soda, and culinary salt. One of the lakes affording the latter, which is within six or seven miles of the capital, was examined by the gentlemen of the mission." Crawford's Mission to Ava.—*Jameson's Journal*, 1827, p. 366.

5. DIRECTION OF THE BRANCHES OF TREES.—Professor Eaton remarks, that all trees with spreading branches accommodate the direction of the lower branches to the surface of the earth over which they extend, as may be seen in orchards growing on the sides of hills, and in all open forests; and inquires what influence can the earth have upon the branches on the upper side of a tree, which causes them to form a different angle with the body of the tree from the angle formed by the branches on the lower side, so that all the branches hold a parallel direction to the earth's surface.—*Silliman's Journal*, xiii. 194.

6. EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—The following observations by Professor Eaton are dated Rensselaer school, Troy, April 30, 1827. "Clouds and rain have obscured the hemisphere during the last six days. In that time the leaves of all the forests which are seen from this place have greatly expanded. But they were all of a pallid hue until this afternoon. Within the period of about six hours, they have all changed their colour to a beautiful green. As the only efficient change which has taken place, is that we have a serene sky, and a bright sun, we may say with confidence that this change of colour is produced by the action of the sun's rays.

Seven years ago, next month, I had a still more favourable opportunity to observe this phenomenon in company with the Hon. J. Lansing, late Chancellor of this state. While we were engaged in taking a geological survey of his manor of Blenheim, the leaves of the forest had expanded to almost the common size in cloudy weather. I believe the sun had scarcely shone upon them in twenty days. Standing upon a hill, we observed that the dense forests upon the opposite side of the Schoharie were almost white. The sun now began to shine in full brightness. The colour of the forest absolutely changed so fast that we could perceive its progress. By the middle of the afternoon, the whole of these extensive forests, many miles in length, presented their usual summer dress.—*Silliman's Journal*, xiii. 193.

7. AURORA BOREALIS SEEN IN THE DAY-TIME AT CANONMILLS.—The morning of Sunday, September 9th, was rainy, with a light gale from the N.E. Before mid-day the wind began to veer to the west, and the clouds in the north-western horizon cleared away: the blue sky in that quarter assumed the form of the segment of a very large circle, with a well-defined line, the clouds above continuing dense, and covering the rest of the heavens. The centre of the azure arch gradually inclined more to the north, and reached an elevation of nearly 20°. In a short time very thin fleecy clouds began to rise from the horizon within the blue arch; and through these very faint perpendicular streaks, of a sort of milky light, could be perceived shooting; the eye being thus guided, could likewise detect the same pale streaks passing over the intense azure arch, but they were extremely slight and evanescent. Between nine and ten in the evening of the same day, the aurora borealis was very brilliant: so that there is no reason to doubt that the azure arch in the morning, and the pale light seen shooting across it, were connected the same phenomenon.—*Jameson's Jour.* 1827, p. 378.

8. AURORA BOREALIS IN SIBERIA.—Baron Wrangle says, that in Siberia, when shooting stars pass across the space occupied by polar lights, fiery beams suddenly arise in the place traversed by the shooting star: further, that when a polar beam rises high towards the zenith, the full moon also being high, it gradually forms a luminous circle around the moon, at a distance of 20° or 30° from her, remains in this form for a short time, and then disappears.

SHORT CRITIQUES ON NEW MUSIC.

INTRODUCTION AND VARIATIONS for the *Piano Forte* of "*Cease your Funning,*" by *Louisa Pyne*.

WE should have supposed this favorite Air had already exhausted all possible efforts at variation. The present subject of our notice however, we can recommend as as a brilliant study, withal not too difficult.

THE BEAUTIES OF MELODY; a *Collection of the most popular Airs, Duets, Glees, and of the most esteemed authors, ancient and modern: the whole compiled, composed, selected, and arranged by W. H. Plumstead, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, 8vo. Dean and Munday.*

THIS is a very pleasing miscellany and from which the lovers of "sweet sounds" may suit their taste from Haydn and Mozart, to "Oysters Sir," downwards.

REMINISCENCES OF FAIRY LAND, a *Divertimento for the Piano-forte, or Three favorite melodies. Composed and dedicated to Miss Wetherall. By J. L. P. Essex. Clementi and Co., 3s.*

THE presence of the tuneful, tho' mischievous imps "from Oberon in fairy land, the king of ghosts and shadows there," cannot fail of imparting an interest to the *Divertimento* before us, to say nothing of Dr. Arne's Ariel, and of the beautiful glee of "Lightly Tread" also introduced.

THE FALL OF PARIS, with *Variations, and arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte. By F. Hunten. Ball, 3s 6d.*

HOWEVER natural the association of the all-eclipsing name of Moschelles with the above title may appear to the musical world, the Duet before us has, in our opinion, sufficient merit to sustain even *that* powerful rivalship. Independently of its intrinsic excellence, it has the merit (no slight one as times and opinions go) of being within the compass of a moderately practised performer.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID QUADRILLES, containing '*I'll never do so any more,*' '*Love among the Roses,*' '*Woodland Mary,*' '*When the yellow Moon beams,*' and '*The Mountain Maid,*' arranged for the *Piano-forte, with their proper figures, and dedicated to Madame Vestris. By James Paine, original Leader and director of the Orchestra at Almacks. Dale, 3s.*

CONSIDERING the space occupied by the mere title of this production, we think we shall have discharged our duty to our readers by dismissing the Mountain Maid and her fair company with a well merited encomium on the good taste displayed by Mr. Paine in the arrangement of these pleasing airs.

"OH CLEAR THAT BROW OF GLOOM!" A *Ballad, sung by Miss Paton. The Poetry by Eugenius Roche, Esq.; the Music by Alex. D. Roche. Alexander Lee and Lee.*

A BALLAD replete with grace and feeling; in a word, such as the former productions of Mr. Roche might have led the public to expect.

"MY MARY LOVE." *Serenade sung by Mr. Broadhurst. The Poetry by W. H. Freeman, Esq.; the Music by Alex. D. Roche. The same publishers.*

WE would recommend the study of this pleasing melody to all disconsolate lovers, ("in an honourable way we mean" of course,) as a *dernier resort* or forlorn hope, with which to besiege the obdurate fair one's heart.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, will shortly publish a second series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, entitled *St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair Maid of Perth*.

Mr. Cumberland, of Ludgate Hill, has just published a beautiful and intrinsically valuable pocket volume, called the *Chronology of the Reigns of George the Third and Fourth*, by W. J. Belsham, Esq. Including every important Fact in Public History, Parliament, Courts of Law, Police Reports, Prices Current, Statistics, Finance, Science, Literature, Drama, Fine Arts, Births, Longevity, Deaths, Phenomena, Earthquakes, Meteors, Inventions, and Discoveries. With a General Chronology of the most important Events and Discoveries, from the Earliest Period, complete to the present time : with Engraved Title and Portraits on Steel.

Also, an edition of the "*Serf*," a Tragedy, illustrated by Mr. Cruikshank ; forming a Number of "Cumberland's British Theatre ;" and the "*Merchant's Wedding*," in the same series.

Shortly will be published, No. 1, of a Series of Etches, entitled *Odds and Ends from the Portfolio of a Young Artist*.

The Pleasant History of Frier Rush, will form the Twelfth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms' Series of Early Prose Romances.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo., with a Map, &c., *Researches in South Africa*, by the Rev. John Philip, D. D., Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, &c.

Tales and Legends, by the Author of the *Odd Volume*.

A new Edition of the *Adventures of Naufragus*, is in the press, and will be ready in a few days. We are glad to learn that the publicity of this interesting work, has attracted the attention of the East India Company, who, with their usual liberality, have kindly placed *Naufragus* on their Establishment.

The last received despatches from Jamaica have excited much ferment amongst our West India proprietors—amongst all who are interested in the measures of Government respecting the abolition of Slavery. From the Jamaica despatches, it appears, that the house of assembly of that Island, and his Majesty's council at home, as represented by Mr. Huskisson, are, in their opinions and acts, wide as the poles asunder. They who are really desirous of understanding this important question in all its bearings, should attentively peruse a little volume, just published under the title of *Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies, by a Resident*.

Sir Walter Scott is preparing a volume of Essays on Gardening and Planting.

Miss Edgeworth is writing a novel, entitled, *Taking for Granted*.

A Life of Byron, by Mr. Moore, will appear shortly. Mr. Murray and the author have agreed to forget all previous disputes on the subject, and unite their materials. 4250*l.* is the sum given for the Copyright.

Mrs. Regina M. Roche is about to publish, by subscription, a novel, in 3 vols. called *Contrast*.

M. Frederick Degeorge, is about to publish in Paris, a work, under the title *Du Journalism en Angleterre*, with this motto :

'Nourri dans le serail, j'en connais les détours.'

A New Edition of *Dr. Kitchener's Art of Prolonging Life*, with considerable Additions, will be ready in a few weeks.

Mr. Arrowsmith will shortly publish a *Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography*, from Original Authorities, and on a New Plan, for the use of Eton School. The Work will be accompanied by a set of Skeleton Outlines.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the Impediments and Abuses existing in the present System of Medical Education, with Suggestions for its Improvement. By Henry William Dewhurst, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery.

The *Literary Album*, a Quarterly Publication, supported by a vast body of the brightest talent of the day, will appear on the 1st of April.

A New Check Journal, upon the principle of Double Entry ; which exhibits a continued systematic, and self-verifying Record of Accounts of individual and partnership concerns ; showing, at one view, the real state of a Merchant's and Trader's affairs by a single book only, even should a Ledger not have been kept. By George Jackson, Accountant.

The Impious Feast : a Poem, in Ten Books. By Robert Landor, M.A. author of *The Count Arezzi*, a Tragedy, 8vo.

NOTICES OF ENGRAVINGS.

I. *The Battle of Navarino, in Two Plates. Etched by R. W. Smart, from Drawings by Sir Theophilus Lee. London: Ackermann. 1828.*

THESE two engravings have been just laid on our table. They are obviously FIRST impressions. The sketches were supplied to the artist by Lord Ingestine, who conveyed the dispatches to this country, and was present during the conflict. They are dedicated to the Lord High Admiral, and are worthy of such high patronage. The representation of fifty ships of war in the first plate, was an object of some difficulty, and yet they are so distinctly delineated as to convey the most accurate view of each. The foreshortening of the Scipio and the Albion head views, embracing the larboard bow of the former and the starboard of the latter, the two quarter views of the Genoa and the Asia, with the Hind Cutter between them and the stern view of the Dartmouth Frigate, embracing the perspective of her broadside, are very successful delineations; while the Turkish launch on the right, and the sinking fire-ship on the left of the foreground, are equally true to nature, and greatly assist the general effect.

In the SECOND plate we have a closer scene, just at the commencement of the action, the most conspicuous part of which is the ship of the Turkish Admiral on fire, which is extremely well represented, as well as the burning, sinking, exploding, and destroying of other ships in the distance, both on the right and the left.

That these two plates will meet with public approval we doubt not, and they have our honest recommendation.

II. *Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India. By Captain Robert Melville Grindlay. Parts I. to IV. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill. 1828.*

THIS beautiful representation of Eastern architecture and grandeur is to be comprised in six parts, of six views in each. Four are before the public. We most cordially invite attention to them, as well worthy the patronage of admirers of the Fine Arts, particularly to those who are interested in the affairs of India. We add the titles of six of the views.

Plate I. gives a view of the British Residency at Hyderabad, and is a beautiful picture. The architecture is Grecian in its style, and the whole pile, as well as its gates of entrance, has a general resemblance to the magnificent palace of the Governor-General of India, at Calcutta.—Plate II. represents ‘The Roza a Mehmoodadab in Guzerat, or the Tomb of the Vizier of Sultan Mehmood.’—Plate III. represents ‘Fishing Boats in the Monsoon, at the northern point of Bombay Harbour.’—Plate IV. is as remarkable for its calm tranquillity, as the preceding one is for its boisterous agitation. It is a view of the Bridge near Baroda, in Guzerat.—Plate V. represents the ‘Town and Pass of Boondi, in Rajpootana.’—Plate VI. is a ‘View near Tonk,’ in the same country, representing a lucid lake, with architectural remains on its banks, and small domed temples near its waters.

III. *The Spoilt Child, Engraved by G. H. Phillips, after a Painting by M. W. Sharpe. London: Moon, Boys, and Graves, 1828.*

THIS engraving comes so much within “our every day view of life,” that it will be easily recognized as true to nature; and to young mothers and dear papas, it will not fail to impart that moral hint which a moralist gives, “*To spare the rod is to spoil the child.*” THE SUBJECT IS TOO LAUGHABLE NOT TO BE DESCRIBED. It is that of an unruly child, who, seated on the dessert table, with its old nurse behind it, throws on the ground the decanter of Madeira, which, after emptying its contents on the mother’s white satin dress, lies shivered on the floor, into a thousand fragments; the infant is then proceeding to throw after it the fruit, plates, and glasses, and with a most appropriate expression of countenance, while the nurse merely lifts her hands in wonder—the mother looks on her soiled dress with regret—and the father’s only chiding is the lifting a finger, which the urchin treats with becoming indifference and contempt.

IV. *Howitt’s British Preserve, No. I. Griffiths, Wellington Street, Strand.*

This work will be completed in nine numbers; and from the specimen, which contains *Fallow Deer, Heron, Partridge, and Woodcock*, it promises to be interesting to sportsmen, admirers of the Fine Arts, and natural history generally. Mr. Howitt’s abilities in this department of the Arts, are too well known to need any further comment.

WOMAN'S LOVE.*

"Woman, the sweet enchantress! given to cheer
 The fitful struggles of our passage here;
 In pity to our sorrows sent to show
 The earlier joys of Paradise below!
 With matron love, and matron care, to pour
 Her gentle influence on our evening hour;
 When the world-wearied spirit longs to rest
 Its throbbing temples on her sheltering breast.
 Woman, whose tear, whose glance, whose touch, whose sigh,
 Can wrap us in despair or ecstasy!
 With untold hope, or passion's nameless thrill,
 Refine our raptures, bid our woes be still;
 With Love's sweet arts the gloom of woe dispel,
 Bid in our breast returning rapture swell;
 Cling round our soul, the rising fiend destroy,
 And lead to virtue by the path of joy."

WOMAN has always exercised an influence, if not over my destiny, at least over my pursuits and feelings. At eighteen, I should have thought nothing of riding a hundred miles to obtain a smile from her I loved; and now, when time has a little abated the buoyancy of youth, and sobered down the feelings of boyish enthusiasm to something more of a man to reason and to truth, I would rather listen to the sweet prattling of a pretty and amiable girl, than to the most eloquent language that the Demosthenes, or Cicero of our time ever delivered. I am one of the old school; am an ardent admirer of those times when the degree of attention and respect paid to Woman was the standard to which the politeness of our sex was estimated: times are altered now, and I am often indignant at the nonchalance, the fashionable indifference, with which our would-be-fine gentlemen of the present day treat the ornaments of the creation. Wrapt in admiration of their own accomplishments, and entertaining a most extravagant opinion of their own perfections, these Narcissii have no leisure to devote to that portion of society, without which life would be a blank. That I am an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex will not be wondered at,—for twice was I indebted for my life to the presence of mind and intrepidity of a Woman; and, when lying on the bed of sickness, far away from my relatives and friends,—without a single individual near me to whom I was known, or upon whom I had any claim for kindness and consolation,—a female, to whom I was an entire stranger, attended me with the most assiduous care: she administered all my medicines; smoothed my pillow; tempted my appetite; read to me;

* A slight sketch of this tale appeared some years back in a publication which is now out of print: the outline is now filled up; and it is therefore, as Mr. Coleridge says, in more senses than one, "as good as manuscript."

talked to me; and, in short, evinced all the solicitude which a mother, a sister, or a wife would have bestowed: all this I felt the more vividly. For an intimate, and even an attached friend of the other sex, grew impatient at the confinement and attendance on my sick room imposed upon him; and angry at the delay which my illness occasioned. I recovered from it, thanks, under God, to the lady to whom I have alluded; and was immediately compelled to leave that part of the country. I have never seen her since; but, for her sake, I have sworn to love, honour, and cherish Woman wherever I find her.

Oh! lovely Woman! Nature's pride;
Heaven's last, most precious gift;
What pleasure could the world provide,
If of love and thee bereft?

Thou'rt formed alike to soothe our grief,
Or our happiness to share;
Oft to our woes you give relief,
Oft beguile us of our care.

Oh! could my feeble arm avert
Every ill that threatens thee:—
Or, could I bring thee thy desert,
Ward off care and misery:—

“Smiling graces” should attend thee,
“Little loves” your footsteps guard;
From all dangers I'd defend thee,
And deem thy smile my best reward.

Then, lovely sex! accept my vows;
To thee I'll ever prove sincere;
Whilst life within my bosom glows,
To me thy weal shall still be dear!

The following narrative of the fervour with which a woman can love; and of the zeal, unmixed with selfishness, with which she can devote herself to the welfare of the beloved object, will be no unfit commentary upon my panegyric on the fair sex. It is a tale, not of high life, for the parties were all in the middle station of society; but the heroine of my story evinced a truth, a refinement, and a warmth of affection, which would have reflected honour on any class, or on the highest rank. It is not a fiction; the principal incidents are facts; and though the names of the parties are, for various reasons, concealed, my readers may be assured, that they all existed, that they had “a local habitation and a name,” and are not the mere creatures of my own imagination.

Henry Warburton was the son of a respectable manufacturer in the ancient and flourishing city of Norwich; and was apprenticed by his father to Mr. Smith, an eminent printer, residing in that city. Henry was a fine manly youth, the glow of health mantled on his ingenuous countenance; his whole appearance was prepossessing in the highest degree, and he soon succeeded in winning the esteem and confidence of his master and mistress; the first two years of his apprenticeship passed off without any particular incident to chequer the routine of ordinary life. At the end of that time, a lady nearly related to Mr. Smith came to re-

side with her, bringing, as a companion, a young lady of the name of Johnson;—a most pleasing and amiable girl. She was not strikingly beautiful; her features were not even regular; if you dissected them, and looked at each individually, faults might be found in most, perhaps in all; yet, combined, they were irresistibly charming: the soft languor of her mild blue eye, and the fascination of her smile, won her own interest in every heart, which she seldom failed in retaining; and her figure, tall and finely formed, gave her the appearance of being older than she really was; for she and Henry were about the same age. Circumstances caused these young people to spend much of their time together, and an intimacy of the most familiar kind sprung up between them. Mutually pleased with each other, they were never happier than when exploring some of the beauties which the walks around Norwich presented in abundance to the admirer of nature. Often from its castle-hill they gazed on the beautiful prospect around; often, arm-in-arm, they ascended Mousehold-heath, and thought with interest on the “days of former years,” as they viewed the ruins of the baronial residence of the gallant Luncy; the remains of “Kett’s Castle;” or the still more interesting spot of Lollard’s hole*, where in the days of persecution and bigotry, so many martyrs to the Protestant cause sealed their faith with their blood. Often they traced the path which wandered through the pleasant and fertile meadows that skirted the banks of the Wensum; and not unfrequently were they seen in one of the light and buoyant pleasure barks which disported on its waters: thus time flew with them on downy pinions. Contented with the present, they thought not of the future; and as the past gave rise to no painful recollections, perhaps, if pure and unmixed happiness is ever the lot of mortals, this guiltless pair enjoyed it.

Nearly two years of Henry’s life were spent in the manner which I have described; all the vacant hours from business being passed with Caroline Johnson, who, from a fine girl of sixteen, was now become an

* Norwich is skirted, on the East, by a hill called Mousehold Heath: on the summit, opposite to the principal entrance to the city in that direction, called Bishop’s Gate, stands the remains of St. Michael’s Chapel, which was founded by Herbert de Lozinger, the first bishop of Norwich after the removal of the see to that city from Thetford, in 1088. Only some fragments of the wall are now remaining, it having been destroyed by the rebel Kett, in 1549, from whom it took the name of Kett’s Castle. At some little distance was a spreading tree, under the branches of which the rebel chief used to hold a mock court of judicature, calling it “The Vale of Reformation.” Bishop Herbert who built a church and priory, a little to the South of St. Michael’s chapel, which he dedicated to St. Leonard. At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry V. there were given to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, whose son, Henry, the gallant and accomplished Earl of Luncy, built a splendid palace on the site, which was called Luncy House, and the hill on which it stood, Mount Luncy. It was forfeited to the crown on the attainder and execution of the noble earl; but was granted by Elizabeth, in 1562, to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; and by King James I. confined to the family of the Howards. Nothing now remains of this once noble building but an old piece of stone wall, in which is an arch; the site of the palace is plowed over, but the foundations may be traced on the brow of the hill. In a low valley, beneath Mount Luncy, several followers of Wickliffe were burned for Lollardy, as it was called; and in the reign of Queen Mary, Thomas Bilney, and other martyrs suffered here for the faith of the Reformation. This place is called Lollard’s Hole.

interesting young woman of eighteen ; whilst Henry fast began to assume the manners and appearance of man. At this period, an uncle of Henry's who had been for some time settled in the West Indies, died ; and it became necessary, for some one of the family to visit that country, for the purpose of settling his affairs, which were left somewhat involved. Mr. Warburton was himself too old and infirm to undertake a sea voyage ; and it was resolved that Henry should be his substitute—Mr. Smith consenting to part with him, though the term of his apprenticeship was not expired. The hour of parting was one of sorrow on all sides, —but perhaps no one felt it so keenly as Caroline Johnson. Having spent the last evening of his stay in Norwich with her ; and when he took leave he ventured to imprint a kiss on the lips of the blushing girl. Next morning, she accompanied his friends to the coach, which was to convey him to London ; and as she shook hands with him at parting, she left with him a small parcel, which, on opening he found to contain a brooch, formed of her hair, inclosed in a paper on which Caroline had transcribed the following lines, from the pen of a noble poet,* whose feelings were neither so pure nor so enthusiastic as her own :—

“ The kiss which on my lip you press'd,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift,
 Untainted back to thine.
 Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see,
 The tear that from thine eye-lid streams,
 Can weep no change in me.

“ I ask no pledge to make me blest,
 In gazing, when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast
 Whose thoughts are all thine own .
 Nor need I write to tell the tale,
 My pen were doubly weak ;
 O, what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart can speak !”

Henry perused the lines with emotion ; and having put the brooch in his breast, he again read the verses, which he carefully consigned to his pocket-book, and then leaned back in the coach to ruminate on his future prospects, and on Miss Johnson.

His situation was a novel one, for he had never been more than twenty miles from home. He was furnished with letters to a friend of his father's in London, who was to see him on his road to Liverpool, from whence he was to embark for Jamaica, the island in which his uncle's property was situated. In his journey through England he met with no adventures out of the common routine of stage-coach travelling ; and he embarked for his destined port with a fair wind, which continued till the vessel was safely anchored in the port of Kingston. It would be difficult to analyse Henry's feelings during the voyage. He was going far from all who loved and valued *him*—far from all whom *he* loved and valued—amongst strangers, with whom he had no connexion ; into

* Byron.

society with whose manners, customs and habits, he was quite unacquainted; and he had an arduous task, too, to perform;—important interests to sustain. He thought long and deeply on these subjects; and then the natural flow of his fine manly spirits would return, and he would eagerly seek for amusement in the scenes which were passing around him. To a young, and ardent, and inquiring mind, a voyage by sea, for the first time, cannot fail to afford pleasure, by the novelty of every transaction, and the grandeur of every natural object which meets the eye. The ocean, whether flowing as on calm and silent majesty, or ruffled by winds, or agitated into furious commotion by the violence of a raging storm, is itself sufficient to fill the mind with awe and admiration every time we gaze upon the great mass of waters. Then the rising and setting sun, when witnessed at sea, furnish a spectacle of such magnificence, that all the gorgeous pomp and splendour of man will find it impossible to equal. I have watched the great ball of fire fast sinking below the horizon, and transforming the waters, into the appearance of a sea of burnished gold, whilst the calm blue sky stretched over our heads tinged towards the orient with a bright and glowing red, which would defy the pencil of a Claude to imitate, added to the beauties of the scene. Henry's was a heart on which these things could not fail to make a deep impression. He admired the works of the great Creator, at the same time he was lost in admiration at the skill and ingenuity of man, which enabled him to plough the trackless ocean, and to carry on an intercourse with the most distant quarters of the globe.

The voyage was short and pleasant; and, on landing at Kingston, Henry's first occupation was to find out the person to whom his letters of introduction were addressed. He had no difficulty in the search, as Mr. Walton was known as one of the most respectable merchants in that city. His reception of our hero was kind and cordial; and his best assistance was promised in the business on which he came. He introduced Henry to his family, consisting of his wife, and child; one daughter, in whom every feminine charm seemed blended. She was beautiful, amiable, and accomplished; to Henry she seemed a being of another sphere—too seraph-like for this world of corporeal and earthly forms. Miss Johnson was forgotten: Henry soon became convinced that his happiness was for ever centered in the lovely Isabel: she became equally attached to the young Englishman, and, having settled his uncle's affairs more expeditiously than he expected, chiefly through the friendly offices of Mr. Walton, he returned to England before he had attained those years which the law calls years of discretion, taking with him Miss Walton as his wife.

On their arrival at Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Warburton found Mrs. Smith's family situated exactly as they were when Henry left them. Miss Johnson had succeeded to a handsome fortune by the death of a relation, but still continued to reside on a spot which long kindness and dear remembrance had so closely endeared to her affections. When the wanderer visited his old master and mistress, Caroline's blushes and agitation betrayed the interest she still felt for her former companion; and when his fair bride was introduced, it was only by a violent effort that she was enabled to maintain her composure. The interview passed

off, however, without her agitation being noticed; Mr. and Mrs. Warburton were too much occupied in answering the numerous inquiries of Mr. and Mrs. Smith relative to the country they had left, to attend much to the blushing and agitated girl, who left the room as soon as possible, and returned no more. Shortly after this period, Warburton took Mr. Smith's business, who retired to live upon the fruits of his industry; and the lady with whom Miss Johnson resided dying suddenly only a few weeks subsequently to this alteration, Caroline fixed her residence with an elderly female, at a little village about a mile distant, where she spent her time in acts of charity and benevolence.

Warburton's business continued prosperous for several years; but at length heavy and unforeseen losses came upon him, and after struggling a long time with difficulties, he was arrested for a large sum, and thrown into prison. Here his affectionate wife joined him—anxious only to share his fate, whether it were good, or ill, and confident that his confinement would, at all events, last no longer than remittances would be received from Jamaica. Long before this period arrived, however, Henry received a letter, inclosing bills to a much larger amount than the sum necessary to liberate him. All inquiry as to the source from whence this seasonable relief was derived, proved unavailing; and he was again restored to liberty and independence, without the slightest idea of who would be his unknown benefactor.

All intercourse between Miss Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Warburton had long ceased, chiefly owing to the continued, and, apparently, unfriendly conduct of the former. Mrs. Warburton was, therefore, much surprised at receiving, about a year after Henry's release from prison, a message from Caroline, containing an earnest wish to see her. Isabel went and found the lovely and interesting girl on her death-bed. To Mrs. Warburton the history of her heart was related: to her she confessed, that she had nourished, unconsciously, a violent passion for Henry, almost from the first period of their acquaintance,—a passion which had "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength"—and to the imprudence of which she was only awakened, when she heard that he was married. The faithful girl, although not able to subdue her unfortunate passion, and resolved never to marry another, determined from that moment to relinquish the society of its object, and to devote her days to solitude. Not to a life of inactivity, however, did she devote herself: her charities were numerous: her benevolence boundless as the sea;—and she was almost adored by those who knew her. In attending a poor cottager, who had long been a pensioner on her bounty, a fever had communicated its baleful influence to the interesting Caroline; and, now, conscious that she had but a few hours to live—a desire once more to see HIM to whom she had given "her first love," became too strong to be over-ruled: but even this she would not gratify till an interview with Mrs. Warburton had first been obtained, and her feelings and her wishes communicated to that lady. Isabel promptly despatched a messenger for Henry, who was soon at the bedside of his suffering friend. In his arms she reclined, on his bosom her head found a resting place; and as he bent over her,

she feebly pressed her cold lips to his, and whispering, "I now return the happy kiss you once gave me,"—she expired!

Her little property was left to the youngest child of Henry and his wife; and on an examination of her papers, it appeared, that she was the unknown friend, who had so promptly and so generously stepped in to the aid of Mr. Warburton. She had sold her annuity for a certain sum, of which she sent two-thirds to her friend, and appropriated the other third to charitable purposes. Her own support was derived from her needle; and she lived in the most frugal manner, in order not to encroach upon the fund set apart for benevolence.

Many a time have I accompanied Henry and his wife to Caroline's grave; and many a tear have I shed to the memory of this amiable girl, whose heart was a treasure which any man ought have been proud to have obtained.

W. C. S.

York.

FOOLS.

ONE would imagine that there were fools enough in the world without creating an order, or entertaining a privileged class of these beings. Yet kings have kept them in their courts, and they have strutted and danced their hour in pageants and ceremonies. This "sorrowful spectacle," which, as a French author justly observes, "degrades the human character," while it implies a want of better and more rational amusement, was witnessed even in the splendid and enlightened reign of Louis XIV. The court fool of that day was called L'Angeli; he had belonged to the Prince of Condé, and it was observed, that of all the fools who followed that great man, (in his actions in the Fronde, I suppose, and his subsequent unfavourable relations with the court.)—L'Angeli was the only one that was enriched or benefited by his adherence to his master. This buffoon on being asked, why he did not go to church, replied, that he did not chuse to go, because he did not like *ranting*, and he did not understand *reasoning*.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

BY MR. GENT.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turn'd with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled,
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower

THE SNOW STORM.

" 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life ;
A tale of silent sufferings."

WORDSWORTH.

THE snow had fallen rapidly the whole morning, and it was now forming small, mishapen heaps on the surface of an extensive common in an unfrequented part of Cumberland. There was not a single tree on this broad, level plain to intercept the view; and one small ruinous cottage at the further end, from which a pale column of smoke arose, alone gave indication of the existence of human beings. There could not, perhaps, be a more complete picture of misery imagined than this hovel exhibited. A small spot of ground before it had been enclosed from the down, surrounded by decayed moss-grown palings, and cultivated as a garden. It consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, separated by a rough partition of unpainted boards, which shook and rattled as the wind swept through the broken panes of the window. But even amid all this desolation a scrupulous neatness pervaded the hovel. The rude pavement of the kitchen was perfectly clean, and the embers on the hearth were gathered together in a small compass, and emitted a faint, sickly light, scarcely sufficient to be termed a blaze. A large table, with a few chairs, and two long shelves, completed the furniture of the room, which a tall, slender, girl had just arranged after the morning's meal had been dispatched.

Richard Morris, with his wife and two children had long resided in this cheerless spot, earning a scanty subsistence by following the trade of a carrier and errand man to the neighbouring town. Nearly two months a lingering illness had prevented his following his daily avocation, and, but for the unremitting industry of his daughter Agnes, want and starvation must have ensued. Although timid to a degree not usual to one of her station, she proceeded regularly to the appointed place; calling at various farm-houses and hamlets in her road.

"Ye cannot, surely, go this morning," said the old man, rising slowly from his seat, and walking towards the window; the roads will be impassable long before evening, if the snow continues to fall. Harken to me for once, Agnes; I cannot allow you to risk the peril of a storm at night, my child," he added, as she continued to make preparations for her journey.

"But it is needful for me to go, father," she replied; our scanty stock of provision is almost expended, and many days may elapse ere the path through the valley can be traversed;" and she drew forth the paniers which the old horse bore when the load threatened to be heavy.

In a few minutes her young brother appeared before the cottage, leading the sorry beast, which, white from age, was not distinguishable at a distance, from the snowy ground it stood on. The weather had now become calmer, and the large, heavy flakes had decreased in size. The dark clouds had dispersed, and, at times, a few faint sun-beams looked

forth, seemingly in mockery of the chilly scene beneath them. After tenderly embracing her parents, and affectionately kissing the delicate looking boy who held the rein, Agnes departed, taking an easterly direction across the plain. Alighting at the extremity of the heath, she proceeded to descend the long winding road which led to the valley beneath. The snow had now entirely ceased to fall, and Agnes, with elated hope redoubled her speed, as the blasts of wind which had drifted the snow in huge billows beside the road, subsided.

Afar down the vale rose the smoke from a little hamlet, where many kind neighbours resided, and to whom she was indebted for various friendly acts received in her daily visits at their cottages. A smile of welcome lighted the young girl's countenance as she advanced, and fastening her horse at the little gate, she entered the first house in the narrow street.

"Gude sake!" exclaimed the mistress of it, "Agnes, Morris, child! what do ye sae far from your ain hame in such inclement weather as this?" Agnes speedily told the purport of her errand, and requested to know her neighbour's commands. "But ye will not think of proceeding;" was the reply; "I, who have lived longer in the world than ye have, bairn, tell ye that it is impossible for one so young to cross the mountain. So abide with me for an hour or two, and then ye shall return to your ain cottage."

Agnes shook her head as she declined the invitation; "We cannot starve," she said, "and we have but half a loaf at home, so tell me quickly what ye want at F. and I will bring it to ye long before the sun sets."

"Agnes Morris!" replied her friend, almost angry at her determination; "what is it ails thee? I never saw thee so obstinate before. An ye will go onwards; I'll ask my mither what she thinks of it;" and she pointed to an old female who sat in the chimney corner apparently bereft of all her faculties—"Mither! mither!" she shouted, "Agnes Morriss here, wants to know if ye ken if the town-path is safe to traverse?"

"Hey, dear!" was the answer; "what was ye saying? What ken I of towns and cities, but that destruction falls on those who seek them,—that is all I ken."

"But the path, mither!" again screamed the dame; "cannot ye tell her if the path, all hidden by the snow is safe to travel on; that's what we want to know, mither!"

"Agnes Morris," said the old woman; "draw near to me. I am now become so aged that I can scarce discern the face of the earth—and yet do I know what changes pass over it. They tell me that the snow has fallen heavily, and I knew long since that it was to be so; I know too that this calm is but the forerunner of a tempest, for the sounds of sorrow and distress have all night sounded in mine ears. But go, maiden, even on the mountain, with the whirlwind rushing round thee, ye shall be safe if it is His pleasure to protect you. Ye shall not surely perish, unless it be His will that your pilgrimage of life be ended. The blessings of an old woman be with you, child."—She laid her hand solemnly on the uncovered head of Agnes, and sunk again into silence.

Agnes trembled as she retreated, for the blessing she had received was uttered by one who was believed by all the cottagers to be possessed of second-sight. She knew not but that the sounds of wailing might be hers; and she looked almost fearfully at the narrow path that wound so far above her.

It was nearly an hour before she crossed the mountain, so slippery was the ascent, which was usually surmounted in half that time. The road had never looked so dreary; nor had she ever felt such melancholy forebodings before. She thought of her own youth—of her delicate constitution, and the dangerous tract she had again to traverse in the evening;—and she wept bitterly at her own helplessness should any trivial accident befall her.

“But why should I mourn?” she exclaimed half aloud; “does not He who makes the earth his footstool watch over me? Is not His protection sure, even to the meanest of his flock?” add many consoling words of Scripture, which from childhood had been familiar to her, recurred to her remembrance, and tended to restore the composure of her mind.

Noon had almost arrived ere she entered the town; and she knew that some hours must elapse before she could gain it; for each cottager she had seen on the road needed something, and however trifling, their requests must be attended to. The market had long since been over; and the wide, open space it was held on, presented a miserable aspect to poor Agnes, who, both cold and weary, turned from it to the public streets.

These usually thronged avenues were now deserted, save when a few busy figures would pass from shop to shop, apparently occupied like herself in procuring provisions for the poor country people. The streets were covered, except on some detached spots, with a thin layer of snow; but, unlike that on the adjacent hills, soiled and discoloured by the footsteps of those persons who had now sought the shelter of their own homes.

Agnes hurried with as much speed as her strength would allow from house to house, until the large basket she carried was entirely filled; when she returned to the little inn, where her horse rested, to deposit her burthen, and again proceeded to execute her commissions.

The town-clock had struck three before she quitted the place; and her heavily-laden beast unable to move quickly, advanced with a slow and cautious pace, which Agnes, who felt pity and compassion for it, forbore to quicken.

The setting sun soon informed her of the passing hours, and she had but accomplished three miles of her journey;—as many more yet remained over hill and dale, and through the deepest woods in the whole country. Agnes looked anxiously upwards, as she paused on one of the highest points of land, to behold, if she might still hope for a continuance of calm weather; but huge masses of dark clouds were rapidly covering the sky, and the increasing cold, together with a few flakes of snow which had fallen on her cloak, told of the predicted tempest, which she had so dreaded. Horror and dismay again took possession of her heart, for the rapidly decreasing twilight, and the

swift descent of the feathery element around her, rendered the winding road, which diverged at every turn, almost imperceptible. Her eyes ached, and her head felt giddy as she looked around; and quickening her pace, she followed closely the steps of the horse, to whom the path was perfectly familiar. But a strange feeling now oppressed her. It was not from cold she suffered, for to that she had become inured. Nor was it pain;—but an overpowering desire to sleep,—a longing for slumber, which insiduously possessed her—all she had heard of the drowsiness preceding death recurred to her remembrance, though without its accustomed attention. A stupor had chained her reason, and her limbs became almost useless. She staggered, rather than walked forward; and losing all recollection of the tract before her, turned into a steep, and almost precipitous path, which led to a small lake in the bosom of the glen beneath. The wind now blew violently; and small detached branches, heavy with snow, fell around the unhappy girl as she still advanced. Portions of the white covering on the banks above her, were at times forced from the ground; and gathering size from their descent, like the stupendous avalanches of Switzerland, would bound before her, and penetrating the thin crust of ice on the water, sink into the lake.

Half way down the path, the trunk of a tree had been cast across a noisy brook, which issued from a low arch of rocks high on the side of the hill, amidst a thicket of oak trees. The water was not deep; but it had a fearful appearance, as the foam fell on the rough bridge. At this new difficulty Agnes paused, but in another instant she had crossed it, and fallen, as if struck by some unseen weapon on the opposite bank. It seemed that her mind was suddenly restored to its usual clearness; and that her faculties were as vigorous as they were wont to be in the hours of health and sun-shine. “God be praised for my deliverance,” she exclaimed; and she shuddered as she looked at the wide and frowning chasm the stream had worn in the bank beneath.

Agnes was now awakened to the sense of her situation. She gazed around, and shouted loudly for help; but though her voice was that of fear, the sound of the tempest was far stronger, and drowned in its violence her hurried accents.

“Alas! there is no help for the wretched;” she said bitterly:—“no human help;” she added, as she thought of Him whose aid was promised to the needy and afflicted. And Agnes prayed with a fervour, which is often only felt when danger is near, for peace of mind, and composure, and forgiveness for her manifold past offences. She knew that the assistance of man would not now avail her, for she knew that she was dying; and the resignation which the Holy Spirit had infused in her soul, rendered her last moments calm and peaceful. She looked towards the West for the last trace of that sun she should once more behold, and even amid the darkness of the tempest, a faint crimson light suffused her features, and lingered upon her countenance, even when death had stilled it.

The long and tedious morning had been spent by her parents with that impatience for the return of Agnes, which, the absence of one so fondly regarded as she was, naturally occasioned. The hours seemed

to recede with an unwonted slowness; and the evening appeared as if it would never arrive. The old woman occupied herself in spinning, and her son in carving some rude figures to sell at a neighbouring fair; whilst her husband, when his wife paused to rest, read some passages from Holy Writ: which had throughout their lives alone restrained their murmurs at their forlorn state. When it became too dark to guide the wheel, and the letters in the Bible were dimly seen, the boy, by his mother's wish, refrained from his employment, and casting more wood upon the red embers, fanned them into a high flame, to shew his sister the situation of the hut.

The old couple did not talk, for their hearts were oppressed with care and anxiety. Their absent daughter engrossed all their attention; and their son's questions were so often unregarded, that he became also silent, and soon dropped asleep in his chair. Richard Morris rose many times, and opened the cottage door in the vague expectation of her return; but disappointment would as often ensue; and sighing deeply, he would return again, and leaning his head on his hands, wonder at her protracted stay.

Agnes had from her earliest youth never failed in the performance of the slightest promise;—she had said she would return at the close of the day, and the implicit confidence her parents placed on her assertion, rendered them every moment more and more anxious. As the night advanced the tempest increased, until the foundation of the cottage evidently shook; and the sounds of the hurricane without were awfully contrasted with the silence within. The sorrowful parents gazed at each other, vainly hoping to read some consolation in the countenance that met their eyes. But wretchedness—deep, heartfelt wretchedness, was alone depicted thereon, and their looks were again averted.

Yielding to the combined influence of sleep and weakness, Richard sunk back in his seat, and became insensible to realities; though his dreams evidently partook of the inquietude of his heart. Once or twice the little wicket was opened and closed again by the wind; and the watchful mother would then start and lean forward, to listen if it announced the approach of her daughter. At last a well-known sound fell upon her ears;—the neighing of a horse came towards them on the prowling night-air; and with a scream of joy the wife rushed to the door. “Richard, our child is come;” she cried in a voice of ecstasy which aroused the sleepers; “Agnes has returned to us. The Almighty has decreed that we shall not lose our first-born;” and assisted by her husband, she unclosed the rude portal, and looked out on the snow-clad moor;—the boy holding a lighted brand, which he had hastily snatched from the hearth.

At their well-remembered voices the sagacious beast again neighed loudly; and the little party moved onwards. But at the first sight of the riderless horse, the wretched mother fell to the ground in violent convulsions. Richard Morris advanced hastily, and snatching the torch from his son, raised it high above him; and when he saw the bridle hanging loosely, and the white coating on the saddle, he felt assured that Agnes no longer existed.

At the dawn of day the boy was dispatched to the neighbouring ham-

let, to procure the assistance of the peasants in searching for the body of his sister. No traces of the storm remained upon the earth, save the deep snow which, as far as the eye could reach, covered it. The desired aid was instantly given. Agnes Morris had been held up as a pattern of youthful industry and filial duty by the mothers to their daughters, and many of them accompanied their husbands and brothers to the mountainous path she had so lately traversed.

They had wandered many hours, when a faint tract of footsteps was seen leading to the lake; and on a rocky ledge, over-hanging the water, the unfortunate girl was discovered. One arm supported her head, and the other held in a firm grasp the coarse cloak that was folded around her: the snow had fallen so slightly upon her, that it did not conceal her slight and delicate form, or hide the tranquil features which death could not despoil: she looked more like a beautiful reclining statue than a lifeless human body; and the group of spectators around her were rendered mute by sorrow.

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Many years had passed by since that lovely cottage had been despoiled of its brightest ornament, and it was now the loveliest part of the summer. On the banks of that mountain lake stood a young stranger, who had come from a distant part of England to visit the scenery of the North. He had wandered far that morning, and now leant against a massy rock, seemingly fatigued with his ramble; his fishing-rod lay before him, and his wide-brimmed straw hat threw a dark shadow on his otherwise white forehead: a youthful peasant stood near him, who acted as his guide; and he also gazed on the beautiful scene before him, but with very different feelings. One had dark harsh eyes and hair of a corresponding colour; the other's were of a pale hue, and his whole countenance had a shade of melancholy: the former was descended from an ancient family, and had noble blood in his veins; the other had nothing to recommend him but his honesty.

The stranger bent forward for a moment as a rude stone cross met his wandering gaze: it stood far beneath him on a projecting craig, and appeared of recent erection, not being yet covered with moss and lichens, which were thickly spread over the adjacent rocks. To an enquiry of its meaning, the boy related the melancholy story of the death of Agnes Morris; and added that he had thus marked the spot she was found on. The stranger looked steadfastly at the youth; "You could not have been her lover," he said, "for then you must have been too young." The boy cast a glance of disdain on him: "Does he think the affection of a lover——," he thought; but he checked himself, and while a tear dimmed his eye, said calmly, "Agnes Morris was my sister."

MARIA DERVILLE.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE MICHAEL WALSH ESQ.

“ And lovelier things have mercy shown,
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON.

It was a lovely summer's day, some years ago, when I walked along that line of shore which bounds Ireland to the East. Scarce a breath wandered over the unruffled expanse that lay before me—no ripple arose on its surface, and the becalmed vessels here and there lay scattered on its bosom, vainly expectant of the breeze that came not to waft them along. Now and then a boat would dash by echoing the merry sounds of a festive company, or the rude songs of the boatmen beguiling the heavy labours of the oar. I stopped to gaze upon the waters which looked so fair and inviting:—Again I moved on, and a few paces brought me into a sweet little enclosure. In the midst was a cottage, or rather the remains of one. In front there arose a pretty green mound, which sloped away with an easy descent to the brink of the water. On a seat near the door of the humble edifice sat an aged female. She looked forward on the placid deep, but apparently absorbed in thought, or memory. When she perceived me, she gazed with fixed steadfastness of look and rolled a scrutinizing eye upon me, and hurriedly cried out—“ O God! he is the likeness of poor Mr. Derville,”—and a torrent of tears gushed out. There was, besides the melancholy cast of age, the evident imprint of some weighty sorrow in her looks.

For sorrow is sad and pitiable in youth, but a lone female,—aged,—’reft of every bliss that life affords—the withered emaciated survivor of all that was dear to her—cast out on raggedness and penury, to heave a lonely sigh over the bright hours that once *were*, but *are* no more, is of all others the object of the tenderest sympathy to me.

Some time had elapsed before she had recovered herself from this sudden burst; and when she did, I need scarcely say, I pressed her to acquaint me with the circumstances that occasioned her to grieve so immoderately at my appearance, and the story that follows is in substance what she communicated.

Mr. Derville sued for, (and succeeded in his suit) the hand of an amiable and engaging girl whose nurse she had been. The ruinous little cottage—not then ruinous—was the spot they had chosen to reside in—and never was greater happiness on earth than the youthful pair shared between them. One, two and three years rolled by in a bewitching variety of delight, only interrupted by his occasional absences from home—for his pursuits being connected with mercantile affairs, he was frequently obliged to exchange the cottage home for a temporary but more boisterous one on the waves. The interval Mrs. D. spent with her friends in the neighbouring town, which was about six miles distant from their rural habitation.

Once he had taken his farewell of her for the period of a voyage which was to be more tedious than ordinary, and departed with the misgivings of a desponding heart: however, he comforted himself with the resolution he had adopted of never again encountering the perils of the sea. His wife also gave way to melancholy bodings, and breathed a fear that it would prove their last parting. "And if it does," said he, "'twill be fatal to both of us,—the grave will close over us together—never will heaven be so unkind as to tear us from each other—Oh, farewell! and may Providence guard you through your dangers."—He attempted no reply—his heart was full—he turned away abruptly, and in a few moments the vessel was gallantly riding from the shore with outspread sails. His wife staid with throbbing heart and burning brow, looking upon that bark which was conveying from her all that was dear to her in life. Many a wish she sent up for his safety, but the vessel careered away,—the night dews fell, and she returned with slow and pensive step.

The dreary time of a month had gone by since his departure—it seemed to her a year. The intense anxiety of her mind preyed vitally on her spirits. She felt sick; a physician, who was immediately sent for, pronounced the ominous word—a fever.—Alas! it proved fatal. It was but ten days since the commencement of her illness when she felt that the grave awaited her—she prayed for her child and her husband, and the last accents that quivered on her pale lips syllabled her Henry's name.

How strange and waywardly does fate ordain the events of life! Henry was at that moment landed on the shore hastening to receive the greetings of a welcome home,—his heart bounded with delight—his friends met him at the threshold and attempted to prevent his entrance to the scene of death, but impatient of restraint he sprang forward to the chamber.

Oh! the ardent and impetuous husband—lover—what was he now? Cold and motionless as the ground to which he was fixed did he stand. Every thought of anticipation or hope was crushed within him, he gazed, but he knew not at what he gazed, he saw, indeed, as he

Bent him o'er the dead,
The corse of her he loved, and gazed upon
The first, last looks by death revealed.

His pulse was throbbless—he looked a long, vacant and insensible look—his almost smothered heart was all but stifled within him—but at length a long and heavy groan gave a momentary vent to his anguish, and he clasped the cold hand of his wife, and viewed her pale cheek,—how lovely even in death!—and looked upon his youthful daughter in distraction and maniacal sadness—and again at the lifeless form of his wife, and tearfully at his child. At length he raised his hands, and turning his eyes up to heaven, as in supplication, uttered another heavy groan and imprinting a long, long kiss upon the vermilled lips of his orphaned child, burst wildly from the heart-rending scene. His steps were followed, but in vain—he was never seen more. He recommitted himself to the perils of the deep in that hour of madness and despair, and he perished in a tem-

pest—his bones were inurned in the Great Ocean—the waters sung their lullaby over his remains, and a solitary survivor communicated the tidings of his hapless destiny to his friends.

Fair was the monument they gave his bride.

The poor orphan, now thrown on the bounty of her relatives, was named Maria. She could scarcely feel her orphanage, for, as a distinguished writer has almost poetically said, "The Irish are a people of quick and exquisite sensibilities." She grew up in loveliness and beauty, yet there was a fixed and placid air of melancholy in her looks and on her countenance, and she was always distinguished from her youthful acquaintance by her mournful and dejected manners. She did not frequently partake of their amusements, and when she did, her gaiety was less lively, and her mirth less free than theirs. There was that about her which pointed at the frightful ravages sorrow is capable of making even in the young, and which while they check the boisterous sallies of mirth or humour, impart a lovelier charm and sweeter serenity to the mind. There are few who are more susceptible of the softer passions than are those who have resigned their heart to the control of melancholy and grief—those are incapable of receiving or retaining lasting impressions? whose light heart have basked in one unclouded sunshine of mirth; their affections are hasty in their course, and as quick in their flight, but a soul which has always fed on sorrow, once captured, remains the property of the conqueror for ever. The heart is mellowed into tenderness by sorrows touch; a cloud may rest upon it as on the bright surface of a mirror, but the brightness is untouched; the sweet ray of sensibility that beams through, yields a more fascinating grace than all the garrishness of liveliness of temper, or frivolity of manners which give buoyancy to the spirits of the gay.

A young gentleman, whose father had been of her father's acquaintance, admired Maria Derville. He possessed in an eminent degree the attractions of a handsome exterior, and was not quite deficient in the refinements and acquirements of a cultivated mind—but his principles were vitiated and depraved; he was reckless of consequences if he could secure the indulgence of his passions in a triumph over the affections and persons of his victims. The orphan maid was now the object of all his devotion and solicitude. The ties of friendship existing between his family and her friends threw him frequently into her company: and when the thoughts of former days came chill and heavy on her soul—when the loss of the endearing tenderness of parents, now no more—the conviction of her lorn and friendless lot would burst upon her recollection, the tear would fall, the sigh would speak the emotions of her heart, *he* would strive to soothe her sadness, or, if the current of her feelings was too strong, if her heart-pang was too great would mingle his tears with hers, and share in the bitterness of her affliction. By these insidious arts he had insensibly but surely gained her affections and won the citadel of her heart.

One evening they sat together at a window, looking upon the sea, and admiring the splendour and majesty of the scene. The sun was just on

the verge of the sky, the waves felt his retiring majesty and glowed like gold before his presence—the evening was treading on the steps of day—the air was breezeless, and there was a magic and spell in the silence, and calm, and serenity of the hour which harmonized and soothed as it stole upon the soul! Let those whose hearts are light, whose hopes are high, enjoy such loveliness and bask in such delight, but at that moment a myriad of thoughts crowded on the maiden's memory. The most remote epoch of her recollection was such an eve as that. A dozen years had rolled away since; on such a sunlit ocean her father's returning bark bounded along. Yet green in her memory remained this remembrance. She again beheld the tear of joy that trembled on the eye-lid of her mother, she saw again, and almost felt her father's embrace—sitting on his knee, and tenderly kissed by him—the endearing words—the thrilling looks of parental affection,—these were her's again: memory shewed them in her magic mirror. Since that time what changes had occurred—one parent mouldering in a silent grave, the other buried in the caverns of the deep.—The thought was overpowering:—her spirits fell—her heart gave way, and she sunk back in faintness. The assiduities of her alarmed friends soon restored her to sense, and in these kind attentions none was more busy than Richard Mornington. He evinced the utmost inquietude during her illness. Her first look was directed to him—it was a glance of such tenderness as should have amply requited his feelings.

Another heart than his was bound to Maria. Edward Ravensworth loved, but was not beloved by Maria Derville—her very thoughts was Mornington's. The superior wealth, and well acted manners of the latter gave no hopes to Ravensworth. He made no avowal of his feelings to the maid, and contented his heart with passive indulgence in despair. He loved to madness: to subdue that love was difficult. It rose like a forked viper in his breast to blast its peace for ever, yet did he indulge it. It is a wretched thing when the feelings of a lofty soul are bowed in devotion at the shrine of beauty! if the storm comes on, and the light of hope vanishes, and the soul remains a blighted and a blasted ruin. It was thus with Edward; but though his prospects were beyond the possibility of brightening, yet the image of Maria never left him; and though he did not expect a smile to cheer him, he cherished her every word as do devotees the relics of the saints whose names they love, and whose life they venerated.

Ravensworth frequently saw Maria Derville and Richard Mornington walking along the sea shore at evening, and then he turned his footsteps from their path; or if they met, the colour mantled high on his cheeks, while a demon-like frown would darken the brow of his rival as if he wished to wither him with a glance. But beyond the blush which a sudden view of the object for whom his health was daily decaying, as the mind has powerful influence on the body called forth he gave no other indication of his mental disease. He calmly looked beyond the present, and yet there was no resting place for his thoughts in his dreams of the future, except that corroding melancholy repose which apathy can furnish.

Time rolled on, and many were the comments on the evening walks of the two lovers. Scandal has a hundred tongues, yet it did not breathe a

hint of the views and plans of Mornington. They were black and devilish. Ravensworth's passion made him alive to every design of his rival—he knew his black and hellish heart. He resolved to put the intended victim on her guard. He despatched a letter to Maria, mentioning that he had some secrets of vital import to her peace to reveal, and requesting an interview in a bower that looked towards the sea. Anxious to learn what could Ravensworth communicate, Maria met him. When he saw the idol for whom his heart burned with an eternal flame,—when he reflected that this was the last hour he should view her again (having resolved to spend the remainder of his days in another and a distant land)—and when he thought on the treachery that was plotting her ruin, his heart throbbed within him. In a faltering voice he said, “Maria, yield not to the blandishments of your professed lover, he seeks your ruin. You have no father to protect, no mother to counsel you, but as true a heart as ever beat in the breast of the fondest of fathers, throbs in mine. Oh it would agonize it to madness, if the child of my father's friend—the maiden of my own—but no! I must not say it—to see one so fair and lovely, so innocent, plucked down by the hand of a villain into sorrow and shame—but remember my caution, and forget not him who now wishes you a lasting farewell.”

Maria trembled—she strove to detain him longer—but fruitlessly, he tore himself madly away and was never seen there afterwards. She retired with a heavy heart. But what avails it to trace her story step by step to the consummation of her ruin! Is it not enough to say that the too confiding Maria fell a victim to the artifices of a ruffian,—and shame and wretchedness became her portion afterwards.

There is no species of misery so unpitied as that which arises from the loss of virtue. Where shall the maid of blighted honour hide her head of shame from the world's scorn and mockery? Where find the soothing accents of pity or consolation? Alas! no where—for

Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

Maria was cast out from the home of those relations who a little before were delighted and charmed with her.—Where could she turn?—The world was closed against her—there was no one to afford the shelter of a roof. This was the most exquisite portion of her sufferings. Her nurse still alive and inhabited the cottage of her father. In the cold of a winter night she walked, or rather tottered to the well known habitation. It was near morning before she reached it, drenched with wet, and shivering with cold. The old nurse only was there; she could scarcely believe her vision, that her master's child was there—so altered—so sadly altered since she last saw her. She lighted a fire, and placed Maria Derville on a rude seat of wrought rushes near it. She enquired as to her situation, but her guest was too weak to answer, and there was a wildness in her eye, and a tremour in her voice when she did speak. Many thoughts coursed then her brain. She was sitting under the roof of her parents. From the window she had viewed the white sailed vessels riding on the deep,—there did her father sit with her on his knee. On the little hillock in the garden were the crumbs laid for the birds in winter—all,

all were then the monuments of other days. The father—where was he!—he who would, if not forgive, at least pity his child. The mother whose breast had afforded a life stream of nourishment to her infancy—and herself—O God! where, what was she!—the once pure and blooming maiden was now a wreck over which even guilt might weep. A faded ruin, scarcely conscious of living in this world, and tottering on the brink of another—she was withering away—a faded flower to her grave. At times, when the acuteness of her sorrow gave way to a brief forgetfulness, she would sit for hours in fixed abstraction, as if the spirit had fled from her,—woe-worn fame! as if fate had written death on her brow; but when her thoughts rushed back like the fitful intervals of a storm, they expelled the fallacious calm that reposed on her mind and tore her anew with agony and torture.

When a short time of indescribable wretchedness had thus elapsed, she feebly called the old nurse to her one day, and clasped the hands of her aged friend. She would have spoken, but her voice was gone,—her half extinguished glances looked a sad, but mute farewell—the spirit gleamed in the human socket—it paused—brightened up once more and in that blaze expired.

Touched with sorrow at this melancholy tale I slowly retired, leaving to the nurse a slight present, more suited to my feelings than my circumstances.

TO HOPE,

There is in life a pleasing ray,
That shines beyond deep sorrow's scope :
That chases evil thoughts away
And bears us up—'tis pleasing hope !

Yes, hope it is that cheers the heart,
That yields a soft relief of mind :
That wipes the tears that wildly start,
And leaves the past despair behind.

When from our friends we're doomed to part,
And fonder feelings wildly droop :
What raises up the sinking heart,
But the sweet lucent ray of hope?—WILLIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

She that was once so fair
And soft as summer air,
Is sleeping in death beneath yon mound ;
The yew and the willow,
Wave over her pillow
And the wild flowers bloom all around.

In the spring of her life
E'er the envious strife
Of the world had planted its sorrow ;
She was called to the tomb,
In the pride of her bloom,
To live in eternity's morrow!—WILLIAM.

SOUTHEND.

(With a Plate.)

SOUTHEND is a convenient watering place, and has become of late a place of much fashionable resort, during the sea-bathing months; its retired and delightful situation particularly attracts visitors.

Southend first attracted notice as a watering place about thirty years ago. It is eligibly situated on the slope of a well-wooded, and a well cultivated hill, only forty-two miles from London, and three from Rochford, and lies at the mouth of the Thames, nearly opposite to Sheerness. The upper road passes through Romford, Billericay, and Rayleigh; the lower, which is at once shorter and more beautiful, by Barking, Rainham, and Stamford-le-hope.

The soil is sandy, and the shore flat, and so shallow, that at low water a stranger would suppose that the sea had totally abandoned the place; but at full tide the view is admirable. The air is esteemed very dry and salubrious, and the water, notwithstanding its mixture with the Thames, is clear, and sufficiently salt. Besides the machines, which are neat and commodious, here are two warm baths.

The TERRACE, which is commonly called New Southend, being built on a considerable eminence, gives the whole range an elegant appearance, especially from the Thames. The houses run in a long continuous line, and are handsomely finished with pilasters and cornices of stone. They command a delightful and extensive view of the sea, the Nore, the Medway, Sheerness, and of the shipping bound to and returning from the emporium of the world.

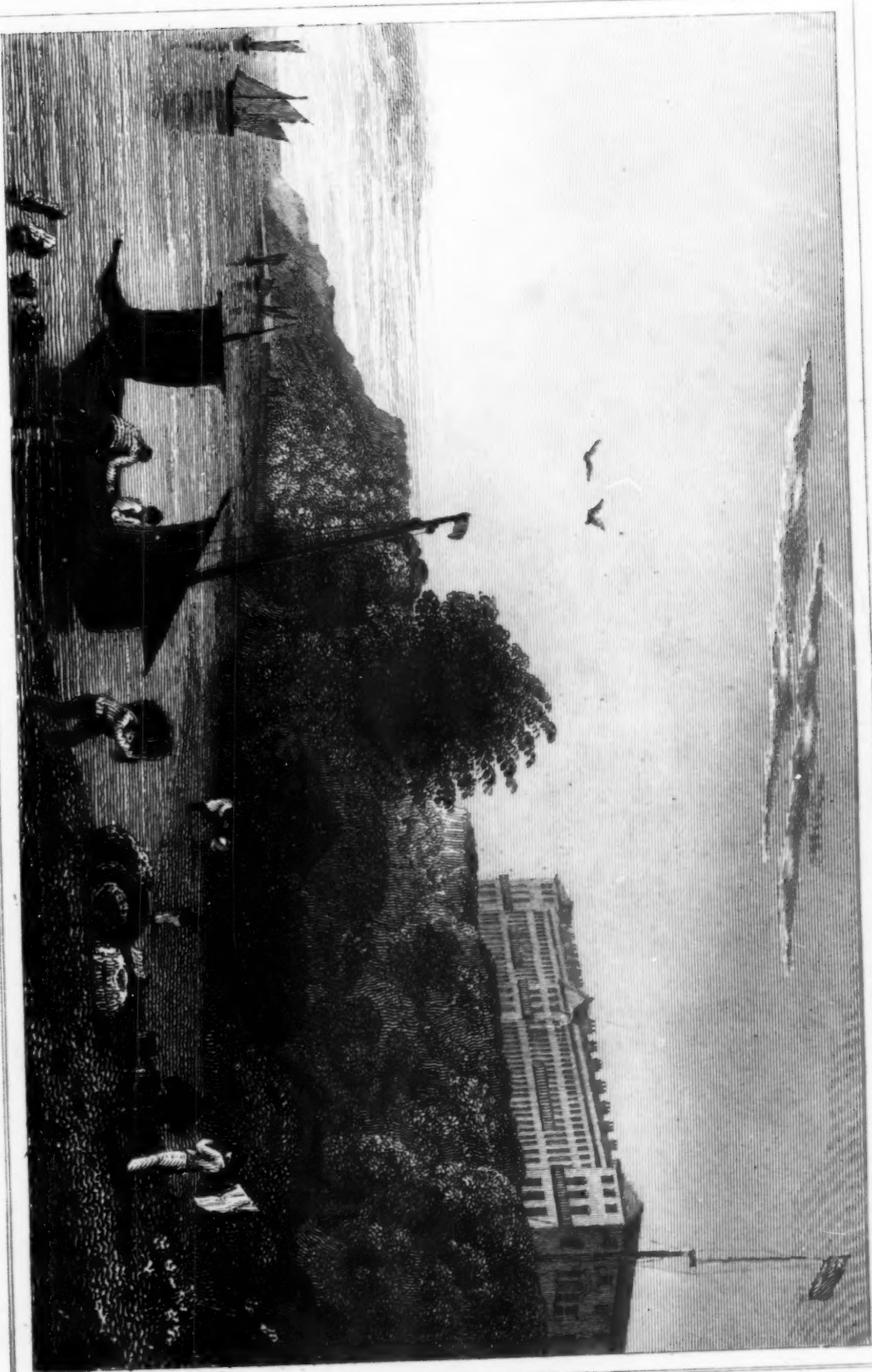
New Southend remained nearly stationary for a considerable time, owing to the failure of the first proprietors of the Terrace, and adjacent buildings. In the year 1800, however, the property being sold by auction, passed into the hands of James Heygate and John Thomas Hope, Esquires. In addition to these gentlemen, the late Sir Thomas Wilson, Lady Langham, and other families, possess houses on the Terrace, and reside at this village a considerable part of the year.

The assembly-room is handsomely finished, but is not regularly filled at any stated periods. Sometimes, however, the company is pretty numerous, and they are mostly of the superior ranks of society; the lower orders of the community not having as yet intruded themselves into Southend, as into many other places of this description.

A Theatre was erected here in 1804. It is well attended, the dramatic amusements being conducted in a respectable and satisfactory manner.

The Library is an elegant building, somewhat in the Gothic style, and is beautifully situated on the brow of the hill, between what is called the Old and New Town. There are taken in the London and provincial newspapers; the Monthly Magazine, Literary Magnet, the Reviews, and other periodical journals.

The Hotel, which is situated at the eastern extremity of the Terrace, is extremely spacious and convenient, being provided with an elegant assembly room, and coffee room, in which latter are the London papers; the windows of the sitting room command a beautiful view of the sea, of



VIEW OF SOUTHEND AND TERRACE.

LONDON: WILLIAM CHURCHILL, WRIGHT OF DORCHESTER ROW.

the shipping sailing up and down the Thames, of Sheerness, the Nore, the Isle of Sheppy, Margate, &c.

The Ship Tavern affords adequate accommodations; having been lately improved by the addition of warm and cold baths. The Hope Tavern is also very respectable.

There is a chapel for the use of dissenters, at this place.

The country round Southend is rich and populous, and agriculture is carried on with assiduity and success. The white fronted dwellings of the yeomanry and peasants, add considerably to the picturesque effect of the landscape. There is, in short, every appearance of comfort and content, even among the lowest classes, which cannot but afford a sweet sensation to every benevolent mind, so apt to be pained by sights of misery at places of fashionable resort.

Daily coaches set out for Southend from the Bull and the Blue Boar, Aldgate; and also a steam packet, which leaves the Tower stairs every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Not far from Southend a stone is placed to mark the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London.

MONODY.

By SHELTON MACKENZIE, *Author of the "Airs of Palestine."*

WEEP not for her! she hath flown to the skies
 In the noon of her beauty, for years and her worth,
 As the dews of the morning to Heaven arise,
 All glowing with splendour,—too lovely for earth,—
 Oh, the hearts that bewail her should joy for her now,
 When her spirit its dwelling of clay hath laid down,
 And the "beauty of holiness," sits on her brow,
 As hallow'd and bright as Beatitude's crown.

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—she hath pass'd as the breeze
 Bringing freshness and balm over Araby's sea,
 That, fraught with perfume from the rich incense trees,
 Hath in it the breath of eternity.
 Oh, her heart was so kind, and her mind was so good,
 That she seem'd as a seraph sent down from above,
 To give light to the void of our dim solitude,
 And waken our souls into worship and love.

Weep not for her!

TO BEATRICE.

BY P. I. MEAGHER, *AUTHOR OF "ZEDECHIAS."*

THE moon upon its own blue sea
 Smiling—alone—all beauteously,—
 When waves do sleep—and dimples play—
 Is like thy smile, sweet love, to me.

The soul of melody that floats,
 At midnight from some wild guitar—
 Is extacy!—but thy soft notes
 To me, my love, are sweeter far.

A summer sunrise o'er Cashmere,
 In its own brightest—bluest sky—
 Is heav'n! but to me more dear
 The beaming of thy love-lit eye!

THE MANIAC.

(From a Volume of Unpublished Poems.)

SHE is pale as the cold waning moon's cheerless rays,
 That fall on the dark silent wave ;
 Her eyes they are fix'd in a wild vacant gaze ;
 And heedless and lone o'er the bleak heath she strays,
 Tho' round her the winds loudly rave.

Her hair is dishevell'd, and o'er her neck flows,
 The sport of the pitiless storm ;
 And bare is that bosom where secretly grows
 Despair, like a worm in the bud of the rose,
 And feeds on her fast fading form.

Yet 'tis only a few by-past months since the time
 When peerless in beauty she shone ;
 When, blooming and gay as the year's lovely prime,
 Arrayed in its blossoms and odours sublime,
 She sportively tript o'er the lawn.

On her cheeks was the blush of the rose-bud pourtrayed,
 When it glist with the earliest dew ;
 Her lips the bright red of the ruby displayed ;
 And her bright auburn locks o'er her sparkling eyes strayed,
 Like the fresh opening violet blue.

As the birds that awoke her each morn with their lays,—
 As the lambkins that sport on the lawn,
 She was cheerful and happy :—as calm flowed her days
 As yon pure crystal stream, when the sun's golden rays
 O'er its bosom of brightness are thrown !

She loved, and her love was returned by a youth,
 Whose breast was a stranger to guile ;—
 Ah ! little they dreamt, when they plighted their truth,
 In the hey-day of hope, of the anguish and ruth
 That o'er them impended the while.

For tho' love buds 'mid sunshine, and balm, and delight,
 How seldom the flower is matured !—
 Ere its leaves have unfolded their loveliness bright,
 Toss'd by storms, drench'd in showers, struck with mildew and blight,
 With things that are not 'tis immured !

They had parted one eve as the sun he went down,
 And the skies seemed all brightness above ;
 But the night soon closed in, and the dark angry frown
 Of the fierce coming storm o'er heaven's bosom was thrown,—
 'Gainst each other the elements strove !

By the side of a river the youth had to go,
 Which was swoln by the deluging rain ;
 Unconscious he went, the impetuous flow
 Of its waves bore him down to a whirlpool below,
 Where he sank to rise never again !

When the heart-rending tale to the maiden was told,
 Her eyes became fixed and glazed ;—
 She sank on the ground, senseless, pallid, and cold,
 A moment the flow of life's stream was controlled,—
 'Twas restored, but, alas ! she was crazed.

Like a vision of night, from her mem'ry is fled
 All thoughts of her lover's hard fate ;
 And nightly she wanders, instinctively led,
 His favourite walk's dewy carpet to tread,
 As tho' she his coming did wait :

And anxious she starts at each whisper or sound,
 That breaks through the silence so dumb ;
 And fancies she hears him—then gazes around,
 Still deceived : still she murmurs with sorrow profound,
 " Perchance he to-morrow will come."

Poor mourner ! the same disappointment returns,
 As morrow to morrow succeeds ;
 And hope, like night's treach'rous phantom still burns,
 Still allures—still deceives—as the dark pit inurns
 The wretch whom the meteor's light leads.

W. H.

Crescent, ——— Street.

STANZAS,

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA, AUTHOR OF "RUDEKKE."

TELL me, gentle Zephyr, tell,—
 Roamer of the hill and dell,—
 Tell me if you've met a maid
 Wandering thro' these bowers of shade.

Gentle Zephyr, if you knew
 How I've search'd and search'd them thro',
 You would list a lover's lays,
 And direct where Mary strays :

For upon her cheek you've hung,
 Kiss'd her lips so ripe and young ;
 And, sighing thro' her ringlet rings,
 Brought their balm upon your wings.

Yes, you've met her 'mid the shade,
 Wondering why her love delayed :
 Let her not in sorrow dwell—
 Gentle Zephyr, tell, Oh tell !

LINES.

The bright moon on high is beaming,
 And the stars are twinkling round,
 Their bright rays on all are streaming,
 And the air is void of sound.

All flow'rs are in silence growing,
 Every bird is in its nest,
 The riv'lets are gently flowing,
 And all Nature seems at rest.

T. S.

SUPERSTITIONS PRACTISED IN FRANCE.

IN France, even at the epoch of the Revolution, the festival of St. John (supposed to be the same as celebrated by the eastern nations at the summer solstice, the renewal of their year) was accompanied by great bonfires, among other tokens of joy. Salutes of artillery or musketry, and noisy music of various kinds marked the moment when the first magistrate set fire to the pile. Among the Bosques, (that singular people with the uncouth dialect) the natives of Bigoure, and in that department of the High Pyrenees which is called the *four vallies*, a mysterious tree was carried about, and accompanied by a number of people armed with blazing poles, there called *hailloles*. Fire was at length put to this tree, while all the youth of the place danced around it. But, in addition, almost every where, this festival was defiled with the blood of some victim. At Paris, *cats* were barbarously burned till the commencement of Louis XIV. This cruel custom continued long afterwards in many parts of the kingdom. Even lately, at Metz, they burnt a number of *cats* confined in a cage, which was placed on the top of a pile.

The Greeks sacrificed the *dog* to their god *Penates*, as the animal most distinguished by his attachment and fidelity. Yearly, at Rome, a number of dogs were crucified as a punishment for the negligence of those of their species which had not warned the capitol of the approach of the Gauls. The propitiation of offended deities by the sacrifice of animals was a very prevalent superstition. So lately as 1813, a singular scene was witnessed at *Pere la Chaise*, which might be termed a propitiatory offering to youth, beauty, and innocence. An aged lover shed the blood of a white turtle dove, as an immolation at the tomb of Frances Julia Girardot, who died at Paris, September 16, 1810, at the age of twenty-one. It is understood that this sacrifice has been performed every year since her death. This custom would have pleased Gibbon, as a remnant of the elegant and fanciful mythology of the ancients. But if some appearance of reason may be fancied for these sacrifices, to what can be attributed the immolation of cats, (revered as deities by the ancient Egyptians) unless to some prejudice generally spread against these animals? Perhaps the notion has arisen, that under the conduct of witches, they traversed the air, and assisted at the Sabbath, better called *la casá del diavolo*, where they obtained fresh powers, and renewed instructions, in the art of deceiving the credulous, and tormenting the unwary.

THE SOUL.

COULD man consolidate the power
And all the wealth this world can give,
And add to these the longest hour
Appointed him on earth to live,
What would it profit should he grasp the whole,
And lose for ever his immortal soul?

HAROLDE HAREFOOT.

A Saxon Chant.

QUIT your homes, ye Saxon yeomen,—
 Arm—and march against your foemen ;—
 Bring your banners with their ravins,
 And repel the Danish cravens !
 Hark ? the trumpet sounds before ye—
 Notes of triumph, and of glory !
 Spears are glinting, swords are gleaming,
 Where the rich sunlight is streaming.
 Arm !—and hasten every man ?
 Harolde Harefoot's in the van !

Ye who tenant wild Benzaven,
 Ye, who plough Plinlinmon's haven,
 Ye who hunt in Finnan's valley,
 Round the flag of Harolde rally.
 Gold and silver, do not heed 'em !
 Arm, advance, and fight for freedom !
 Fight for freedom every man,
 With Harolde Harefoot in the van !

Hark ! upon their moorland, cattle,
 Proudly they advance to battle !
 Trump and clarion are sounding,
 Spears are bristling, steeds are bounding !
 Man to man, and foe to foemen,
 Bend your bows, ye Saxon yeomen !
 Foe to foe, and man to man—
 Harolde Harefoot's in the van !

Lo, the gonfalons are flying
 O'er the wounded and the dying ;
 Foot and horseman are contending ;
 Saxon their fell bows are bending !
 Tyrants sink,—they sink for ever !—
 Never will they thrall us—never !
 Hark ! the woods and rocks reply ;
 ' Strive for freedom !—strive or die !'
 Strive for freedom every man,
 With Harolde Harefoot in the van !

From the battle, come our yeomen,
 They have slain their Danish foemen ;
 Laurel-wreaths their standards cover,
 Fame and glory o'er them hover !
 Maidens, hie ye forth to meet them,
 And with songs and dances greet them ;—
 Roses that are bright and sunny,
 Flow'rs, from which the bee sips honey,
 Fling on every staunch yeoman—
 Harolde Harefoot's in the van !

R. A.

Deal.

TRANSLATION.

“ And after the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a *still small voice*.—1 Kings. xix. 12.

SELDOM does it happen that any of the translations of sacred writ are more expressive, or more beautiful than the original. The sublime and unaffected simplicity which characterises the language of the historians, the royal psalmist or the prophets of the house of Israel, while it bespeaks the annunciator, or the relater of heavenly things, appears to be inimitable by human art. A divine of the last century, Dr. Harwood, attempted to give the world, a more elegant version of Scripture, or what he called a Translation of the New Testament into polite English. It is needless to add that this was a complete failure. Occasionally, words, and sometimes sentences, will admit a happier rendering. In the common version of 1 Kings, xix. 12. (where, after many phenomena of the Lord had passed, the voice of Jehovah himself was heard, speaking with gentleness,) a double epithet has been employed of such singular beauty, that it is not to be paralleled I think, by any translation in any language. It far surpasses the original, which literally signifies, *the sound of a gentle air, or slight breeze*, and has been so rendered by the Septuagint, *φωνὴ αὔρας λεπτῆς*. Of the epithet as the warning voice of conscience or the more soothing words of consolation or comfort, the poet Gray has well availed himself in those very beautiful lines

Hark, how the sacred calm which breathes around,
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In *still small* accents, whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

I have alluded in another place, *vide* Magnet, vol. i. p. 99, to the expressive power and beauty of these epithets.

C. W.

A SERENADE.

From the earth to heaven
That's gleaming above,
The silence of nature
Is breathing of love.—
There's death in the valley,—
There's sleep on the hill,—
The bat and the owlet
Are silent and still.

The moon, in mild beauty,
Looks lovely and bright;—
She pours from her bosom,
The charms of the night.—
Around her are sparkling
The torches of love,—
Then awake, my Alcitha!—
And look from above.

T. S.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CRUELTY OF EMPLOYING CLIMBING-BOYS AS CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

Most cordially do we invite attention to the subject of this article, which we have condensed from the Society reports. *Ed.*

Many benevolent individuals, in different parts of the nation, have long viewed with pain the hardships inflicted on that degraded portion of our fellow-creatures—little Chimney-Sweepers; and it is believed, that if the sufferings to which children are necessarily subjected in learning to climb chimneys, were generally known, the compassion of our countrymen would be too strongly excited to allow of their giving countenance any longer to this barbarous practice; more especially now it is proved that all flues may be effectually cleansed by the machine. The following extracts have been made from a work entitled “The Chimney-Sweeper’s Friend, and Climbing-Boy’s Album.”*

“So dreadful, generally speaking, is the state of the poor little British-born children employed by Chimney-Sweepers in climbing and cleansing chimneys, that there is not, in this wide world of misery, one class of human beings whose cry to us ‘to come and help them’ is so constant and so disregarded as that of these little beings; naturally the most lovely, but rendered, by oppression and suffering, the most shockingly disgusting of all others. The initiating of these tender infants in their horrid, difficult, and laborious calling is *invariably* accompanied with more or less of laceration; their backs, their knees, their elbows, their shoulders, and their toes, are always rendered sore; and very often, when in this state of suffering, they are compelled, in the severest weather, to wander, at the most unseasonable hours, through frost and snow, and climb the rough and rugged flues till their wounds frequently ulcerate and become incurable; their eyes are generally rendered inflamed, and their heads swollen; they are often scantily clothed, poorly fed, ill lodged, and exposed to the capricious cruelty of one of the most ignorant and depraved classes of human beings, in this, or perhaps any other civilized kingdom. It is useless to exclaim that there are laws to restrain any improper conduct in the masters. What better are the children for laws which do not, *cannot* protect them: the sufferings of these poor infants are generally too secret to be noticed; too disgusting to be willingly sought for, and are regarded with too much lenity by those who are themselves never likely to be exposed to the same. But these sufferings are not all. The very nature of their employment is such as to be unfit for human beings, at any period of life, to pursue. They are deprived of that natural rest which is so essential to the health and strength of children: they are exposed to the most dreadful and fatal accidents: they are frequently wedged, unable to move, and almost suffocated with soot, in narrow and crooked flues: they are often falling down those which are too wide for them: they have been sent up chimneys while the fire was in the grate, to force their way through the heated soot: they have been scalded by steam arising from water

* Published by Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch Street.

thoughtlessly thrown into the fire below: nay, they have not unfrequently been compelled to ascend and descend chimneys when on fire, sometimes perishing in the attempt: they have been precipitated from the tops of high chimneys in the loosened pots, and dashed upon the pavement below: they have been dug dead out of the sides of chimneys, in which they have been stuck fast, suffocating for hours: they have been extricated from places in which they were fastened, by means of ropes and iron-crows; life itself having been the price of the rude operation. These are not imaginary cases: instances of all of them have been adduced.—Is this then a situation in which children, under any circumstances, or from any inducement, ought to be placed?

“It is scarcely possible to imagine a stronger fact, to establish the truth of the foregoing observations, than the following: A respectable medical man sent to a person who was a member of the Committee of the Society established at Sheffield for the purpose of mitigating the sufferings of Climbing-Boys, or abolishing the practice of employing them,) to request that he would call upon one of them whom he described. Accordingly, with another member of the Committee, he went to the boy’s uncle, with whom he then was, and who had taken him to his own house. They found the child in bed, in an exceedingly weak and emaciated state: he had sores on his shoulders, hips, elbows, and knees, and the nails of one or more of his toes were torn off: he was then incapable of turning himself in bed. In that condition, however, he had been many times compelled to climb up chimneys as usual; and the master was then threatening the uncle with a warrant for not giving him up to him again. When the boy was able to leave his bed, the two members of the Committee met the parties before a Magistrate. The sores were then in a great measure healed; but it was the nature of the defence, and the success of the plea, which were the most remarkable. The master, instead of denying or palliating the sufferings of the boy, brought forward another chimney-sweeper, to prove that such sufferings were inseparable from the nature of the trade, and that *every child*, who learnt it, must, in the beginning, be lacerated in the same manner. This was one of those half brutes in human shape, to whose uncontrolled tyranny these poor infants are often delivered up. He brought *a son of his own*, whose scars and healed sores he exhibited with a kind of exulting triumph, as a proof that he, the defendant, had been guilty of nothing more than what was generally and lawfully practised.

“The estimation in which this trade is held by the poor is evident, from the circumstance, that no child of decent parents was ever put to it; and it is the only trade in which masters *purchase* children for apprentices.

“Unfortunately, the man who attempts to plead a cause like this, subjects himself to the ridicule and contempt of the gay, the proud, and the thoughtless. But he who lets the fear of ridicule deter him from his duty, is as unworthy of the name of MAN, as of that of CHRISTIAN. If, as we are assured, mercy will be shewn to us in proportion as we exercise it on others, it becomes our interest, as much as our duty to extend it to all.”

AFFECTING CASES.

3d November, 1817—A boy got wedged in a narrow flue in the Penitentiary, Millbank; and, after uttering the most piteous groans for two hours, was, at length, by breaking into the flue in different parts, taken out almost dead. In a short time he must have died, through exhaustion.

1817—A boy went, a few weeks since, to sweep a chimney in Somers' Town: he stuck fast; and his groans, after some time, led to his being dug out; but, alas! too late. He appeared to have been partly smothered, and, by the heat of the flue, partly burnt alive.

16th March, 1821—Peregrine Wright, servant to Mr. Pooley, of 13, Upper Ogletton-street, chimney-sweeper, swore, That on Wednesday last, between one and two o'clock, witness was at No. 46, Mortimer-street, clearing rubbish out of a chimney: deceased was up the chimney, and witness at the bottom. Deceased came down, and said he had cleared all the rubbish away; but witness sent him up again, to see for more rubbish; and when he was clearing some bricks away, the remainder fell on the deceased, and wedged him in the chimney. Witness heard the deceased cry, and went up the chimney to give him assistance, but could not get high enough to do so. Witness asked the bricklayer to cut a hole in the wall, to get the deceased out; but the bricklayer several times refused so to do, and said he must not spoil the wall. Witness went for assistance, and sent another boy up, but he could give the deceased no assistance. Witness began to break open the wall, as did his master; and then the bricklayer began to do so; and deceased was taken from the chimney about half-an-hour from the time that he was set fast in the chimney. A doctor was sent for, who bled the boy; but he was quite dead. He was about twelve years old.

New Times, 7th Oct. 1824—On Wednesday, a little boy, named Patrick Walker, apprentice to Blackhorn the chimney-sweeper, was suffocated when sweeping a chimney in Mr. Whaley's house, Stephen's Green, in consequence of a quantity of rubbish having fallen down upon him.—*Dublin Paper*.

It is of importance, that where machines are introduced, if they do not answer the purpose, it should be ascertained whether the person who undertakes to sweep chimneys with them understands how to use them properly, and is disposed to do full justice to this substitute for climbing-boys. In many cases, the masters have been so long accustomed to indolent habits, that they are very averse to any plan which shall require them to work.

We much regret, that the funds of the Society for superceding climbing-boys are at a very low ebb, and hope the public will support so good a cause, both by pecuniary assistance, and by employing the machines.

Subscriptions and Donations are received by the Treasurer, W. TOOKE, Esq.; by S. WOODS, jun. Esq. 8, George-yard, Lombard-street, the Sub-Treasurer; and Hon. Sec. Messrs. HOARE, Fleet-street; and Messrs. WILLIAMS and Co. Birchin-lane.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

The Brush [Fig. 1], of which the opposite Drawing is a section, is made of a round stock *a*, commonly alder, and pierced with small holes; into which bunches, formed of strips of the best whalebone, are inserted, and made fast by glue. These strips, *b*, are 8 to 8½ inches in length; which renders the brush, including the stock, about 20 inches in diameter: it therefore completely fills, and consequently effectually cleanses, the largest flues, which are never more than 14 inches square, and seldom more than 14 inches by 9. To make it pass more readily up the chimney, a small wheel, *f*, is fixed to the top of the stock *a*. At the end of the stock, *e*, is a very strong brass ferrule with a wormed socket, which receives the screw of the first joint, *d*.

Fig. 2 is a representation, in their actual size, of the ferrules. The three first portions, *d d d*, 2½ feet in length, are made of good cane; the rest, *e e e*, &c. of ground-ash, and of the same length; the number used depending, of course, upon the height of the chimney: these gradually become stronger towards the bottom, and are affixed to each other, as the brush is forced higher up the chimney, by means of the brass screws and sockets, Fig. 2, before described.

The superiority of this machine consists in its extreme pliability, lightness, strength, and aptitude to turn by a little force applied at the bottom. It has been effectually used in crooked chimneys, where Smart's machine has not been able to pass. A machine has been made at Bath, somewhat on the same principle: the joints or portions, made of several slight canes twisted together, are, however, fastened by a small iron screw, which has been found too weak: the whole machine is clumsy; and is so very pliable, that the force exerted below cannot drive it up the chimney. J. Glass, who is a bricklayer, a manufacturer of his machines, and a cleanser of chimneys by them, has given great satisfaction to those who have employed him. He sweeps the chimneys of the Excise, the King's New Palace, Lloyd's Coffee-house, part of those of Somerset House, and of several Insurance Offices, Banking Houses, &c.

Fig. 3 is a cloth to fix over the fire-place, to prevent the falling soot from flying about the room. The joints of the machine are worked through the little sleeve in the middle.

Fig. 4 is an apparatus called the Ball and Brush. An iron ball is attached to one end of a long rope, in the middle of which is fastened a brush, very similar to the one in the cane-machine. The ball is let down the chimney by a man at the top of the house, and received by another at the bottom: they work it up and down, till the chimney is thoroughly cleansed. This apparatus is only used in very crooked flues which have no part quite horizontal. It is now nearly superseded by the introduction of the cane-machine.

Fig. 5 is the end of a house, shewing the sections of flues in the different stories, as they are occasionally formed. A. is a flue with a horizontal part, which rarely occurs, but which can only be adapted to a machine by the insertion of a small iron door at *g*, or by the removal of two bricks at that corner, when it is swept: either of which may be done at a trifling expense. The machine then works from *g* to the top—from *g* to the opposite corner of the horizontal part—and from the fire-place to the same. These are the flues which are very dangerous to the boys, and which are never well swept by *them*, unless there is an opening at *g*; for when a boy has swept all the upper part, there must be a great collection of soot at *g*; through which, when he descends, he is obliged to work his way by main force, at the imminent hazard of being suffocated. The quantity of soot that he can force along a horizontal part 30, 40, and even 60 feet long, and which is so small as not to admit of his turning himself round, must be very little indeed, in comparison to the quantity obtained from the perpendicular part. B, C, and D are flues of the common form, as they exist in 95 cases out of a hundred. E and F are crooked flues, which have hitherto been cleansed by the ball and brush, but which may now be done by the cane-machine, which is represented in F. It is very desirable, however, that such flues should never be built.

REPRESENTATION OF GLASS'S MACHINES FOR SUPERSEDING THE USE OF CLIMBING BOYS FOR CHIMNEYS.

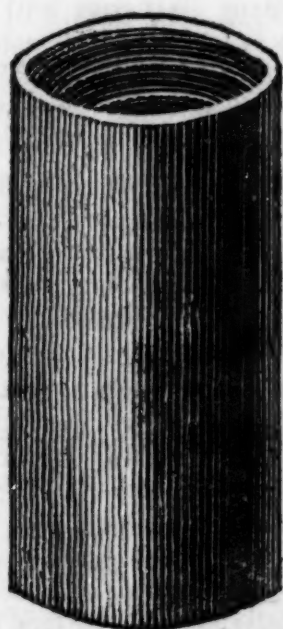
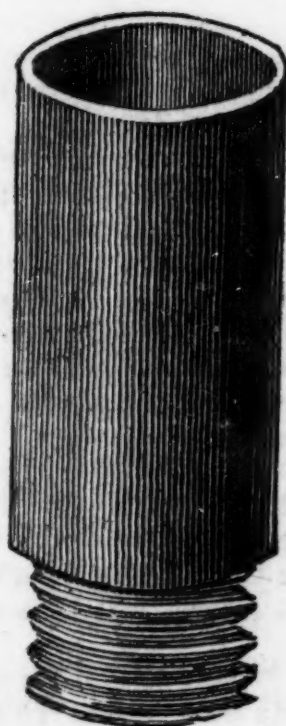
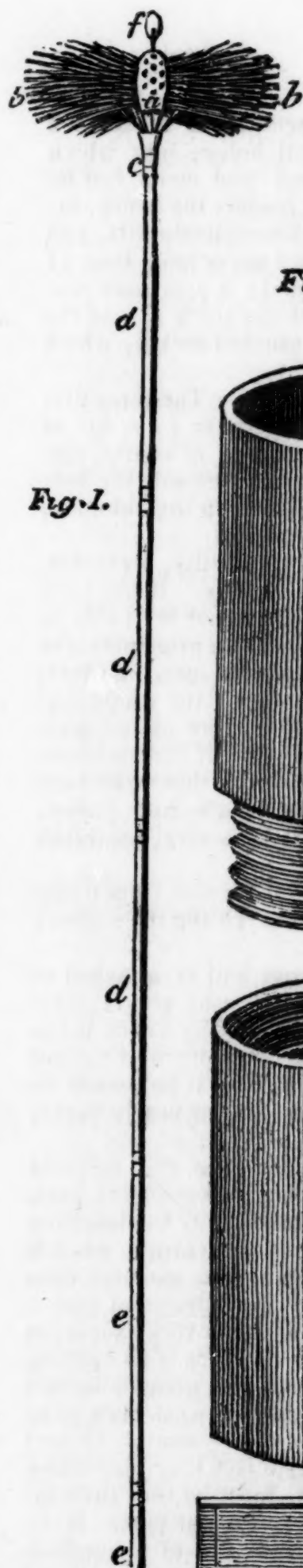


Fig. 3.

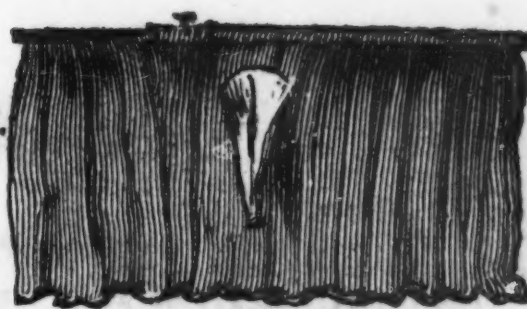
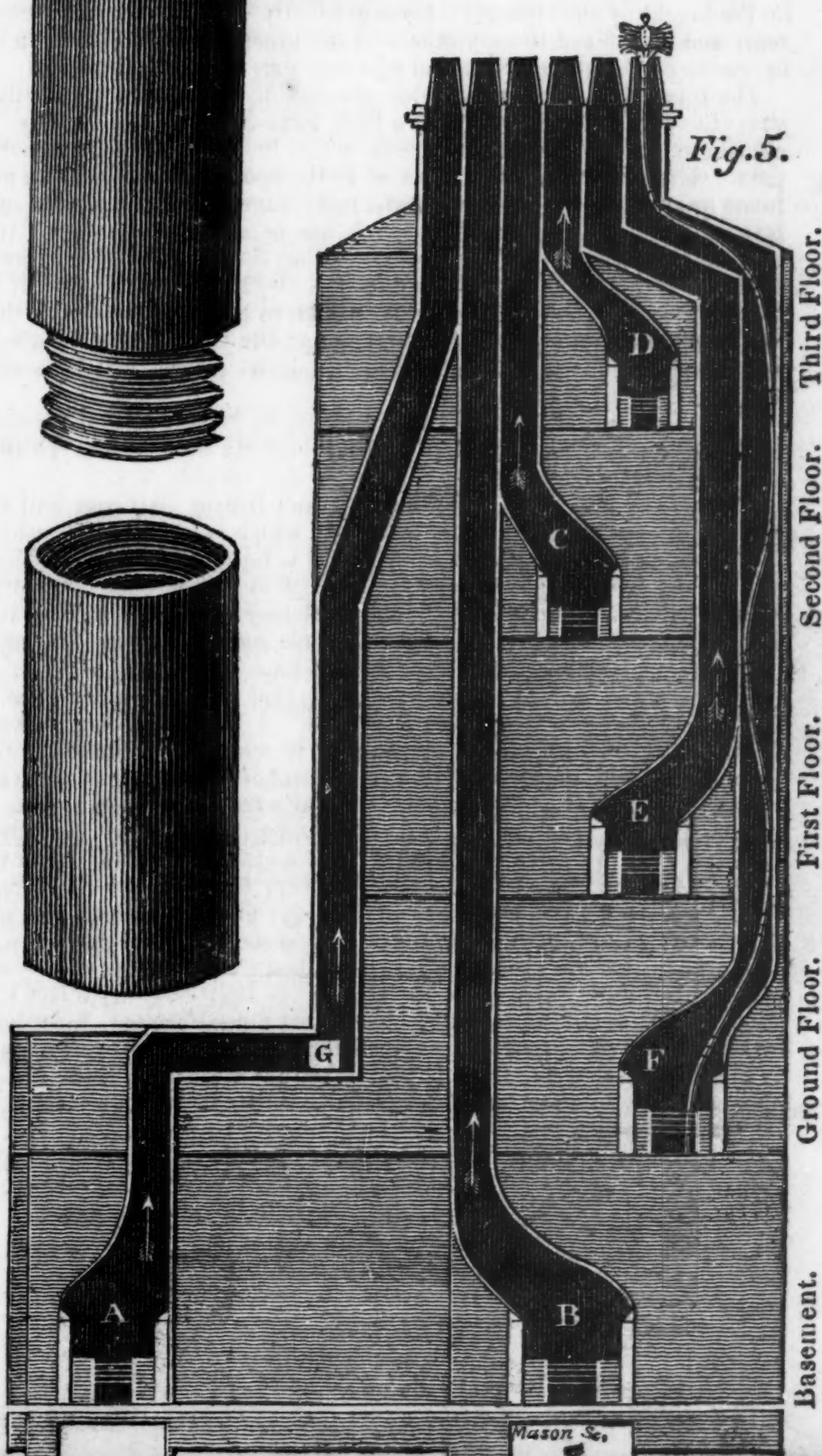


Fig. 4.



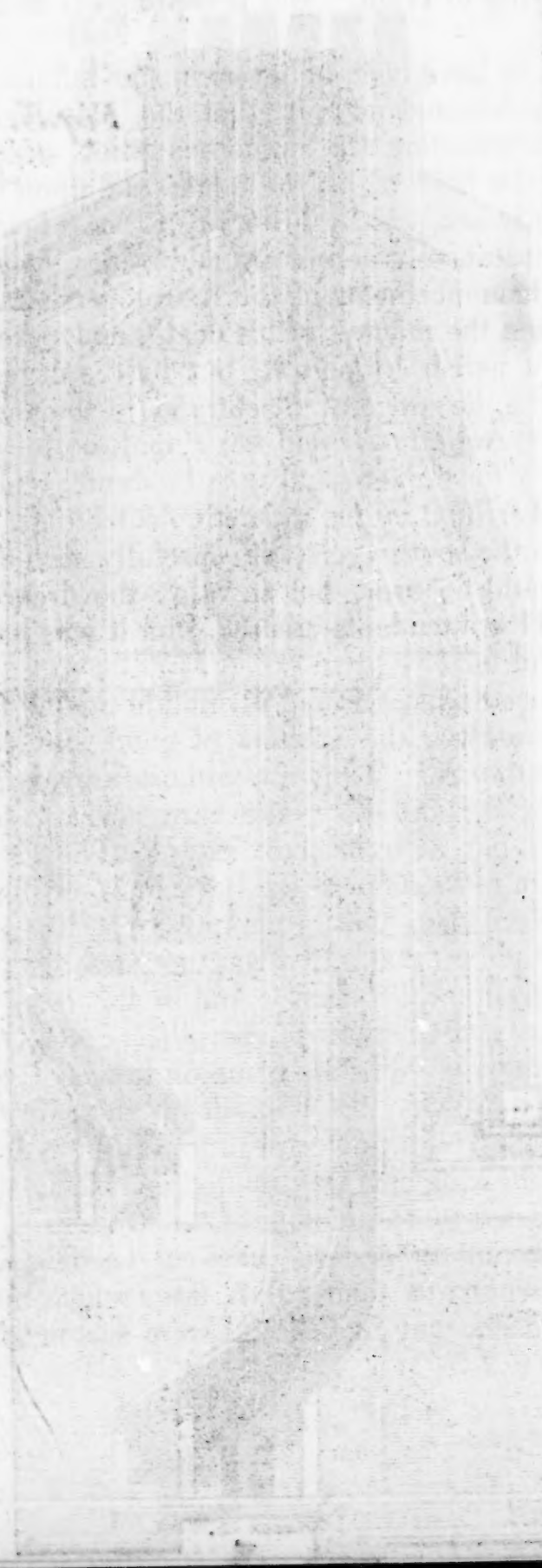
Fig. 5.



RECEIVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF LANDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE LANDS WHICH HAVE BEEN
ACQUIRED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE
PURPOSE OF ESTABLISHING A NATIONAL MONUMENT
IN THE STATE OF ARIZONA, AND WHICH ARE
HEREBY SET APART FOR THAT PURPOSE.

Fig. 2.



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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MANUAL OF ASTROLOGY; or the *Book of the Stars*. By the Author of "*The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century*," "*The Prophetic Messenger*," &c. 8vo. pp. 272. London: Arnold. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. Dublin: Westley and Tyrrell.

JUDICIAL Astrology (which the work before us professes to teach) is a science which presumes to foretel moral events, *i. e.* such as have a dependance on the free will and agency of man; as if they were, in fact, directed by the stars. It is commonly said to have been invented in Chaldea, and thence transmitted to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; though some writers will have it to be of Egyptian origin, and ascribe the invention of soothsaying to Ham. But it is probably to the Arabs we owe it.

The ancients are well known to have been believers in star-influence. At Rome the people were so infatuated with it, that the Astrologers maintained their ground, notwithstanding the numerous edicts of the Emperors, who were jealous of the hold which these men had upon the public opinion; and consequently are said by historians to have feared its votaries, several remarkable instances whereof are adduced. *Domitian*, it is said, trembled at the denouncements of the Astrologers; they prophesied the year, the hour, and the manner of his death, and agreed in foretelling that he should not perish by poison, but by the dagger. On the evening of his assassination, he spoke of the entrance of the moon into Aquarius on the morrow. "Aquarius," said he, "shall no longer be a watery, but a bloody sign; for a deed shall then be done, which shall be the talk of all men." Terrified by his superstitious feelings, in spite of his professed hostility to the soothsayers, he carefully secluded himself till the ominous time should be over, but in vain: the dreaded hour of eleven approached. His attendants assured him it was past. He admitted the conspirators, and fell!

The Brachmins, who introduced and practised divination among the Indians, have hereby made themselves the arbiters of good and evil hours, which gives them great authority. They are almost universally consulted by the natives as oracles; and they take care never to sell their responses and predictions but at exorbitant rates. The same superstition has also prevailed in more modern ages and more civilised nations. The historians of France say, that in the days of Catherine de Medicis Astrology was so popular, that not even the most trifling affair was performed without consulting the stars. And in the reign of Henrys III. and IV. of France, the predictions of Astrologers were not only resorted to by the enthusiastic, but were the common topics of the court conversation. So predominant was this humour at the court of Paris, that Barclay, in his *Argenis*, has a powerful satire on the follies of the age, especially relating to the king having consulted an Astrologer, on the issue of a war then threatened by the faction of the Guises.

The natural desire which mankind in general have to become acquainted with the presumed particulars of their future fate, which they have in all ages so singularly evinced, may in some measure account for

this prevalent superstition. The history of every nation abounds with instances of omens, divination, and attempts at *unveiling* the future. All Africa, nearly all Asia, and all the uncivilized parts of Europe, and of the two Americas, testify the prevalence of Sabaism, which is star-worship direct. The numerous followers of Mohammed amount to one-fourth of the population of the earth. Their ensign is the lunar crescent, and they employ astrological emblems in their devotions. These are indirect star-worshippers. Even in England astrology has had, from time to time, thousands of enthusiastic supporters; especially during the reign of the Stuarts, when the famed horoscoper *Lilly* was so eagerly resorted to both by saint and sage, by Cavalier and Round-head, by the young and the aged, the fair and the noble, who seem to have revered his oracular responses as the mandate of heaven. And even in our days, the prodigious sale of the Almanacks of "Moore" and "Partridge," evince the credulous interest with which their hieroglyphical jargon are sought after, and too plainly declare, that the so called "celestial science" is still too popular for even the enlightened manners of the present age, backed by the powerful aid of a free and philosophical press, to overthrow. This will not be regarded as extraordinary when it is considered, that nearly two-thirds of the population of any country are, from the inherent qualities of human nature, either enthusiasts, or ever on the search after novelty. Hence the eagerness with which visionaries of every kind and description are followed; hence phrenology (materialism itself) becomes dignified with the name of a science; hence, not only are the qualities of the mind supposed to centre in certain protuberances of the brain, but the stars and planets themselves, nay, the most common occurrences of every-day phenomena, are presumed by some to indicate the destiny of each individual who puts credence in their omens.

The so called "science" of astrology may, by some persons, be supposed to soar above the pretensions of the phrenologist, or of the ordinary omen-monger; but we must (even in spite of our author's attempt at converting the incredulous) enter our unqualified *veto* against the impossibility of the doctrine; which, to say nothing of its improbability, we are confident misleads merely because it is linked with the sublime objects in the heavens. The intelligent and the lofty minded observers of Nature's laws, have ever been adverse to the theory of horoscopes and ascendants; but we are free to confess, the author of the "Manual" before us has exerted the utmost tact and used the most ingenious arguments that could be brought forward upon the subject. His book is curious; and he appears to be the *ablest* writer that has yet written upon the "influences of the heavenly bodies over the lives and fortunes of mankind." Among adepts, no doubt, he will be considered the restorer of Astrology, and will doubtless cast both "Moore" and "Partridge" in the shade. However, ("Credat Judæus") let him speak for himself:—

"Pythagoras maintained, that the world is actuated by a divine soul; and when we come to examine that miraculous sympathy in nature, so admirably manifested between the heavenly bodies, and the amazing body of water surrounding our earth, which is incessantly agitated by sympathetic influence, we are invo-

luntarily brought to think of the doctrine of this ancient sage. No fact in philosophy is more indisputable than that which assures us of the influence of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, on the earth and its inhabitants. The continual and periodical change in the weather,—the constant and the variable winds to which particular climates are subject,—the phenomena peculiar to the several seasons,—and many other effects that might, were it necessary, be pointed out, are *proofs* which render the existence of such planetary influence unquestionable.

“There is, however, one means, more visible than either of those before mentioned, by which the reality of astrological influence may be exemplified, and pretty well estimated; and that is, the alternate ebbing and flowing of the sea, or the theory of the *tides*; which even the greatest incredulist in celestial philosophy is compelled unequivocally to allow, *is produced entirely by the solar and lunar agency*. The phenomena exhibited in this department of nature is so analogous to those operations on which astrological doctrines rest, that it cannot be too closely examined into; and the more scrupulously it is brought into comparison with atmospheric fluctuations, the more these will be understood, and, it is presumed, the science of astrology venerated. Those persons who have taken the trouble to examine with attention the immediate influence of the luminaries upon the waters of the ocean, will, no doubt, come to this inference: namely, if those bodies do thus compel so gross a mass of matter as the ocean to periodically toss and roll in a manner contrary to its own nature, *which is inert repose*, so must their respective influences operate to disturb and alter the state of every sort of matter whatsoever, sensible and insensible, that is connected with the earth: for it is a conspicuous axiom in the Newtonian theory, ‘that every particle of matter in the universe is endued with a sympathetic energy or influence, by which it is capable of communicating imperceptibly with every other particle throughout the system of nature.’

“As to the absurd and foolish idea, that it is superstitious, unlawful, or sinful, to study astrology, a moment’s reflection will convince to the contrary. Since it will be manifest, from the perusal of this volume, that every problem is calculated merely by an arithmetical process, devoid of any thing resembling divination. Likewise the consequent prediction is deduced therefrom in a demonstrative and strict mathematical way, according to a certain chain of causes, which for ages past have been found uniformly to produce a correspondent train of effects. Where then consists its sinfulness or its superstition, since the whole system is founded on the result of actual observation? If astrology, which foretels future events by the courses of the stars, is sinful or unlawful, so were the labours of the late celebrated astronomer Herschel; and alike unlawful are the present labours of the Astronomer Royal. *For be it remembered, that the astrologer’s horoscope is nothing more than a celestial map, chart, or picture of the heavens, for a certain hour of the day, erected on paper, judged accordingly to long established rules; and by predicting therefrom, the astrologer does but verify and fulfil that passage of the sacred Scriptures which positively declares, that the stars and planets were created expressly for the benefit of man, the terrestrial lord of the creation; and that they were placed in the firmament, for signs of that which afterwards should come to pass.* Therefore the same vindictive and bigotted spirit which would persecute or condemn the astrologer for contemplating the heavens, and declaring, in deference to the actual conviction of his mind, that the stars have power over all sublunary affairs, would, in the dark ages, have sentenced Galileo to the stake, or banished the immortal Newton from the dwellings of civilized man.”

The following predictions, which certainly are curious, are brought forward by the author as evidence of the “science” he defends with such enthusiastic energy.

“In the writings of Nostradamus, the Gallic astrologer, are to be found almost every important event that for centuries past has taken place. A writer in the Gentleman’s Magazine has pointed out to its readers the truth of two remarkable prophecies; one regarding the death of Henry II. of France, who was killed at a tournament, by an unlucky thrust in the eye, through the gilt bars of his royal helmet, which event was prophesied and printed full three years before it happened: the other, a more remarkable one still, of the French Revolution, wherein Nostra-

damus predicts that 'that the Christian religion would be abolished in France, and many of the nobles and clergy put to death.' This prophecy was likewise in print so early as the year 1556, or near 242 years before the event, which was certainly an instance of singular skill in this great astrologer."

"No less extraordinary, to those who are ignorant of the fair principles on which this art is founded, was the prediction of Guido Bonatus, an Italian Astrologer, who being at a city in Italy when it was closely besieged, he elected a proper time for the Earl of Montserrat to make a sally, *predicting* that the Earl would rout his enemies and obtain a compleat victory, but not without receiving a slight wound in the knee; and that the Earl might be more assured, Bonatus marched out with him, carrying every necessary to dress the wound! The event corresponded accurately and fully with the prediction; for the enemy was vanquished totally, and the Earl wounded, punctually as he foretold."

"Michael Scot, a mathematician and astrologer of the thirteenth century, was much esteemed by the Emperor, Frederick II. He predicted that the Emperor should die at Florence, which prediction was answered by the event. He likewise foretold that himself should die *with the fall of a stone*, which happened accordingly; for being in a church at his devotions, a stone fell from the roof, which gave him a mortal wound."

The volume contains (what the lovers of the marvellous will prize) a number of *horoscopes*; amongst which are the *fates* of "The Duke of Wellington," of "His most gracious Majesty," of "the young King of Rome," &c. &c. It is dedicated to the author of *Waverley*; respecting whom the author wishes "that beneficent stars may henceforth shower down upon him their selectest influence," and is certainly written, with few exceptions, in a light and pleasing, if not elegant style, with very appropriate mottoes and quotations of a poetical nature, that proclaim a skilful hand in the arrangement. The embellishments (particularly the frontispiece, "the Eclipse," which is beautifully coloured) are above the common run of such publications. The idea of *Mercury* descending to the globe with his majesty's horoscope on a scroll, is classical; and altogether—to those who are fond of the wild and the marvellous, and who would read their fate in the stars; or who would become acquainted with the mysteries of horoscopes and destinies—the "Manual of Astrology" will not fail to be interesting, and probably to many others a source of amusement.

CAMELEON SKETCHES. *By the Author of the Picturesque Promenade round Dorking.* 12mo. pp. 252. Phillips, 3, Charing Cross.

This volume is avowedly the production of a man of sensibility, whose subjection to the "skies influences" is evident in every page, and we had almost said every line, of his writing. The title of his work is therefore happily chosen, for its variety is *indeed* *cameleon like*. The "sketches" are eight in number, and to illustrate their versatility, we have a chapter on the "childhood" of a melancholy man, which displays no inconsiderable knowledge of its anatomy, followed by a sketch, entitled "London at Midnight;" this is not, however, a vulgar or flimsy account of the metropolitan amusements after dark: but these matters are delicately touched, and blended with philosophic reflection. We have next a Village Sketch, which has all the accuracy of the topographer, with much of the freshness of rural life, and is a well-chosen relief to the previous London scenes: here we have a whole-length of

a squire, whose identity the public will soon detect: he is a sort of antipode to Sir Roger de Coverley, or a man who neglects the enjoyment of rural life for cutting up the country with canals and rail-roads: we think we can identify the *locale* of this sketch—not a hundred miles on the Brighton Road. We have next a string of trite maxims, entitled “Debtor and Creditor,” with much of the quaintness of maxim-writers, but many truths, welcome or unwelcome, according to the consciences of their readers. Then follows “a Day at St. Cloud,” in which the author’s respect for legitimacy brings in some severe reflexions on the fate of Napoleon: altogether, this sketch conveys a correct idea of the French fête. The next following sketch, however, appears to be the author’s happiest effort, and in the same versatile spirit, it is entitled, “Pleasures of Melancholy:” it is the longest sketch in the volume, and, to our taste, the best written; although we should be sorry to subject ourselves to some of the penances which it inflicts. Nevertheless, there is an almost elegant turn of mind throughout the whole, and the illustrations are, for the most part, appropriately chosen. In an episode to this sketch, entitled “Brambletye House,” the author appears quite at home; and some of his illusions to this “land of his youth” are full of touching pathos. The last sketch in the volume is “Love of the Country,” termed a rhapsody, and we think fitly so: the writer is evidently sincere; for there are many traits of affection in these pages, which almost atone for any want of merit in their manner.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the author’s *Promenade round Dorking*; and, we think, whatever fame he may have acquired by that production, the present is equally entitled to the notice of our readers. It would be difficult to describe the *tone* of the author’s mind, and, to some “choice spirits, somewhat uninteresting to follow him in his tracks of melancholy. He is a man of sorrows; but the descriptions of his sufferings do not border on discontent, or verge into despair; neither have they the sluggish character of some melancholy minds. Fine feeling and too broad a confidence in the world have saddened him, but not wrecked him of hope; and, in his narratives, we are happy to trace a vein of religious and moral consolation, which is perhaps the only antidote to the storms of life. We may therefore safely recommend the *Cameleon* to all classes of readers.

In style, the author is concise, and occasionally nervous; he is an ardent admirer of our essayists and moral poets, and he has shewn a tolerable acquaintance with the best ethical writers in the language. His attempt is evidently to engraft incidents of the passing hour on the stocks of antiquity, and he has succeeded. There are other signs, besides his own reminiscences, to prove that education had done much for his success; and we have only to add that such of our readers as are warm admirers of nature and sentiment of a high order, will find many hours of pure delight in reading the “*Cameleon Sketches*.”

THE LATE ROYAL BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.

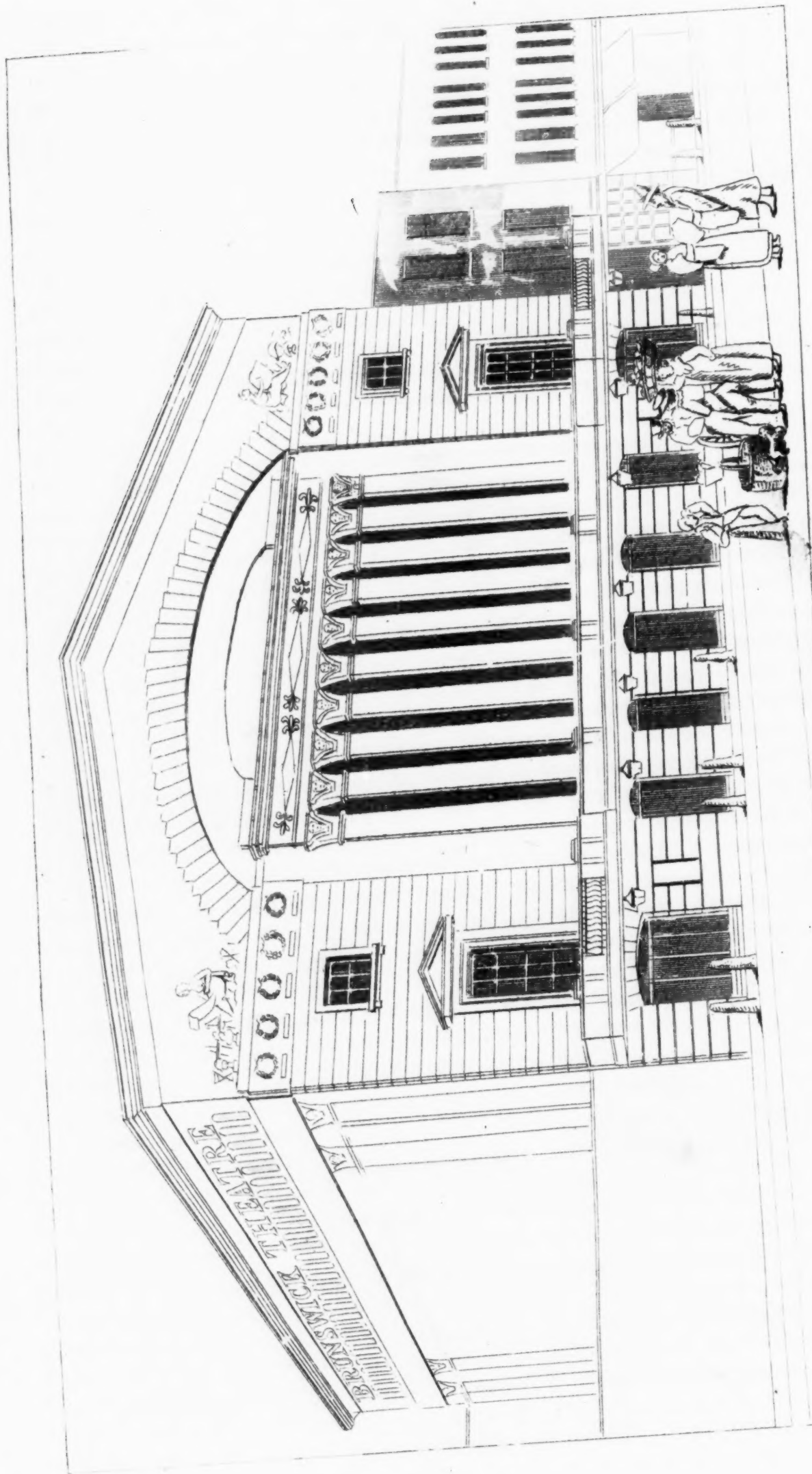
The First an Architectural View—the other exhibiting the actual state of the Building immediately after the accident, as seen from the roof of one of the opposite houses, and sketched on the spot by Mr B. DIXIE.

I. KEY TO THE VIEW OF THE RUINS.

THIS view of the RUINS OF BRUNSWICK THEATRE was taken from the roof of one of the houses opposite; the position of the artist having been chosen near the ridge of the roof; the coping of the parapet of the front wall, therefore, forms the foreground of the picture, and intercepts from the sight the lower part of the building. The adjoining building, a portion of the coping of which is seen to the left of the drawing, broken and mutilated by the partial falling in of the front, was the dwelling of Mr. Blatz, the Baker, who narrowly escaped with his life by retiring to the back of the building. The account given by him to our correspondent, is that he first perceived the galleries, in the front of the building, to be falling, and looking upward thereupon, the whole wall was in the act of giving way.

The object in the mind of the artist, who is an architect by profession, and has himself been successfully engaged in the construction of iron roofs which have stood the test of time, was not so much to make a *picture*, as to give to the print a *documentary character*. Considerable pains therefore have been taken to exhibit the *correct* form and condition of the *several* parts; the fractures in the back and front walls; the timbers lying in the walls; the insertions of the two floors; and the condition of the roof (to the right of the drawing) as it was seen the morning after the accident; the portion exhibited, having been upheld by the boxes, in the act of falling. Parts of the iron rafter, above the fallen roof, are seen adhering to the walls in which they were inserted, immediately above the timber plate. The iron guttering is also shewn next the wall, bent out of its proper form. The post in front of the drawing, a little within the front wall, is one of the Eastern proscenium posts left standing, together with the cross beam and part of the boarding. The two western proscenium posts, with part of the decoration over the proprietor's box, are seen at the back of the building. The stage end of the theatre, it need hardly be observed, is at the left of the drawing. The staircase shewn in the South West angle of the building was left nearly entire; and was, we believe, the means of preserving the lives of more than one, who betook themselves to it when the first indication of the falling in became manifest: it led from the stage to the carpenter's

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The Late Royal Brunswick Theatre. 1828.

and Painter's workshops. The former of these, which was the uppermost, extended over the whole of the theatre; the underside of the floor forming the ceiling visible to the audience. The latter extended over the whole width, from the front to the back wall, but in the other direction, i. e. from South to North, only about fourteen feet. The drawing was made before any portion of the building was taken down.

II. THE ARCHITECTURE OF THIS THEATRE, EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.—This edifice was built on the site of the late East London Theatre, which was destroyed by fire about a twelvemonth ago, and, as the Royalty theatre, was celebrated for being the scene of Garrick's *debut*, and of John Palmer's long and unmerited persecutions. It formed a parallelogram in plan; one of its longer sides, situated towards Well-street, made the principal elevation as given in our engraving. This elevation, which is eminently theatral in the design, is divided into three compartments, a centre, and two wings; that on the left-hand side of the drawing, or to the reader's right-hand, was the boundary of the audience part, and the stage, which was elevated as high as the balcony above the entrance story, occupied the other. The proscenium and curtain stretched across at the third pilaster from the right.

These wings were connected by a bold segmental arch, and the whole covered by a pediment in which the horizontal course of mouldings and bed mould are omitted. The centre is distinguished by a decastyle portico of antæ, with capitals, and an entablature of a fancy order of the class Corinthian. The intervals between the antæ were filled in with iron treillage, and the blocking course, which surmounts the cornice, was surmounted by a group of figures in *alto relievo*; behind which was a large opening which gave air to the galleries. The rest of the design may be collected from the engraving.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE consisted of a capacious pit, a row of private boxes, under the first circle, and two rows, including the first circle of boxes, which completely encircled the house, as did the gallery which was over the upper tier of boxes, and held upwards of a thousand persons, avoiding the unpleasant appearance of the gallery auditors sitting on the same level with the visitors in the upper boxes.

THE FIRE-ENGINE OF MR. RUSSELL.—Warned by the destruction of the former theatre, and recent accidents of a similar nature which have occurred in France, even during the hours of performance, the proprietors of the Brunswick theatre adopted, to as great an extent as the peculiar circumstances of their case would permit, the plans of the architect to render the principal parts of the theatre incombustible; and to provide and preserve in constant readiness, powerful means of raising and distributing an ample volume of water over the whole interior; the source of which was within the area of the walls, and therefore not depending on external and distant assistance, or a supply that might be interrupted. A fixed engine, upon an improved construction, by that very ingenious machinist, Mr. RUSSELL, of ST. JOHN-STREET, long with Mr. BRAMAH, connected with a well beneath the stage, and provided with all the necessary apparatus, was placed in a situation easy of access at all times; this sent the water to a point in the middle of

the front of the stage, from whence it might be directed to play upon any part of the interior in about three minutes from the first alarm. The roof, of wrought iron, was of a novel and beautiful construction. All the stairs, staircases, passages, and vestibules, between every part of the spectatory, and connecting it with the street, were fire-proof; and were of such ample dimensions as to be capable of holding the whole of a crowded house perfectly safe, even if the rest of the building, the stage, &c. were in one general conflagration. This gave a consciousness of security, and also afforded great convenience to the persons who might be expecting the opening of the doors previous to the commencement of the performances. Not a single individual suffered the inconvenience of waiting in the street, or being exposed to the weather by his early attendance, circumstances of which the visitors of a winter theatre have frequently great reason to complain. The stairs, leading to the upper circle of boxes and to the gallery, though in perfectly distinct flights, were combined in the same staircase without increasing its dimensions, and this, independently of the economy of room, afforded an extraordinary facility of access; and such was the convenience it gave to rapid exit, that the contents of any one part of the house might leave by any of the accesses of the other three, or by all of them, at the same time.

The great desideratum of having the power to warm or ventilate at discretion, an interior intended for the reception for the reception of large bodies of people of either sex, both previous to their assembling and during their stay, was expected to be accomplished in this theatre. The warming and ventilating apparatus of Mr. Sylvester, so highly eulogised by Captain Parry, had been fixed under his direction; and some other peculiar arrangements and means, suggested by him, for this most desirable purpose, had been approved by the proprietors, and executed by their architect with the greatest care.

THE OPENING ADDRESS.—The theatre was opened, with a very fair company, and a noisy audience, on Monday, February 25. The following address was spoken by Mr. Percy Farren, stage manager:—

Welcome! be that the first, warm, heart-felt word,
That on this stage, and in these walls is heard.
Friends of the drama! Welcome all, once more
To find the pleasures you have found before;
To re-assume your ancient seats and laws;
To shine protection and to shower applause.

Hail to this meeting! may its influence shed
Lasting success round every scene we spread;
These opening hours commence a brilliant race,
Which years of future triumph shall embrace;
Exulting talent here its worth proclaim,
And latent genius spring from hence to fame.

While thus we bid you welcome to this dome,
Where Brunswick's glory guards the muses' home,
Full upon memory's faithful mirror cast,
Shines out the immortal image of the past,
When the great Roscius of our father's age,
Here Garrick rose, the Shakspeare of the stage!

Still is that name a spell, whose quenchless night
 Awaken's years long sepulchred in night;
 With new-born life array's the storied scene,
 And makes the present what the past hath been.
 If mirth can glad you, then, or sorrow move,
 If music's voice can melt with tales of love;—
 If every art the drama e'er essay'd,
 In ceaseless change before your view display'd,
 Can lull each charmed soul in fancy's thrall,—
 Come to this Thespian shrine and find them all!
 These invitations o'er, what more remains,
 But to invoke your sanction for our pains;
 By Garrick's genius, then—by Palmer's worth,
 By Tragedy's proud woe,—Thalia's mirth;
 Come one,—come all! revive those famous days,
 When round our stage, wit's radiance beamed its blaze;
 When the long line of chariots marked our fame,
 And half the west, admiring eastward, came.

Now view our efforts, and our feelings spare;
 Our worth let candour judge and time declare;
 Whilst in one classic line our thanks we tell,
 Joy to you all! applaud us—and FAREWELL!

III. THE ACCIDENT. Thus far every precaution seemed to have been taken, both for the convenience and security of the audience, and yet such is the insufficiency of human foresight, an unlooked for calamity destroyed all their precaution, and in a moment frustrated all their well grounded security.

The neighbourhood of Well-street was on the morning of Feb. 28, 1828, thrown into a state of the utmost alarm and consternation, by what was at first supposed to be a shock of an earthquake, but which proved to be the falling in of the Brunswick Theatre. This dreadful event occurred at about half-past eleven o'clock, while a rehearsal of *Guy Mannering* was taking place; which, unhappily, was numerously attended by the performers and mechanics; a great many workmen being employed at different parts of the house.

The whole mass of iron forming the roof fell in with the most dreadful crash, carrying with it the whole of the inside of the house, and burying within its ruins all those who had the misfortune to be within its walls. By this dreadful accident, the structure, which but a few days before was the general theme of admiration at the east end of London, was left a mere shell, its bare walls standing on three sides, in a state the most tottering and unsafe. The wall fronting towards Well-street is the only external one which accompanied the fall of the roof, and falling outwards into the street, its descent was not only destructive to the two houses opposite, the one a public house, and the other a baker's, but was also nearly proving fatal to several passengers. A lady and gentleman who were passing at the time, had a very narrow escape. A portion of the ruins fell upon the leg of the gentleman, who saved himself by a muscular effort, and extricated his leg from the boot. A dray and two horses standing at the public house were completely covered by the huge descending masses, and, of course, it would be needless to add, that the whole was crushed. The draymen who accompanied it very

narrowly escaped suffering the same fate. Two persons who were at the top of the theatre were in a moment precipitated to the ground. One of them escaped with little injury; the other received some severe contusions on the head.

MR. WILLIAM FARREN'S ACCOUNT, AS FURNISHED HIM BY HIS BROTHER.—“Mr. P. Farren was attending to his duties as stage manager, when Mr. Maurice, the proprietor, came to him, and put a farce, called *The Poachers*, into his hand. “I wish, Farren,” said he, “this could be done (acted) on Monday, for it is a piece which I think likely to do us a great deal of good.” Mr. Farren was sitting on the front of Mr. Maurice's box, with his feet on the stage, while the above conversation passed, and Mr. Maurice was standing close before him. While Mr. Maurice was speaking, a strange noise was heard. It was not a cracking, but Mr. Farren describes it to have been a strangely discordant rumbling sound, which was prolonged through several seconds. It fixed general attention; and just at that moment, Mr. Farren, looking upwards, whence it seemed to proceed, saw one of the lustres trembling. The chandelier caught the eye of Mr. Maurice at the same time. Mr. P. Farren then says, that, as if by instinct, he threw his legs over into the box, and exclaimed, “The wall! the wall!” and at that instant he saw Mr. Maurice retreating from him, making towards the centre of the stage; and he also saw a little girl with her head cut, and bleeding very much. The latter was still within his reach, and he pulled her off the stage into the box.

“In less time than will be consumed in reading that he did so—in a single instant—the awful crash took place. The roof of the theatre fell with destructive weight; galleries, boxes, scenes, stage-properties, and the hapless human beings then within the walls, were all commingled and involved in the ‘prodigious ruin.’

“Mr. P. Farren then describes, that, within one minute from the time he was sitting on the front of the stage-box, in conversation with Mr. Maurice, he found himself clinging to a beam of wood, with the little girl before mentioned closely grasped between his legs. He describes that he beheld the sky, as if by magic, open to his view, and a thick dense dust rising from a mass of ruins and bricks below; all appeared to him to threaten instant death to himself and his only companion, the little girl. In a few minutes, the thick dust began to disappear, and he saw the neighbouring houses and streets; but he found himself, with his charge, in the most perilous situation, hanging by a beam of wood, which threatened every instant to give way, and so far removed from any footing, as to render any attempt to extricate himself almost certain death. In this situation, he states, he remained for twenty-five minutes, so far as he can judge of time in such a situation, during which he heard distinctly the cries and moans of the unfortunate persons under the ruins. At one part of the time, he discovered the stage carpenter, who had struggled and got his head and shoulders from under the ruinous mass, and to whom he applied for help. But the poor man replied, that he needed help himself, and that Mr. Farren's situation was the better of the two. The carpenter recommended

him to hold fast by the beam, and it would save him. This carpenter, Jesse Giles, has since been taken out a corpse. Mr. P. Farren then states that he thought he saw the means of escape, and that he could gain a footing on the ruins below, if he could any how provide for the safety of the child, whom, all this time, he kept closely pressed between his legs. By a suggestion of his, the little girl made an effort to get upon his back, in which she was successful; and, with her in this situation, he attempted his descent. Mr. P. Farren then states, that he can hardly tell how he got down; but that he found himself at the bottom, and on his knees, returning thanks to God for his deliverance, with the little girl also on her knees, most fervently joining him in prayer. At this moment, Mr. P. Farren states that he certainly should have fainted, from the state of his feelings, had not a flood of tears, as it were, simultaneously come to the relief both of him and the child: while both were still on their knees, they burst into tears, and held each other in their arms. When this was over, he appeared to gain strength, and soon conducted his little charge into safety, and delivered her to the first respectable person he met, with an intimation that she was Miss Yates, the daughter of Mrs. Vaughan, by a former husband. Mr. Farren states, that during the whole time the little girl, who was very slightly made, and about ten or twelve years of age, was in this perilous situation, she never cried or struggled, but clung closely to him, and instantly did every thing he desired her, so far as was within her power. Mr. Farren finally states, that on regaining the street, he knew not what to do; he thought of his friends, and their anxiety on his account; he thought of Mr. Maurice and of all his friends in the ruins, but he could not help them; and he found himself at his brother's, in Cornhill, without knowing how he got there. He did not remain at Cornhill but to communicate his safety, and then went to his other brother, at Covent-garden theatre. Here he was exhausted, and his brother had him put to bed, where he was bled; but his agitation and anxiety for the fate of his companions were so great, that he could not be kept in his bed, and in the afternoon returned to the scene of horror from which he had been so providentially saved."

The accident itself was most extraordinary and calamitous; but how much more dreadful its consequences must have proved, had it taken place during the evening performances. On Monday night, for instance, every part of the house was crammed to suffocation. Being the opening-night,—an event which had been regarded by the whole of that densely-peopled district with great interest and curiosity,—all were eager to be present on the occasion; besides which, the managers had invited great numbers of the respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood to honour the occasion by the acceptance of tickets for themselves and families. It is calculated that the theatre contained 3000 persons, independently of the establishment.

The following are the names of ten sufferers upon whom the inquiries were held.

Mr. David Sampson Maurice, proprietor; Alexander William Da-

vidson, carpenter; Edward Gilbert, comedian; James Purdy, blacksmith; Miss Mary Ann Freeman and Miss Mary Anne Fearon, actresses; Mr. Evans, late editor of a Bristol newspaper; Jesse Miles, carpenter; George Penfold, door-keeper; William Leader, carpenter: and Joseph Levi, clothesman.

IV. THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.—From an accurate survey of the ruins, and of the materials of the roof, we are enabled to give some account of the primary cause of the accident.

The four walls of the theatre were carried up of the full thickness ordered by the building act; and the district surveyor, whose only duty is to see that statute enforced, was proved, on the inquest, to have made as many visits as were necessary. It was also proved that the architect-in-chief, Mr. Whitwell, whose clerk of the works was constantly on the premises during working hours, had performed the same duty; and the master builder was there night and day.

The walls appear to us, from their *substance, perpendicularity, and materials*, to be perfectly competent to carry any proper roof that could be constructed upon them. They are three bricks in thickness, in their main parts, which is double the thickness of the majestic brick cone which Sir Christopher Wren erected between the painted hemispherical lower cupola and external leaden one of St. Paul's cathedral, to carry the lofty and heavy lantern of that wonderful edifice, which is constructed with a smaller quantity of materials than Westminster-bridge. With regard to their *perpendicularity*, were it not that a heavy south-west wind, at this boisterous period of the year, might blow them down before its erection, they would carry the roof again; and as to *materials*, the builder proved, on oath, that they were built with the best, namely, hard stock bricks, mortar compounded of the Medway gray lime and sharp sand, and the basement story and upper courses were worked in Roman cement.

The roof was a very ingeniously constructed light iron roof, well known to architects by the name of (Barlow's we believe) patent wrought-iron roof, and was well constructed for such a purpose, but not for that of having the carpenters' shops, the flies, and other machinery suspended from it. With whom the fault of this addition to the roof rests we cannot, at present, speak; but if such had been the original intention, the roof ought to have been of that well-known, but truly scientific construction, with king and queen posts, &c. and the beams of light yellow fir timber, that Mr. Holland erected over the finest theatre in Europe—the late Drury-lane; with upright posts of the same material, built in the walls under each pair of principals and tie beams, to carry them till the wall was sufficiently dry to bear its weight. This description of roof, which is also well-known to every architect and builder, has room for carpenters' shops, painting rooms, &c. in its own construction. The mode herein recommended of carrying the roof on timber struts built in the walls, till the green walls become dry and sufficient to carry the roof, was not only used by Mr. Holland in the before-mentioned theatre, but was a particularly favourite mode of construction of our great scientific architect Sir Christopher Wren, who adopted

it in his much-admired roof of St. James's church, Piccadilly, and in other similar edifices, where four lofty external walls, as in this instance, had to carry a heavy roof before they were perfectly dry.

From what we have seen of the construction of this theatre, of the walls and of the roof, we conceive that its demolition arose entirely from the incapacity of the light iron roof to bear the machinery that was attached to it; but where the blame lies is yet to appear. By the survey that was made by Messrs. Nash and Smirke, two of the architects attached to the Board of Works, by desire of the Surveyor-General, our opinion of the sufficiency of the walls is corroborated by their reply to a question from the Coroner, that no immediate danger need be apprehended from them in their present position.

The terms imposed by the architect on the contractors are such as ought to have insured the perfect stability of the building. The works were to be executed in the most substantial and workmanlike manner; all the materials to be furnished by the contractor, were to be of the best kind; the contractor was to pay the fees of the district surveyor, and the surveyors of pavements, sewers, &c.; any works executed unsoundly, imperfectly, or unskilfully, were to be taken down and reconstructed at the contractor's expense, and if neglected, the architect was empowered to employ other workmen, and deduct it from the amount of contract; that all regulations provided by the Building Act, &c. were to be complied with by the contractor, and he was to bear the proprietors harmless from any violation or neglect on his part, or that of his agents.

CURIOUS FINAL REMARKS.—Lounging the other day, in the library "easy" chair of a literary friend, a member of the "Roxburgh," we were rallying him upon the introduction of some half-a-score of works, among his *Curiositiana*, upon judicial astrology; when, without more ado, our sage cicerone put a small pamphlet into our editorial hands, entitled the "*Prophetic Messenger for 1828*;" and, with an air of triumph, pointed out the following sentences, under the head of "*Predictions for March, 1828*," which, although we have but little faith in the astrologer's "mystic lore," may be regarded as a striking coincidence, quite enough to stamp the author's fame most indelibly among the lovers of the marvellous as a "true prophet," especially those who may have read the foregoing calamitous description:—

"Let the wise in their own conceit take warning, ere it be too late: Saturn, the gloomy forerunner of woe, is stationary to evil, as the month advances; and Mars, the fiery star, pervades the sign Sagittarius. Look to it, ye powers of despotism!—Vengeance overtakes even the most swift to do evil! *The Continent seems in an unusual ferment*; Spain, France, and Portugal, are foremost. London is agitated in various ways: *the stocks fall*—money is scarce—vile reports are propagated. The fair sex in general are singularly liable to trouble, and especially *the musical or theatrical world*. The aspects also shew *serious fires and many dreadful accidents, shipwrecks*," &c. &c.

The ingenious writer, as our friend observed, certainly deserves credit for his happy conjectures.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Messrs. Smith and Elder will shortly publish *The Cypress Wreath*, by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson; Author of "Astarte," "Hours at Home," &c.

A volume of *Modern Antique Gems*, (80) from Drawings by Aikin and others with appropriate Mottoes and Quotations to each subject.

The Theocratist; a Monthly Periodical Publication. The principal object of this work is, to maintain the essential relation which subsists between Religion and Politics, and the necessity that Divine Revelation should be publicly recognized as the only authoritative basis of all human legislation, if we would escape those calamities which have overwhelmed other nations.

To be published in monthly parts, in demy and royal 8vo. *The Holy Bible*; comprising the Authorized English Version, with the Marginal Readings; the various Renderings of the most approved Translators; Critical and Explanatory Notes; and Devotional Reflections. Also, Specimens and Refutations of the most specious of the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Antinomian Annotations; and comparative Views of every important Scriptural and erroneous Doctrine. To be completed in Three Volumes.

The Second Volume of *The Works of Arminius*. Translated from the Latin, with illustrative notes, by James Nichols. In 8vo.; to be published by Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

An Introduction to the *Literary History of the Bible*. By James Townley, D.D. Author of "Illustrations of Biblical Literature," &c. In 1 vol. 12mo.

The History of Ireland, Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical; with the Lives of the Stuarts. From authentic documents in the native Irish Language, and from rare State Papers. Translated and compiled by Lieut. Colonel Keene. In three thick volumes. 8vo.

Directions for the Study of the Scriptures, by the Rev. Joseph Gibb. Banff. In one volume, 18mo.

Ralph Gemmell, a tale for Youth; second edition, 18mo. By the Author of "The Course of Time, a Poem."

The Persecuted Family; a Narrative of the Sufferings endured by the Presbyterians in Scotland during the reign of Charles II. Second edition. By the late Rev. Robert Pollock, Author of "The Course of Time, a Poem."

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging house keepers and Lodgers. By the Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators," and "Plain Advice on Wills."

We understand that Viscount Dillon has in the press an Epic poem on the Wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, in the scenery and description of which, the noble author is stated to have profited considerably by his long residence in Italy, and his intimate acquaintance with the sublimities of Italian landscape. It is expected to appear by the middle of April.

Early in the Easter Holidays will be published, *Every Boy's Book*; designed as a present for youth, and forming a complete Encyclopædia of all their Amusements, Games, Sports, Pastimes, and Recreations.

It is the intention of the Medical Botanical Society of London, to print their *Transactions* in the shape of an 8vo. Quarterly Journal, in conjunction with the Academy of Minute Anatomy, at the London Ophthalmic Infirmary, in preference to the cumbersome quarto volumes published by most societies. The first number of this Journal will appear in the month of April, illustrated with coloured engravings in 4to.

Mr. Richards has a work now in the press, which will be published in Parts, under the general title of *India*, and will contain, with other matter, a Treatise on each of the following interesting subjects connected with that country:—On the Castes of India, and the alleged simplicity, and immutability, of Hindoo habits.—Historical Sketch of the state and condition of the native Indians under former Governments, &c. &c.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has a new work in the press, entitled *The Calendar of Prophecy*, in 3 vol. 8vo.

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PROSPECTUS.

THIS Paper is denominated "THE VERULAM,"—one of the titles of Lord Bacon,—in reverence to whose immortal memory, as the founder of all the sound philosophy of modern times, it is adopted,—and its object is to aid the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge among the people, and to record intelligence most interesting to men of science. It will contain a series of Popular Essays on Science, in the most extensive sense of the term; a Statement of the Proceedings of Learned Societies, and generally of occurrences in the World of Letters: and a succession of Articles adapted to the improvement of the taste, and subservient to the occupation of literary leisure. The Philosophy of Nature as exhibited in the Three Kingdoms, will form the paramount feature of discussion in its columns. It will draw its information and illustrations from the researches of the most eminent philosophers of modern times. The valuable and authentic facts which will form the subject of its details, will be derived from various sources; from the original works and memoirs of discoverers; from the labours of their most distinguished followers; and from the personal communications of living members of both these great classes. The Paper will thus be constituted a perpetual series of Philosophical Transactions; which will be ready to communicate in a week, information that might otherwise remain locked up in the repositories of Societies for a year. Even the Quarterly and Monthly Journals, so valuable for the scientific details which they regularly produce, and so admirably conducted as they certainly are, seem to be too slow mediums of communication for many important and useful discoveries. The facilities, in fact, which a Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Progress of Science and Art, gives by its frequency of publication and rapidity of circulation, appear to afford an

important stimulus for keeping alive the spirit of inquiry, as well as education, that distinguishes the present age. By means of this Paper, information of all Discoveries, Inventions, and Schemes of Improvement, will spread, in two or three days at most, to the remotest corners of the Island.

Analytical Reviews of all important and interesting Works of Science, Art, and Literature, will form a principal feature of this Paper. These reviews will not consist of mere extracts from such works, accompanied by a few preliminary or concluding observations, but will contain complete Analyses of their contents, so as to enable the reader to judge for himself of their nature and utility, and to understand their substance if he have no time to study them at length. Many a valuable work is lost to the public, and becomes not unfrequently a loss to the author, from the want of a review conducted on this plan. A treatise on any branch of science or art, well written and digested, requires a faithful and attentive perusal from a competent judge of the subject, before any opinion can be passed upon it to do justice to the author, and before an abstract of it can be given honestly to the public; and it is not by giving a few brilliant extracts alone that a critic can convey to the minds of his readers an idea of the real value of any work of this description. It shall be the object of this Paper to publish such accounts of useful works as will form a guide to the inquirer, and perform an equal service to their authors and the public.

As for the department of Literary Criticism, we are still admirers of those good old writers who formed our language, and preceded or adorned the Augustan age of this country; and we are most averse to the introduction of that foreign style, (whether in Literature or in Science,) which destroys the purity and weakens the manly vigour of our mother tongue. Nevertheless, we should willingly excuse such bad taste in any work which really possessed valuable information, satisfying ourselves with the recommendation of a pure and appropriate style in communicating the great truths of Philosophy to mankind. But there can be no excuse for those conceited wits who twist words from their real meaning, and coin false combinations or phrases, as well as new terms, until Dryden, and Addison, and Swift would be unable to read the works that call themselves English, and would, were they now to appear among us, demand of many a person, not in all respects unworthy to be classed among their successors, an account of his stewardship over the chaste and precious language which they had bequeathed.

The past history and future proceedings of Societies and Seminaries of sound Learning will form another new and useful feature of this Paper. No Journal exists where such interesting intelligence is regularly recorded. The metropolis alone happily abounds in Institutions for the promotion of every branch of Science and Art, whose proceedings are sufficient to occupy a large portion of our Paper; and it is to be regretted that many valuable disquisitions and Lectures, which would tend to raise the tone of society, and form a just taste among the community, are now confined to the walls within which they are first delivered. It was the glory of the ancient Sages to travel about doing good and spreading their doctrines among the people: the press affords modern philosophers a still greater power of doing good, by universally promulgating their discoveries for the benefit of mankind. The success of all Seminaries of

Learning is still more intimately connected with this grand object. The History and Progress of Universities, and the Systems of Instruction adopted within their walls, will form a subject of deep interest to all who are concerned in the proper Education of Youth. A comparison of the methods pursued in the English, Scotch, Irish, and Continental Universities, would tend to excite an honourable rivalry among those bodies, and be ultimately productive of the best effects to all. The foundation of an University in the metropolis is an era of vast importance in its annals, and one that has justly excited great interest in the public mind. We shall endeavour to give the earliest and fullest intelligence of the progress of so extensive and useful an undertaking. The objects of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge being similar to our own, we shall always feel a warm interest in its success, and the promotion of its plans will form a regular portion of our public duty. An institution which has such a laudable object in view as the reduction of knowledge to the level and the means of all classes of the people, deserves the amplest support the press can bestow. Fellow-labourers in the same great cause, we only aspire to the honour of being numbered among its children.

To revive lost arts of utility, and to recall the remembrance of curious and ancient customs both in our own and foreign countries, will form a pleasing and a very amusing department of the Paper. Such disquisitions are not only calculated to throw great light on the history of former days, but in a wholesome manner to moderate our vanity with respect to the wisdom of the present. They also connect us as it were with the ingenious and the good of all times. Nor will such agreeable feelings be less experienced in reviewing valuable and curious works which may have been neglected by the age that gave them birth, or may have been lost from the want of an historian. Both previous to the establishment of Literary Journals, and since that important change, many works well worthy of public attention must have been overlooked. To draw productions of value from their state of oblivion, and place them before the eyes of the public, will be the object proposed under this head of our plan.

The earliest account of Foreign as well as British "Transactions"—and "Journals"—"Memoirs," &c., will be given, and arrangements are made for the translation of the most curious and valuable papers in foreign works as soon as they come to hand.

The admirers of the Fine Arts are much in want of a Journal where they may learn the sentiments of the public on the productions of the British School, and where they may regularly ascertain the progress of British genius. Our columns shall always be open to a faithful report of the different exhibitions of this kind which interest the metropolis, and the great provincial towns; and notices shall be regularly given of every work of skill and general attraction as soon as it is submitted to public inspection. Whatever can contribute to the harmless pleasures of life, or the substantial comforts of a cheerful home, will be ranked under the head of Domestic Economy. Nor shall we consider it at all beneath the object of a Scientific Newspaper to turn the discoveries in science and the arts to the improvement of food, clothing, and shelter for man.

The most remarkable feature of this Paper will be the mode of conducting the Political Articles. A Register of Political Events in the order of their occurrence during the week will be given without note or comment. Facts will be separated from rumours; and as no party discussion will be admitted, this Paper will serve, in some sort, as the History of the Nation during the period of publication. A digest of the Proceedings of Parliament will be given, so as to include every subject of importance to the Public. The same may be said of Law Cases, but the disgusting details of crime, as given in Police Reports, will be uniformly and wholly omitted. The portion of the Journal which is devoted to this department will be printed in a separate series of pages, so as to be cut off, and leave the part of more general and permanent interest for binding by itself.

The Engravings on Wood, which will be given in every Number of this Paper, will be such as to convince the public, that no expense or labour will be spared in rendering it useful, ornamental, and attractive. No articles of importance or general interest will ever be omitted for want of accompanying illustrations, without which they can neither be well understood nor duly appreciated. Wood engraving has now reached such a degree of excellence, and is so well adapted to these purposes, that the Proprietors may safely promise to the Scientific World, their utmost endeavours to obviate every difficulty in this department, and their determination to render this Paper worthy of support, for the merits both of its typography and its graphical illustrations.

The following is a more condensed abstract of the subjects to be handled in this Paper :—

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Communications for THE VERULAM, with offers of Scientific and Literary assistance, to be forwarded, post paid, addressed to "The Editor," at the Office of the Proprietors and Publishers, Messrs. SLY, WILSON, and EVANS, 25, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

N. B. Orders for the Paper, and for the insertion of Advertisements, may be immediately sent to the *Publishers*, addressed as above; and to all Book-sellers, Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of Roads.

James Whiting, Printer, Beaufort House, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE SECOND QUARTERLY PART OF THE "LITERARY MAGNET," WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JULY, AT THE SAME TIME, THE *First Half-yearly Volume* WILL ALSO BE COMPLETED. *Price in boards, 9s. 6d.*

The Account of the lamentable accident at the BRUNSWICK THEATRE, will, we think, be read with interest, particularly Mr. DIXIE'S own account, explanatory of the view of the Ruins, at page 133.

A paper on Iron Roofs in our next.

We have been unavoidably compelled to defer some interesting papers until our next; amongst which are:—1. The Separation.—2. Percy Manor House.—3. The Chronicle of Brookville.—4. Juvenile Reminiscences.—5. Numerous Poetical Pieces.—6. Tassel Farnival.—Of C. R. B.; of R. C. S.; of J. W. entitled the "ENGLISH IN THE NETHERLANDS,"—and a variety of minor articles, which will have every attention in due course.

If the talent, style, and "*getting up*" of the present Quarterly part of the "Literary Magnet," (*which begins a new Volume*) merit the approval of its present subscribers, perhaps they will have the kindness to recommend it to their friends. *This is all the proprietors ask—all they expect.*

The ENGRAVING in this part, called the INFLUENTIAL STAR, is a PORTRAIT of a LADY, now raised to the PEERAGE. There is a private history that led to the miniature being engraved and published, which would form the groundwork of a TALE of LOVE, PIQUE, and RASHNESS; but the Editor thought the Plate had better be illustrated by a fictitious tale, than meddle in private matters.—Proofs may be had of Mr. Bulcock, 163, Strand, at 3s. 6d. each.

The VIGNETTE TITLE in the first Number of this series is intended for the *First Half-yearly Volume* for the present year 1828, which will be concluded on the First of July next. Proper Indexes will be supplied at the end of the Volume.

GENTLEMEN in the BOOK TRADE, who wish to become Agents in the Country, may have a quantity of Prospectuses for circulation, with their own Names attached.

AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS who may think it advisable to send their Works and Announcements, will please to do so by the 15th of each Month.

MR. WM. CHARLTON WRIGHT, although at present merely the PUBLISHER and SUPERINTENDANT of the "MAGNET," cannot but feel grateful to several old friends who have sent their well wishes, accompanied by eulogistic observations on the spirit and activity with which the early Numbers of this periodical were brought out. He can assure them, and the Public in general, that his energies and experience will be unremittedly devoted to make the "MAGNET," if not the most *talented* and *learned*, one of the MOST ENTERTAINING and USEFUL Magazines published.

13 $\frac{1}{2}$, Paternoster Row,
March 31, 1828.

TWO NEW WORKS, FOR 1828.

I. THE BOOK OF SPIRITS, 8s. 6d.

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